THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A.D. 1728 by Franklin

JAN. 28, 1911

5cts. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

MORE THAN A MILLION AND A HALF CIRCULATION WEEKLY

Over $10,000,000 Worth Bought Yearly

Over eight million people are steady patrons of our dealers. No substitutes can satisfy them.

To the 45,000 Dealers Who Sell "BALL-BAND" And the Dealers Who Do Not

Ten years ago 15,000 dealers were taking our $2,000,000 output. Today our output of over $10,000,000 is demanded by 45,000 dealers.

The "BALL-BAND" business of today—more than *five* times what it was ten years ago—is divided among only *three* times as many dealers. This tells you the story of how dealers have not only *held* their trade on "BALL-BAND" goods, but have almost *doubled* their average "BALL-BAND" business per dealer.

Inferior goods that look well, may be sold to a customer *once*. But Quality alone can make such a ten-year record of *permanent* customers and *new* customers as the above figures on "BALL-BAND" prove.

Wherever "BALL-BAND" Rubber and Woolen Footwear has been introduced, dealers have gained this permanent and rapidly increasing business. Over 8,000,000 people now buy "BALL-BAND."

We are now helping dealers everywhere to make new customers, by a national advertising campaign on a scale never before attempted on Rubber and Woolen Footwear. We also have a *SALES AID DEPARTMENT* for co-operation in each dealer's local field. It is doing great work for other dealers. It will help you. It costs you nothing—write us about it today.

Mishawaka Woolen Mfg. Co.
Mishawaka, Ind.

Retail Dealers bought for their trade in 1910 more than Ten Million Dollars' worth of the famous "BALL-BAND" Rubber and Woolen Footwear.

Ten years ago we were doing a business of only about two million dollars a year. The enormous total for 1910 represents an increase in the ***yearly demand*** for "BALL-BAND" Rubber and Woolen Footwear of over eight million dollars.

The story of this amazing growth is fascinating. And it has this ***BIG POINT*** for you and every other person who buys Rubber or Woolen Footwear.

This "BALL-BAND" business has been built up, year by year, on Quality alone.

Always look for the RED "Ball-Band" Trade-mark.

"BALL BAND" TRADE MARK

NOT MADE BY A TRUST

When we began the manufacture of Rubber Footwear there was large competition—as there is now. We realized that to succeed with Rubber Footwear we must make our product a little bit better than the best rubber footwear on the market and ***keep on*** making it better. Rubber footwear looks pretty much alike to the uninitiated when new. But it soon "tells" on the manufacturer.

So we made it our policy to spare no expense in the manufacturing end. Owing to our splendid sales organization, our selling expense is only one-fifth of what most manufacturers have to pay.

But at that, we sacrifice profits of a million dollars a year to put into "BALL-BAND" goods the utmost in materials and workmanship. Crude rubber has become a costly article. Not long ago you saw crude rubber go kiting until it more than doubled in price.

Despite this, we have never cut down the expense of production by introducing inferior compound.

In all the years "BALL-BAND" quality has changed only in one direction—for the better. It is better today than when crude rubber was only half the present price. This policy pays **us** as it pays you.

Today more than eight million people are regular buyers of "BALL-BAND" Rubber Footwear.

We are the largest producers of Heavy Rubber and Woolen Footwear in the world.

One evidence of "BALL-BAND" superiority is the fact that Newfoundland dealers pay 40% tariff to get "BALL-BAND" although they could save this added cost by selling the Canadian product.

Forty-five thousand dealers sell "BALL-BAND" goods. Some of them sell other brands, too. But look for the ***RED*** "BALL-BAND" trade-mark. If by any chance your dealer can't supply you, write us, mentioning his name, and we will see that you are fitted.

"BALL-BAND" FOOTWEAR

All having the same quality as "Ball-Band" Rubber Boots

Arctics
All-Knit Wool Boots
Coon Tail Knit Boots
Leather Top Rubbers
Lumbermen's Overs
Lumbermen's Socks
Short Socks
Felt Boots

Mishawaka Woolen Mfg. Co.

Mishawaka, Ind.

"The House that Pays Millions for Quality"

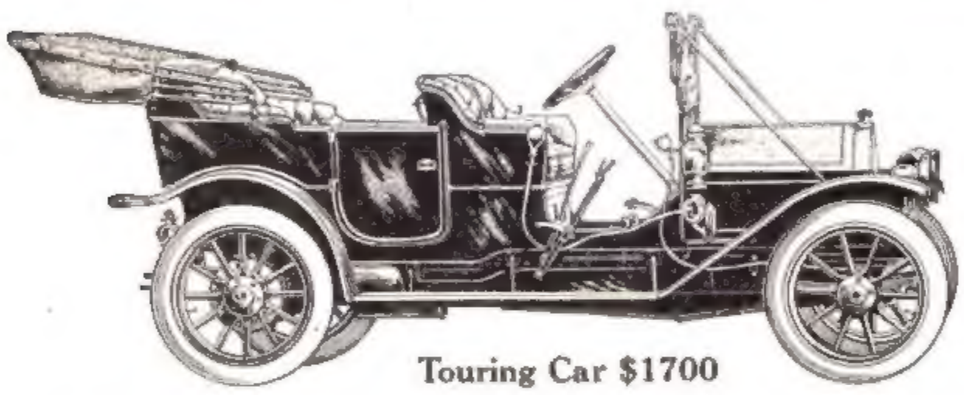
(53)

Every Cadillac is a Dewar Trophy

We in America are sometimes accused of unduly acclaiming our own achievements.

As a matter of fact, we are singularly indifferent about our own accomplishments.

We make a seven-days' wonder of our engineering triumphs,



Touring Car $1700

and then—forget them. In England, they are still discussing the fact that a moderate-priced American motor car won the world's trophy for fine manufacturing, two years ago.

And, in reality, that was an achievement worth while.

That America should invade the old world—and give that old world an object-lesson in standardization—was significant.

It was significant, because standardization means painstaking care—means devotion to seemingly trivial details—means measurements minute beyond optical perception—means, in short, the very things in which American manufacturers have been assumed, by their continental critics, to be more or less shiftless.

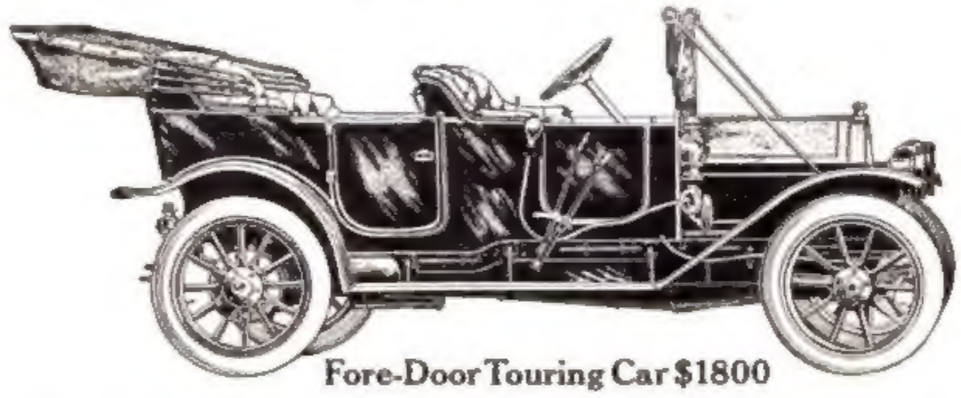
These qualities, embodied in the Cadillac, were a source of surprise abroad; because they were scarcely expected in an American product.

The subject has recently been revived by British technical writers, and it is of interest to every man who owns, or contemplates owning, a motor car.

Any motor car which does not incorporate to a greater or less degree the precise qualities which won the Dewar Trophy for the **Cadillac** is not, in the last analysis, a good value for the money it cost you.

The qualities which won that trophy insure long life in the car—because they eliminate looseness, ill-fitting parts, wear, and friction.

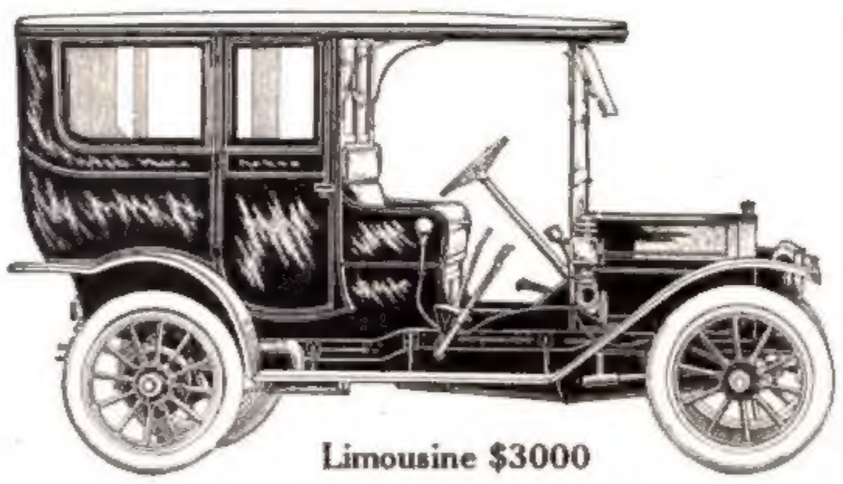
These qualities explain why you so rarely hear of a Cadillac owner who has any trouble with his car.



Fore-Door Touring Car $1800

They explain the really phenomenal records in low cost of upkeep which have been reported in all parts of the country.

From numerous cities come specific reports affording conclusive proof in this respect, but the tabulated figures from these cities are merely typical of the experiences all over the world.



Limousine $3000

And, we repeat, these accomplishments all hark back to the same qualities which won the Dewar Trophy.

So, as we started out to say, there is valid reason for the revival of interest abroad in the winning of the Dewar Trophy by the Cadillac.

There is valid reason for reminding you of it.

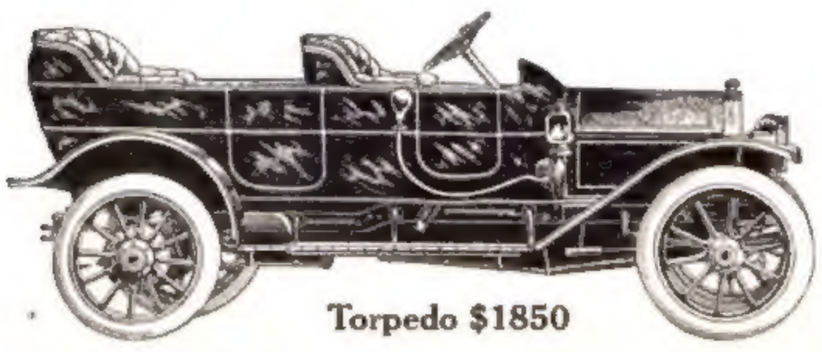
There is valid reason why you should bear it in mind when you come to buy a motor car.

Standardization—interchangeability of parts—and the perfect alignment of all these parts should be the first law of motor car construction.

It is indisputably the law which regulates the quality and the duration of the service which you get from any motor car.

It explains the Cadillac success.

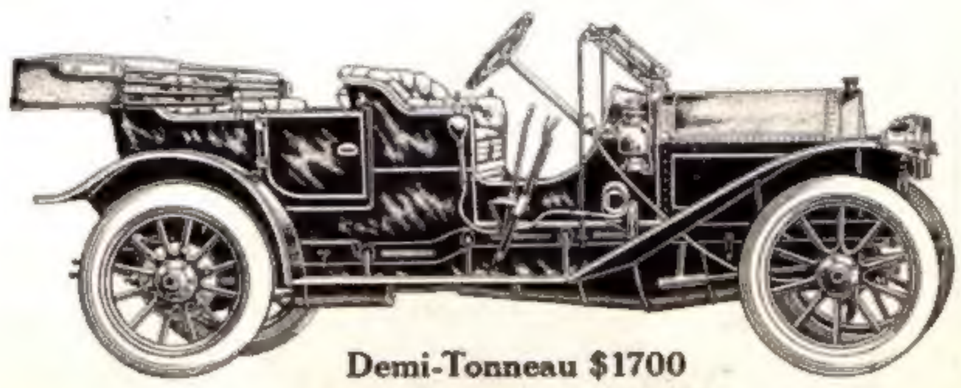
It explains why you should own a Cadillac.



Torpedo $1850

Prices include the following equipment, F. O. B. Detroit:

Bosch magneto and Delco ignition systems. One pair gas lamps and generator. One pair side oil lamps and tail lamp. One horn and set of tools. Pump and repair kit for tires. 60-mile season and trip Standard speedometer; robe rail; full foot rail in tonneau and half foot rail in front. Tire holders.



Demi-Tonneau $1700

Cadillac Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

(Licensed under Selden Patent)

Here Are the Tools Every Household Needs

E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER TRADE ST. LOUIS MARK U.S.A.

IT is not necessary to have a lot of tools to keep your house in repair and do the odd jobs that are turning up every day. A saw, a hammer, screwdriver, brace and bit, plane and a chisel or two are sufficient for any ordinary work.

The important thing is to get good tools. A good saw, for example, made of the best steel, properly filed and set, perfectly balanced, will saw straight, true and fast with little effort. The same is true of all tools. Temper, balance and adjustment are the all important qualities.

KEEN KUTTER
Quality Tools

are designed to do their work accurately and well. The edges are sharp and durable. The form and adjustment are exactly right for greatest efficiency. The "hang" and balance are for easy, fast and accurate work.

Keen Kutter Tools cost a trifle more than inferior makes, but the extra amount goes into quality.

Keen Kutter Tools are guaranteed by the makers. The dealer is authorized to refund your money if *for any reason* they should not prove satisfactory.

Begin with the selection suggested here and see for yourself how easy it is to use them, and what real fun you can have in their use.

Sold for over forty years under this motto:

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."
Trade Mark Registered. —E. C. Simmons.

If not at your dealers, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY, Inc.
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

And here are some of the things you can do with them

Putting Up Shelves

Putting On Hinges

Putting On Locks and Bolts

Putting On Weather Strips

Repairing Windows

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
425 Arch Street Philadelphia

London: Hastings House
10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright 1911
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 183 *PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 28, 1911* *Number 31*

New Styles in Government

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

INASMUCH as our Government is a government by law, the busy lawmakers, mostly lawyers, see to it that we have plenty of government; as much, indeed, as we can handle—and in some instances more. It is, of course, quite impossible to legislate the spirit of grace into a people and, supposedly, equally impossible to legislate the spirit of grace out of them. However, in these later days there have been constant attempts—national, state and local—to direct the feet of all and sundry along the straight and narrow path which, owing to the perversity of human nature, often have had the opposite effect of turning those feet in other directions.

The tendency, especially in the newer states, has been to popularize government. Also, that is the ultimate intention so far as the Federal Government is concerned, provided the Progressives in the Congress can bring it about, with such help as may come in the future from Progressive executives. Running parallel with this advanced idea is the other advanced idea of centralization or concentration of power—paternalism in a sense, perhaps, or new nationalism, or whatever advocates may choose to call it. The problem of combining these ideas, of making a working whole out of the two plans, if a working whole can be made, can gayly be left to those who think they can bring it about. It will be something of a job to popularize government and centralize it at the same time. Maybe it will not be tried.

What has happened in the past ten or twelve years in various parts of the country has been the embodying of a good many theories into law—economic theories, governmental theories and hygienic theories. As a result, laws of the freak class have been passed, but at the same time measures that have worked out beneficially have also resulted. Though this article can in no way be considered a review of the entire legislation of this class, legislation introducing new styles of government and new theories of government, so far as the United States is concerned—for that would take a book—the writer has chosen a few states where there has been much legislation that is claimed to come under the advanced head, simply to tell in a measure what has been done and to recite such facts as have come under his observation, without attempting to discuss merits or demerits and with no plan of advocating or decrying.

Two New Legislative Ideas in the West

THERE are many sections of the country where the initiative and the referendum are considered twin socialist theories subversive of our established theory and conduct of government. Fifteen years ago that idea was almost nation-wide, principally because the words meant nothing to the average voter. Since then the discussion of these features of popular government has steadily increased and at the present time there is a great interest, more especially owing to the wide circulation of the speech on this subject in the Senate by Senator Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon. The initiative and referendum and recall have been adopted in various parts of the country. Oregon has had an initiative and referendum law since 1902. Los Angeles, as a city, has had such laws since 1903. Hence a statement of results in Oregon and in Los Angeles may be considered as fairly typical.

The Oregon law was put before the people as an amendment to the state constitution and was adopted by a vote of 62,024 to 5668. Though the law continues the lawmaking power in the legislature, it provides that the people may initiate a law themselves by petition, properly prepared, and by a majority vote at the election they may make the measure a law. Also, any law passed by the legislature may be referred to the people upon petition; and if the people do not vote to uphold that law by a majority it ceases to have the effect of law—that is, the people can enact law or amendments to the constitution themselves, without recourse to the legislature, which is the initiative—or the people by the referendum can accept or reject any law the legislature may have passed. Broadly, the plan is to hold the legislature in check both ways, because the people can do, if they wish, what the legislature may have refused to do; or the people can undo what the legislature may have done.

Under the Oregon system, laws that the people desire to enact by the initiative may be placed on the ballot at a general election upon petition of eight per cent of the legal voters, as shown by the vote cast for supreme court judge at the last general election. The petition must be verified and filed with the secretary of state at least four months before the election. Laws passed by the legislature may be referred to the people for acceptance or rejection upon a petition, properly prepared, of five per cent of the legal voters in the state. Constitutional amendments may be enacted in the same manner. If the same number of petitioners as propose a law under the initiative desire to propose a constitutional amendment, all that is necessary is the proper petition—of eight per cent of the legal voters and a majority "yes" vote—and the amendment is made and becomes effective upon proclamation by the governor.

The Initiative and Referendum in Oregon

ANOTHER feature of the law is the publication before the election of a pamphlet containing the full text of each measure initiated or referred. This pamphlet is mailed free to each registered voter in the state. Besides the texts of the measures, there may be printed in the pamphlet arguments for or against the propositions submitted: but the extra cost of printing must be paid by the persons submitting these arguments. This publicity feature also exists in other electoral matters in Oregon. In addition to the initiative and referendum pamphlets, the secretary of state publishes and distributes free of cost a pamphlet containing sketches and information concerning candidates for nomination before the primaries, and another pamphlet for the benefit of candidates who were successful in the primaries and are candidates at the general election. Titles to all measures in the initiative and referendum list are prepared by the attorney-general and must not exceed one hundred words. If any person interested in an initiative or referendum measure is dissatisfied with the title prepared he may appeal to the circuit court. This is an important provision, for voting is largely done from an inspection of the titles instead of a study of the wording of the proposed measure.

Since 1902, when the initiative and referendum amendment to the Oregon constitution was adopted, there have been sixty-four measures submitted: two in 1902, eleven in 1906, nineteen in 1908 and thirty-two in 1910. Of these sixty-four measures submitted, thirty-two were submitted—all told—at the first three elections and thirty-two at the election in 1910. Of the first thirty-two submitted twenty-two were approved, though of the thirty-two measures submitted at the last election only nine were approved. A measure is adopted by a majority vote. Of the thirty-one measures adopted up to this time in Oregon ten have received an affirmative vote greater than a majority of the total vote cast in the general election.

At the last election it was shown that the greatest interest was in the candidates, although the liquor question was very widely discussed. The total vote for governor was 117,690 and the highest vote on any initiative or referendum measure was 106,690. This was the prohibition amendment, which was defeated. Of the nine measures that were adopted in the 1910 election, by comparison with the vote for governor, it is

shown that many did not vote on these measures. Thus, the total vote on the taxation amendment is 31,392 less than the total vote for governor and 24,489 less on the employers' liability law. Some measures adopted were enacted by less than forty per cent of the total vote.

A great many of the measures adopted under the law since it went into effect have been local ones, but there has been a considerable amount of general and progressive legislation. The direct primary law was approved in 1904; and the initiative and referendum, to apply to all local, special and municipal laws, was approved in 1906. The bills prohibiting free passes on railroads, taxing gross earnings of private-car companies and taxing gross earnings on express, telephone and telegraph companies were approved in 1906 also. The recall power on public officials was established in 1908 and also the corrupt-practices act governing elections. In 1910 the voters approved the employers' liability law, the bill extending primaries to Presidential nominations, and amendments affecting judicial procedure and the regulation of county taxation.

So far as the initiative and referendum in Oregon are concerned, it cannot be said there is any direct opposition, but there is an impression that the power given the people has been abused in certain instances, and that, perhaps, after further trial, some modifications may be worked out that will continue the operations of the law in all essential characteristics, but will tend to remedy these abuses. It is pointed out, by men in Oregon who have given the subject mature consideration and much thought, that certain phases of the initiative particularly are open to criticism. It is said—and it must be remembered that these statements come from men who are anxious to reform the procedure and not from the thick-and-thin advocates of the plan—that the initiative was used in the 1910 election to get before the people a promiscuous lot of unimportant local or special legislation. It is claimed that proposed changes in the laws, which it was known would not receive the approval of the voter if presented baldly, went before the people attached to a large variety of other propositions, each of which, the framers thought, would win for the whole measure the votes of a certain element; and it all amounted, these men claim, to legislative log-rolling applied to the initiative. It is pointed out by these students of the question that the most pronounced example of legislative log-rolling was found in the "proportional representation amendment." The majority of the voters could not understand it and voted against it.

Getting in the Little Joker

THIS particular amendment, which is used solely as an example of how the initiative may itself be used, was designed to replace an entire section of the constitution. It was so comprehensive that the attorney-general could not place all of its provisions in a ballot title of one hundred words as required by law. In addition to proportional representation it provided for annual sessions of the legislature, increased the pay of legislators, enlarged the initiative and referendum and recall powers of the people, prohibited the legislature from granting the right of eminent domain to corporations, limited corporate franchises to twenty years and required legislators to subscribe to an oath pledging themselves against so-called legislative log-rolling. This measure, though presented as a constitutional amendment, was, in effect, in many respects in the form of a general statute and contained seventeen self-executing sections. The proportional representation part of it provided for the nomination of legislators by districts, but for their election by the state at large, each voter voting for but one candidate. By a system of computations on the whole vote cast, representation in the legislature was governed by the proportionate vote of parties. Simply, if the Republicans had thirty-five per cent of the total vote for representatives they would have thirty-five per cent of the members of the lower house. The problem as to "remainders" and the independent vote was so indefinite that it was open to four different constructions; and the amendment was defeated.

Now then, there were thirty-two measures presented to the electorate of Oregon at the last election and there have been sixty-four presented since the law went into effect. It may be well to show the average total vote in each of the four elections as compared with the percentage of total vote for each measure, also averaged.

AVERAGE TOTAL VOTE ON MEASURES

1904	78,036	1908	86,455
1906	74,098	1910	85,042

TOTAL VOTE CAST IN ELECTIONS

1904	99,315	1908	116,614
1906	96,751	1910	117,690

PERCENTAGE OF TOTAL VOTE CAST ON EACH MEASURE

1904	78.5	1908	74.1
1906	76.5	1910	72.2

AVERAGE NUMBER OF VOTERS FAILING TO VOTE ON EACH MEASURE

1904	21,279	1908	30,159
1906	22,653	1910	32,648

This increasing lack of interest at the polls can fairly be ascribed, according to my informants, to the multiplicity of issues presented. It is not my intention specifically to criticise any measure put up at the last election, but it is held that the vote on the employers' liability measures presented at the recent election shows clearly how, under the Oregon plan, a measure favoring one class of voters, numerically strong and opposing the interests of another class numerically much weaker, is almost certain to be approved when presented with a large number of other measures, as was this particular measure. The one thing that seems reasonably well established is that there is a growing interest in proposing measures and a decreasing interest in the measures after they are proposed.

Senator Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon, one of the strongest advocates of the initiative and referendum, has made this general statement concerning the workings of the law in his state: "It has been stated that the people will not study a large number of measures, but will vote in the affirmative regardless of the measures submitted. Experience in Oregon has disproved this, for the results show that the people have exercised discriminating judgment. They have enacted laws and have adopted constitutional amendments in which they believed; and have defeated those of which they did not approve."

The People Can be Trusted

MOREOVER, the Senator says: "The people are not only intelligent but fair and honest. When the initiative and referendum were under consideration it was freely predicted by enemies of popular government that the power would be abused and that capitalists would not invest their money in a state where property would be subject to attacks of popular passion and temporary whims. Experience has exploded this argument. There has been no hasty or ill-advised legislation. The people act calmly and deliberately and with that spirit of fairness that characterizes a body of men who earn their living and acquire their property by legitimate means. Corporations have not been held up and blackmailed by the people as they often have been by the legislators." These sentiments were expressed in Senator Bourne's speech on the subject in the Senate.

Other expert opinion is that the operation of the initiative and the referendum has neither retarded nor helped the advancement of the state. There are differences of opinion, however, which may be summed up in this way: A great many men in Oregon believe in the referendum, but do not believe in the unregulated and unlimited initiative. It is conceded that there are certain measures that are solely within the province of the legislature, such as regular appropriations for the conduct of public business, that should be exempt from the referendum; and the Supreme Court of Oregon has held that any measure for the "public health, peace or safety" may be withdrawn from any possibility of the referendum. The legislature may add this emergency clause, and there does not seem that anything can be done.

These critics hold that the initiative is a wide departure from representative government. They hold it to be true that the public is entitled to vote on any essential or formal question of public policy, but should not be compelled to investigate legislation proposed by cranks, theorists, faddists and the like. They hold that it would simplify matters to abolish the initiative and not require the people to pass on a law or adopt a constitutional amendment until it has been presented to the legislature—that is, let a legal body pass on the proposition first—before it is submitted to the people—and take from the crank who can get enough names to a petition—an easy matter—the right to present any of his views for the consideration of the people. If this revision and scrutiny be not vested in the legislature, these critics argue, it should be vested somewhere, in some person or persons—say, a court—that shall have, in a way, the power to limit in number and in certain conditions the character of the measures that are to be submitted to the people. These critics hold, also, that the people should not be expected to assume original powers in the enactment of laws, but should be held to the defining of principles, such as to whether the state is to have prohibition or woman suffrage, or anything of that kind. It is simple enough for the people to declare for prohibition, for example; but the people should not be expected to frame a code of laws under which prohibition may be enforced.

To go a step farther, these men, who have their own view of the matter, call attention to a possible national initiative law. Such a law would give to the people, as an instance, the right to put out and enact a law for the control of the trusts. These men ask if it would be possible for the people to frame a coherent antitrust law; and if that law would not be framed by a few men, who would write the measure and get the signatures; and finally, what would become of Congress?

On the other hand, the supporters of the system claim that these objections are mere quibbles; that popular government in its broadest sense is desired and desirable; that the people can be trusted to conserve their own interests. They point to the corrupt-practices act and various other laws passed by the initiative in Oregon as proof of their assertion. They also point out that the fact that the people of Oregon passed but nine of the thirty-two measures submitted at the late election proves the people can do their own thinking and do not need to be instructed as to their welfare. Indeed, it is held by certain men in Oregon that, inasmuch as popular government is so good a thing, the plan should be more widely extended and the state governed by commission.

As I have said, this article is in no sense an argument for or against the initiative or the referendum, but a statement of such facts as I have been able to gather concerning the operations of the law. Oregon's neighboring state, Washington, which does not have the initiative, has as effective a primary law as Oregon. The main difference is that the choice of senatorial candidates is left to the dominant party in Washington, while in Oregon there is a double choice—that is, after each party in Oregon has chosen a candidate for United States Senator, these candidates are put against one another in the general election and the one finally chosen is elected by the legislature. In the case of the present Oregon Senator, Mr. Chamberlain, a Democrat, was elected by a Republican legislature. Washington also has this provision, but relating to candidates for Congress and state offices, and not to United States Senators.

The Washington legislature adopted, in 1907, gross-income tax laws affecting express and private-car companies, taxing express companies five per cent of gross receipts and private-car lines seven per cent. Washington does not impose a gross-income tax on telephone and telegraph companies. The Oregon rate is two per cent on telegraph and telephone companies and three per cent on express and private-car companies.

The Oregon corrupt-practices act, which is most comprehensive and was the result of an initiative, is long and complicated. It comprises about twelve thousand words. It limits the campaign expenditures of candidates to one-tenth of one year's salary, but in no case to less than one hundred dollars. It prohibits corporations from contributing to campaign expenses, makes it a misdemeanor to solicit candidates to buy tickets to balls or picnics, or to contribute to charities, and prohibits candidates from so contributing. It prohibits the wearing of campaign buttons in or about polling places, the solicitation of votes on election day, and requires that all placards and campaign articles shall be signed by the author or printer thereof. The law does not reach a voluntary or ostensibly voluntary campaign organization, which may expend as much as it likes against or for a candidate.

What Los Angeles is Doing

THESE, of course, are mere illustrations of what may be accomplished under the initiative and referendum, and without it. Various other states, including one or perhaps both of the Dakotas, have the initiative and referendum. I have not informed myself as to the workings of the law in those states or elsewhere, except in the case of Los Angeles, where the law is applied to a large city; thinking that the operations of the laws in Oregon and Los Angeles were, perhaps, at least semitypical.

In Los Angeles the initiative, referendum and recall were put into the city charter in 1903, after an agitation of two years. The Los Angeles initiative provides that on petition of seven per cent of the voters of the city, as established by the last preceding election for mayor, the council must establish any ordinance or refer it to the vote of the people at a special or general election. A petition containing the names of fifteen per cent of the voters of the city, as shown at the last preceding election for mayor, is mandatory for a special election forthwith on the question involved. The referendum requires the same percentage for discretionary elections and operates to suspend an ordinance, provided the council does not repeal it. A recall petition, to be operative, must contain the names of twenty-five per cent of the voters of the city, and it acts to force a special election to remove one or more officials from office. The recall permits the man against whom it is directed to run again at the special election if he chooses. Up to the date of my information, the recall has been used twice in Los Angeles—once against a councilman and once against the mayor. In Seattle, where the recall is in force, steps were being taken, on the occasion of my last visit to that city, to recall an official there.

On the supposition that there are in the neighborhood of seventy thousand registered voters in Los Angeles, a referendum or initiative may be secured by obtaining the signatures of twenty-six hundred voters on a petition. There, as in Oregon, petition-shoving has become a recognized industry. It is said that from five to ten cents a name is paid to the shovers. There had been, at the time I secured my information, eleven elections in Los Angeles under the initiative, referendum and recall at an approximate cost of seventy-five hundred dollars an election. Sixty thousand dollars was named as a conservative figure for the total expense of these elections.

As stated, the recall resorted to included a mayor and a councilman. Under the initiative there were elections concerning slaughter-houses, crematories, against saloons, public utilities establishing a wholesale liquor zone, and on dice-shaking. The referendum was applied to the South Park franchise, dance halls—twice—telephone rates, license ordinance, park salary ordinance and electric lights.

The electric light referendum was prepared by the lighting companies, which intended to hold it until the last minute—thirty days after the passage of the ordinance—to force the council to call a special election or postpone submission until the regular election in December, 1911. Any one can procure a referendum on any law. So the mayor asked for a referendum petition to be submitted at once in order to bring the referendum before the special election of June 30, 1911. He asked for a referendum in order to defeat it. It took five days to get the required petition; the question went to ballot on June 30, 1910, and was defeated two to one.

The park watchman referendum was interesting. All city employees in Los Angeles are in positions created by ordinance. There are but two ways to oust any city employee except laborers. One is to prove misconduct before the Civil Service Commission and the other is to abolish the position by ordinance. Under the referendum, such abolishing ordinance cannot become effective for thirty days. The council abolished the positions of five park watchmen who held sinecures, and these five men invoked the referendum to defeat the ordinance—that is, five watchmen asked for a city election to determine whether the Park Commission, in its administrative authority, was using good judgment in discharging them.

These are but two instances of the working of the law in a city. The law is unpopular among the corporations in Los Angeles, but I could not discover any general demand for its repeal; nor do I think there will be any. There is some complaint about the multiplicity of elections and the cost, but it is not sufficient to bring about a change. Those people who figure on cost say that in Oregon, too, the cost is great. They estimate that the submission of thirty-two measures at the last election in that state cost fifty-two thousand dollars. I give the figures without guaranteeing them. The expense of a session of the legislature is fifty thousand dollars.

There are, of course, curious laws and laws embodying new ideas of government in many states, particularly in the Southwest and the West. Texas, for example, has many; and so has Oklahoma, where they embodied in the state constitution about everything they could think of in the way of paternalism and new theories, with the idea that if a thing is a good thing it would do no harm to have it in the organic law. Des Moines, and various cities in Texas, and possibly some Northern cities are governed by the commission plan, which has been described frequently in the newspapers and magazines. Even a catalogue of these new ideas in government would take pages, but a general idea of the way the mind of the legislator is working out in those cities may be found in Kansas and Washington.

Kansas is usually held to be a state where the advanced ideas of government, the new-fangled propositions, are put forth in greater variety than elsewhere, but that is because Kansas was one of the first to begin experimenting with what are called progressive notions in the line of popular rule back in the Populist days. In reality, Kansas still has a long way to go before she catches up with Oregon and Washington and Oklahoma and various other states.

At that, Kansas is pretty well along with her bank guaranty and other laws, and will be further toward the front after Governor Stubbs gets through with the legislature that will be in session during his second term. The most notable of the recent governmental frills in Kansas is the ban placed on the public drinking cup in trains, schools and railroad stations. As soon as a train gets within Kansas every drinking cup is removed from the usual receptacles and any person wanting a drink of water must have his individual cup. Train boys make it easy to get cups, ranging in price from ten cents for an ordinary tin one to a dollar for an aluminum one in a leather case. It is planned to extend the inhibition of the public drinking cup to hotels and other public places. Kansans soon became used to the innovation, that is not a law, but an order of the State Board of Health, which has the legal

(Continued on Page 26)

THE INVISIBLE MAN

By G. K. Chesterton

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

"My Father Owned the Inn Called the 'Red Fish' and I Used to Serve People in the Bar"

IN THE cool blue twilight of two steep streets in Camden Town the shop at the corner, a confectioner's, glowed like the butt of a cigar. One should rather say, perhaps, like the butt of a firework, for the light was of many colors and some complexity, broken up by many mirrors and dancing on many gilt and gayly colored cakes and sweetmeats. Against this one fiery glass were glued the noses of many gutter-snipes, for the chocolates were all wrapped in those red and gold and green metallic colors which are almost better than chocolate itself; and the huge white wedding cake in the window was somehow at once remote and satisfying, just as if the whole North Pole were good to eat. Such rainbow provocations would naturally collect the youth of the neighborhood up to the ages of ten or twelve; but this corner was also attractive to youth at a later stage—and a young man, not less than twenty-four, was staring into the same shop window. To him, also, the shop was of fiery charm, but this attraction was not wholly to be explained by chocolates—which, however, he was far from despising.

He was a tall, burly, red-haired young man, with a resolute face but a listless manner. He carried under his arm a flat, gray portfolio of black-and-white sketches, which he had sold with more or less success to publishers ever since his uncle—who was an admiral—had disinherited him for Socialism, because of a lecture which he had delivered against that economic theory. His name was John Turnbull Angus.

Entering at last, he walked through the confectioner's shop into the back room, which was a sort of pastry-cook restaurant, merely raising his hat to the young lady who was serving there. She was a dark, elegant, alert girl in black, with a high color and very quick dark eyes; and after the ordinary interval she followed him into the inner room to take his order.

His order was evidently a usual one. "I want, please," he said, with precision, "one halfpenny bun and a small cup of black coffee." An instant before the girl could turn away he added, "Also, I want you to marry me."

The young lady of the shop stiffened suddenly and said, with a snap of her eyes: "Those are jokes I don't allow."

The redhaired young man lifted gray eyes of an unexpected gravity.

"Really and truly," he said, "it's as serious—as serious as the halfpenny bun. It is expensive, like the bun; one pays for it. It is indigestible, like the bun. It hurts."

The dark young lady had never taken her dark eyes off him, but seemed to be studying him with almost tragic exactitude. At the end of her scrutiny she had something like the shadow of a smile and she sat down in a chair.

"Don't you think," observed Angus absently, "that it's rather cruel to eat these halfpenny buns? They might grow up into penny buns. I shall give up these brutal sports when we are married."

The dark young lady rose from her chair and walked to the window, evidently in a state of strong but not unsympathetic cogitation. When at last she swung round again, with an air of resolution, she was bewildered to observe that the young man was carefully laying out on the table various objects out of the shop window. They included a pyramid of highly colored sweets, several plates of sandwiches, the two decanters containing that mysterious port and sherry which are peculiar to pastry cooks. In the middle of this neat arrangement he had carefully let down the enormous load of white sugared cake which had been the huge ornament of the window.

"What on earth are you doing?" she asked.

"Duty, my dear Laura," he began.

"Oh, for the Lord's sake, stop a minute," she cried, "and don't talk to me in that way! I mean, what is all that?"

"A ceremonial meal, Miss Hope."

"And what is that?" she asked impatiently, pointing to the towering mountain of sugar.

"The wedding cake, Mrs. Angus," he said.

The girl marched to that article, removed it with some clatter and put it back in the shop window; she then returned and, putting her elegant elbows on the table, regarded the young man not unfavorably but with considerable exasperation.

"You don't give me any time to think," she said.

"I'm not such a fool," he answered; "that's my Christian humility."

She was still looking at him, but she had grown considerably graver behind the smile.

"Mr. Angus," she said steadily, "before there is a minute more of this nonsense I must tell you something about myself as shortly as I can."

"Delighted!" replied Angus gravely. "You might tell me something about myself, too, while you are about it."

"Oh, do hold your tongue and listen!" she said. "It's nothing that I'm ashamed of and it isn't even anything that I'm specially sorry about; but what would you say if there were something that is no business of mine and yet is my nightmare?"

"In that case," said the man seriously, "I should suggest that you bring back the cake."

"Well, you must listen to the story first," said Laura persistently. "To begin with, I must tell you that my father owned the inn called the 'Red Fish,' at Sudbury, and I used to serve people in the bar."

"I have often wondered," he said, "why there was a kind of Christian air about this one confectioner's shop."

"Sudbury is a sleepy, grassy little hole in the eastern counties and the only kind of people who ever came to the 'Red Fish' were occasional commercial travelers; and, for the rest, the most awful people you can see, only you've never seen them. I mean little loungy men, who had just enough to live on and had nothing to do but lean about in barrooms and bet on horses, in bad clothes that were just too good for them. Even these wretched young rotters were not very common at our house; but there were two of them that were a lot too common—common in every sort of way. They both lived on money of their own, and were wearisomely idle and overdressed. Yet I was half sorry for them, because I half believed they slunk into our little empty bar because each of them had a slight deformity—the sort of thing that some yokels laugh at. It wasn't exactly a deformity either; it was more an oddity. One of them was a startlingly small man, something like a dwarf, or at least like a jockey. He was not at all jockey-ish to look at, though: he had a round black head and a well-trimmed black beard, bright eyes like a bird's; he jingled money in his pockets; he jangled a great gold watch-chain; and he never turned up except dressed just too much like a gentleman to be one. He was no fool, though—though a futile idler; he was curiously clever at all kinds of things that couldn't be of the slightest use: a sort of impromptu conjuring—making fifteen matches set fire to each other like a regular firework; or cutting a banana or some such thing into a dancing doll. His name was Isidore Smythe. I can see him still, with his little dark face just coming up to the counter, making a jumping kangaroo out of five cigars.

"The other fellow was more silent and more ordinary; but somehow he alarmed me much more than poor little Smythe. He was very tall and slight, and light-haired; his nose had a high bridge and he might almost have been handsome in a spectral sort of way; but he had one of the most appalling squints I have ever seen or heard of. When he looked straight at you, you didn't know where you were yourself, let alone what he was looking at. I fancy this sort of disfigurement embittered the poor chap a little; for, though Smythe was ready to show off his monkey tricks anywhere, James Welkin—that was the squinting man's name—never did anything except look in our bar parlor and go for great walks by himself in the flat gray country all round. All the same, I think Smythe, too, was a little sensitive about being so small, though he carried it off more smartly. And so it was that I was really puzzled, as well as startled and very sorry, when they both offered to marry me in the same week.

"Well, I did what I've since thought was perhaps a silly thing. But, after all, these freaks were my friends in a way; and I had a horror of their thinking I refused them for the real reason, which was that they were so impossibly ugly. So I made up some gas of another sort, about never meaning to marry any one who hadn't carved his way in the world. I said it was a point of principle with me not to live on money that was just inherited, like theirs. Two days after I had talked in this wild, well-meaning sort of way the whole trouble began. The first thing I heard was that both of them had gone off to seek their fortunes, as if they were in some silly fairy tale.

"Well, I've never seen either of them from that day to this. But I've had two letters from the little man called Smythe; and really they were rather exciting."

"Ever heard of the other man?" asked Angus.

"No; he never wrote," said the girl after an instant's hesitation. "Smythe's first letter was simply to say that he had started out walking with Welkin to London; but Welkin was such a good walker that the little man dropped out of it and took a rest by the roadside. He happened to be picked up by some traveling show; and, partly because he was nearly a dwarf and partly because he was really a clever little wretch, he got on quite well in the show business and was soon sent up to the Aquarium to do some tricks that I forget. That was his first letter. His second was much more of a startler and I got it only last week."

The man called Angus emptied his coffee-cup and regarded her with mild and patient eyes. Her own mouth took a slight twist of laughter as she resumed:

"I suppose you've seen on the hoardings all about 'Smythe's Silent Service'—or you must be the only person who hasn't. Oh, I don't know much about it; it's some clockwork invention for doing all the housework by machinery. You know the sort of thing. 'Press a button—a butler who never drinks.' 'Turn a handle—ten housemaids who never flirt.' You must have seen the advertisements. Well, whatever these machines are, they are making pots of money; and they are making it all for that little imp whom I knew down in Sudbury. I can't help feeling pleased the poor little chap has fallen on his feet; but the plain fact is, I'm in terror of his turning up any minute and telling me he's carved his way in the world—as he certainly has."

"And the other man?" repeated Angus, with a sort of obstinate quietude.

Laura Hope got to her feet suddenly.

"My friend," she said, "I think you are a witch. Yes; you are quite right. I have not seen a line of the other man's writing and I have no more notion than the dead of what or where he is; but it is by him that I am frightened. It is he who is all about my path. It is he who has driven me half mad. Indeed, I think he has driven me mad; for I have felt him where he could not have been and I have heard his voice when he could not have spoken."

"Well, my dear," said the young man cheerfully, "if he were Satan himself he is done for now you have told somebody. One goes mad all alone, old girl. But when was it you fancied you felt and heard our squinting friend?"

"I heard James Welkin laugh as plainly as I hear you speak," said the girl steadily. "There was nobody there, for I stood just outside the shop at the corner and could see down both streets at once. I had forgotten how he laughed, though his laugh was as odd as his squint. I had not thought of him for nearly a year; but it's a solemn truth that, a few seconds later, the first letter came from his rival."

"Did you ever make the specter speak or squeak, or anything?" asked Angus, with some interest.

Laura suddenly shuddered and then said, with an unshaken voice: "Yes. Just when I had finished reading the second letter from Isidore Smythe, announcing success—just then—I heard Welkin say, 'He sha'n't have you though!' It was quite plain—as if he were in the room. It is awful. I think I must be mad."

"If you really were mad," said the young man, "you would think you must be sane. But certainly there seems to me to be something a little rum about this unseen gentleman. Two heads are better than one—I spare you allusions to any other organs—and really, if you would allow me, as a sturdy, practical man, to bring back the wedding cake out of the window ——"

Even as he spoke, there was a sort of steely shriek in the street outside and a small motor, driven at devilish speed, shot up to the door of the shop and stuck there. In the same flash of time a small man in a shiny top hat stood stamping in the outer room.

Angus, who had hitherto maintained hilarious ease from motives of mental hygiene, revealed the strain of his soul by striding abruptly out of the inner room and confronting the newcomer. A glance at him was quite sufficient to confirm the savage guesswork of a man in love. This very dapper but dwarfish figure, with the spike of black beard carried insolently forward, the clever, unrestful eyes, the neat but very nervous fingers, could be no other than the man just described to him: Isidore Smythe, who made dolls out of banana skins and match-boxes; Isidore Smythe, who made millions out of undrinking butlers and unflirting housemaids of metal. For a moment the two men, instinctively understanding each other's air of possession, looked at each other with that curious cold generosity which is the soul of rivalry and goes down to the roots of the soul.

Mr. Smythe, however, made no allusion to the ultimate ground of their antagonism, but said simply and explosively: "Has Miss Hope seen that thing on the window?"

"On the window?" repeated the staring Angus.

"There's no time to explain other things," said the small millionaire shortly. "There's some tomfoolery going on here that has to be investigated."

He pointed his polished walking-stick at the window recently depleted by the bridal preparations of Mr. Angus; and that gentleman was astonished to see, along the front of the glass, a long strip of paper pasted, which had certainly not been on the window when he had looked through it some time before. Following the energetic Smythe outside into the street, he found that some yard and a half of stamp-paper had been carefully gummed along the glass outside, and on this was written in straggly characters: "If you marry Smythe, he will die."

"Laura," said Angus, putting his big red head into the shop, "you're not mad."

"It's the writing of that fellow Welkin," said Smythe gruffly. "I haven't seen him for years, but he's always bothering me. Five times in the last fortnight he's had threatening letters left at my flat; and I can't even find out who leaves them, let alone if it is Welkin himself. The porter of the flats swears that no suspicious characters have been seen; and here he has pasted up a sort of dado on a public shop-window, while the people in the shop ——"

"Quite so," said Angus modestly—"while the people in the shop were having tea. Well, sir, I can assure you I appreciate your common-sense in dealing so directly with the matter. We can talk about other things afterward. The fellow cannot be very far off yet, for I swear there was no paper there when I went last to the window, ten or fifteen minutes ago. On the other hand, he's too far off to be chased, as we don't even know the direction. If you'll take my advice, Mr. Smythe, you'll put this at once in the hands of some energetic inquiry man, private rather than public. I know an extremely clever fellow who has set up in business five minutes from here in your car. His name's Flambeau and, though his youth was a bit stormy, he's a strictly honest man now and his brains are worth money. He lives in Lucknow Mansions, Hampstead."

"That is odd," said the little man, arching his black eyebrows. "I live, myself, in Himylaya Mansions, round the corner. Perhaps you might care to come with me. I can go to my rooms and sort out these queer Welkin documents while you run round and get your friend the detective."

"You are very good," said Angus politely. "The sooner we act the better."

Both men, with a queer kind of impromptu fairness, took the same sort of formal farewell of the lady, and both jumped into the brisk little car. As Smythe took the handles and they turned the great corner of the street, Angus was amused to see a gigantesque poster of "Smythe's Silent Service," with a picture of a huge headless iron doll carrying a saucepan, with the legend, "A cook who is never cross."

"I use them in my own flat," said the little black-bearded man, laughing, "partly for advertisement and partly for real convenience. Honestly, and all above-board, those big clockwork dolls of mine do bring you coals or claret or a timetable quicker than any live servants I've ever known—if you know which knob to press. But I'll never deny, between ourselves, that such servants have their disadvantages too."

"Indeed?" said Angus. "Is there something they can't do?"

"Yes," said Smythe coolly; "they can't tell me who left those threatening letters at my flat."

The man's motor was small and swift like himself; in fact, like his domestic service, it was of his own invention. If he was an advertising quack he was one who believed in his own wares. The sense of something tiny and flying was accentuated as they swept up long white curves of road in the dead but open daylight of evening. Soon the white curves came sharper and dizzier; they were upon ascending spirals, as they say in the modern religions. For, indeed, they were cresting a corner of London which is almost as precipitous as Edinburgh, if not quite so picturesque. Terrace rose above terrace, and the special tower of flats they sought rose above them all to almost Egyptian height, gilt by the level sunset. The change, as they turned the corner and entered the crescent known as Himylaya Mansions, was as abrupt as the opening of a window; for they found that pile of flats sitting above London as above a green sea of slate. Opposite to the Mansions, on the other side of the gravel crescent, was a bushy inclosure, more like a steep hedge or dyke than a garden, and some way below that ran a strip of artificial water, a sort of canal, like the moat of that embowered fortress. As the car swept round the crescent it passed, at one corner, the stray stall of a man selling chestnuts; and right away, at the other end of the curve, Angus could see a dim blue policeman walking slowly. These were the only human shapes in that high suburban solitude, but he had an irrational sense that they expressed the speechless poetry of London. He felt as if they were figures in a story.

The little car shot up to the right house like a bullet and like a bombshell shot out its owner, who was immediately inquiring of a tall commissionnaire in shining braid, and a short porter in shirtsleeves, whether anybody or anything had been seeking his apartments. He was assured that nobody and nothing had passed these officials since his last inquiries; whereupon he and the slightly bewildered Angus were shot up in the lift like a rocket till they reached the top floor.

"Just come in for a minute," said the breathless Smythe. "I want to show you those Welkin letters. Then you might run round the corner and fetch your friend." He pressed a button concealed in the wall and the door opened of itself.

It opened on a long, commodious anteroom, of which the only arresting features, ordinarily speaking, were the rows of tall, half-human mechanical figures that stood up on both sides like tailors' dummies. Like tailors' dummies they were headless; and like tailors' dummies they had a handsome unnecessary humpiness in the shoulders and a pigeon-breasted protuberance of chest; but, barring this, they were not much more like a human figure than any automatic machine at a station that is about the human height. They had two great hooks like arms, for carrying trays, and they were painted pea-green or vermilion or black for convenience of distinction; in every other way they were only automatic machines, and nobody would have looked twice at them. On this occasion, at least, nobody did. For between the two rows of these domestic dummies lay something more interesting than most of the mechanics of the world. It was a white, tattered scrap of paper scrawled with red ink, and the agile inventor had snatched it up almost as soon as the door flew open. He handed it to Angus without a word. The red ink on it

actually was not dry and the message ran: "If you have been to see her today I shall kill you."

There was a short silence and then Isidore Smythe said quietly: "Would you like a little whisky? I rather feel as if I should."

"Thank you; I should like a little Flambeau," said Angus gloomily. "This business seems to me to be getting rather grave. I'm going round at once to fetch him."

"Right you are," said the other, with admirable cheerfulness. "Bring him round here as quick as you can."

As Angus closed the front door behind him he saw Smythe push back a button; and one of the clockwork images glided from its place and slid along a groove in the floor carrying a tray with siphon and decanter. There did seem something a trifle weird about leaving the little man alone among those dead servants, who were coming to life as the door closed.

Six steps down from Smythe's landing the man in shirt-sleeves was doing something with a pail. Angus stopped to extract a promise, fortified with a prospective bribe, that he would remain in that place until his return with the detective and keep count of any kind of stranger coming up those stairs. Dashing down to the front hall he then laid similar charges of vigilance on the commissionnaire at the front door, from whom he learned the simplifying circumstance that there was no back door. Not content with this, he captured the floating policeman and induced him to stand opposite the entrance and watch it; and finally he paused an instant for a pennyworth of chestnuts and an inquiry as to the probable length of the merchant's stay in the neighborhood.

The chestnut seller, turning up the collar of his coat, told him he should probably be moving shortly, as he thought it was going to snow. Indeed, the evening was growing gray and bitter; but Angus, with all his eloquence, proceeded to nail the chestnut man to his post.

"Keep yourself warm on your own chestnuts," he said earnestly. "Eat up your whole stock; I'll make it worth your while. I'll give you a sovereign if you'll wait here till I come back, and then tell me whether any man, woman or child has gone into that house where the commissionnaire is standing."

He then walked away smartly, with a last look at the besieged tower.

"I've made a ring round that room anyhow," he said. "They can't all four of them be Mr. Welkin's accomplices."

Lucknow Mansions were, so to speak, on a lower platform of that hill of houses of which Himylaya Mansions might be called the peak. Mr. Flambeau's semi-official flat was on the ground floor and presented, in every way, a marked contrast to the American machinery and cold hotel-like luxury of the flat of the silent service. Flambeau, who was a friend of Angus, received him in a rococo artistic den behind his office of which the ornaments were sabers, harquebuses, Eastern curiosities, flasks of Italian wine, savage cooking pots, a plumy Persian cat and a small dusty-looking Roman Catholic priest, who looked particularly out of place.

"This is my friend, Father Brown," said Flambeau. "I've often wanted you to meet him. Splendid weather, this—a little cold for Southerners like me."

"Yes; I think it will keep clear," said Angus, sitting down on a violet-striped Eastern ottoman.

"No," said the priest quietly; "it has begun to snow."

And, indeed, as he spoke, the first few flakes foreseen by the man of chestnuts began to drift across the darkening windowpane.

"Well," said Angus heavily, "I'm afraid I've come on business—and rather jumpy business at that. The fact is, Flambeau, within a stone's chuck of your house is a fellow who badly wants your help; he's perpetually being haunted and threatened by an invisible enemy—a scoundrel whom nobody has ever seen." As Angus proceeded to tell the whole tale of Smythe and Welkin, beginning with Laura's story and going on with his own, the supernatural laugh at the corner of two empty streets, the strange, distinct words spoken in an empty room, Flambeau grew more and more vividly concerned and the little priest seemed to be left out of it, like a piece of furniture. When it came to the scribbled stamp-paper pasted on the window Flambeau rose, seeming to fill the room with his huge shoulders.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I think you had better tell me the rest on the nearest road to this man's house. It strikes me, somehow, that there is no time to be lost."

"Delighted!" said Angus, rising also; "though he's safe enough for the present, for I've set four men to watch the only hole to his burrow."

They turned out into the street, the small priest trundling after them with the docility of a small dog. He merely said, in a dull, cheerful way, like one making conversation: "How quickly the snow gets thick on the ground!"

As they threaded the steep side streets, already powdered with silver, Angus finished the story; and by the time they turned into the crescent with the towering flats he had leisure to turn his attention to the four sentinels. The chestnut seller, both before and after receiving a sovereign, swore stubbornly that he had watched the door and seen no visitor enter. The policeman was even more emphatic. He said he had had experience of crooks of all kinds, in top hats and in rags; he wasn't so green as to expect suspicious characters to look suspicious; he looked out for anybody—and, so help him, there had been nobody. And when all three men gathered round the gilded commissionnaire, who still stood smiling astride of the porch, the verdict was more final still.

"I've got a right to ask any man, duke or dustman, what he wants in these flats," said the genial and gold-laced giant, "and I'll swear there's been nobody to ask since this gentleman went away."

The unimportant Father Brown, who stood back, looking modestly at the pavement, here ventured to say meekly: "Has nobody been up and down stairs, then, since the snow began to fall? It began while we were all round at Flambeau's."

"Nobody's been in here, sir—you can take it from me," said the official, with beaming authority.

"Then I wonder what that is?" said the priest, and he stared at the ground blankly, like a fish.

The others all looked down also; and Flambeau used a fierce exclamation and a French gesture. For it was unquestionably true that down the middle of the entrance guarded by the man in gold lace, actually between the arrogant, stretched legs of that colossus, ran a stringy pattern of gray footprints stamped upon the white snow.

"The invisible man!" cried Angus involuntarily to his companions.

Without another word he turned and dashed up the stairs, with Flambeau following; but Father Brown still stood looking about him in the snowclad street as if he had lost interest in his query.

Flambeau was plainly in a mood to break down the door with his big shoulder; but the Scotchman, with more reason if less intuition, fumbled about on the frame of the door till he found the invisible button; and the door swung slowly open.

It showed substantially the same serried interior; the hall had grown darker, though it was still struck here and there with the last crimson shafts of sunset, and one or two of the headless machines had been moved from their places for this or that purpose and stood here and there about the twilight place. The green and red of their coats were all darkened in the dusk and their likeness to human shapes slightly increased by their very shapelessness. But in the middle of them all, exactly where the paper with the red ink had lain, there lay something that looked very like the red ink spilt out of its bottle. But it was not red ink.

Isidore Smythe Simply Was Not in the Place, Either Dead or Alive

With a French combination of reason and violence, Flambeau simply said, "Murder!" and, plunging into the flat, had explored every corner and cupboard of it in five minutes. If he expected to find a corpse he found none. Isidore Smythe simply was not in the place, either dead or alive. After the most tearing search the two men met each other in the outer hall, with streaming faces and staring eyes. "My friend," said Flambeau, talking French in his excitement, "not only is your murderer invisible but he makes invisible also the murdered man."

Angus looked round at the dim room, full of dummies, and in some Celtic corner of his Scotch soul a shudder started. One of the lifesize dolls stood immediately overshadowing the blood-stain—summoned, perhaps, by the slain man an instant before he fell. One of the high-shouldered hooks that served the thing for arms was a little lifted and Angus had suddenly the horrid fancy that poor Smythe's own iron child had struck him down. Matter had rebelled and these machines had killed their master. But, even so, what had they done with him?

"Eaten him!" said the nightmare at his ear; and he sickened for an instant at the idea of rent human remains absorbed and crushed into all that acephalous clockwork.

He recovered his mental health by a volcanic effort and said to Flambeau: "Well, there it is. The poor fellow has evaporated like a cloud and left a red streak on the floor. The tale does not belong to this world."

"There is only one thing to be done," said Flambeau, "whether it belongs to this

(Concluded on Page 30)

THE VANITY OF THE ACTOR

By MARY SHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

He Reminded Me That There Were Few Prizes and That Many Persons Were After Them

PEOPLE say that applause is the breath of the actor's nostrils. Well, so it is—and why not? It's the only food his vanity has to feed upon.

By vanity I do not mean the foolish thing the dictionary calls "empty pleasure, vain pursuit, idle show"; but that sound human quality that is the mainspring of achievement of any kind. Ruskin says that conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up. He's wrong: vanity not only props men up but keeps them propped up—in all professions. Adams comes nearest to the mark when he says, in Figures of the Past: "Vanity is the cordial drop which makes the bitter cup of life go down."

Nor do I quite mean the lighter form of vanity that makes the little girl put a rose in her hair to enhance her beauty, or the boy brush his shoes, or the ruffian use less brutal words before a pretty woman than he would in the presence of his mother; but rather the form that approaches close to egotism—the faith in one's power to do—to impress—to accomplish. Who would deny the little girl that quality which makes her irresistible? We'd be cheating ourselves if we did so. We can even forgive the greater degree of folly in the man when we think of the quagmire of despair through which it has sustained him.

Everybody seems to think that the actor—meaning both men and women of the stage—has greater vanity than other persons. And so he has. But it would not be possible for him to endure the hardship, routine and also the adulation that are his and remain modest and unassuming. As a matter of fact, he must have vanity of the soundest quality in order to achieve anything in his work.

Managers' Methods With Players

THERE is a general idea that the people of the stage live in an atmosphere of continuous adulation. They do get applause occasionally, but these are the exceptional moments of their lives. As a matter of fact the actor is the butt of criticism practically all the time. From the moment he enters the profession—the most sensitive and impressionable period of his life, when he most needs encouragement and help—he is made to suffer the most scathing censure. Managers dealing with stagefolks all the time, and well aware of their vanity, use the knowledge in working with them to their own advantage. Often, as a matter of business policy, a determined and well-planned system of depreciation is used to keep the actor from getting too big an idea of himself. Personal things that wound are said to the actor; if he were not well stocked with vanity he would never survive what he goes through at the start, before he has come to understand the real motive back of the manager's caustic words. If he have vanity enough to sustain him through this ordeal, which is humiliating and demoralizing to the last degree, he certainly has a good start on the way to success.

My own experience is a good sample of what young actors must go through at the beginning. I had been at the Boston Museum for the season, playing every part that they would intrust to me and getting nine dollars a week. Also I furnished my own costumes. During this period Miss Fanny Davenport came to the Museum to play one of her rôles and was supported by our company. When she was ready to go away she called me into her room and asked me if I would come to her the next season. She wanted me to play minor parts.

"Of course I can't give you a big salary," she said, "as you're only a beginner, but I'll pay you forty-five dollars a week and furnish your dresses. Would you like to come?" Imagine her saying that! I fancy there must have been a twinkle in her eye, but I did not see it. Positively I was speechless; but my instinct and training and all I had heard in the theater taught me that one must never jump at an offer—no matter what; that he must appear to be weighing it, pro and con, as if he had other things that he might take. So, with a great effort of will, I said: "Really, Miss Davenport, I'll have to think this over."

"Quite right," said she; "but I must know by morning."

Once outside the room I had a fierce impulse to run back and cry out, "I'll take it! I'll take it!" but I controlled myself and went home. I did not sleep a wink that night. I could hardly wait till morning to rush to Miss Davenport with my answer. I actually did rush as far as the door and then paused—and with as much calm as I could command I told her that I had decided to accept her offer. I don't remember that she showed any great surprise. She merely said she was glad of it and felt that I would be happy in her company. Now that the die was cast I consulted my friends. They seemed to think I had not done just right. They urged that, as I had got my start at the Museum and was under some obligation for the training I'd received, it would have been better first to speak to Mr. Field. Furthermore, they reasoned, while acting in the Museum I could live at home; and who knows but Mr. Field might have all sorts of parts planned for me! Therefore, being a very canny Yankee, I called on the manager to find out if possible what he had in store for me. I told him frankly that I thought I ought to have better parts and more money, and wound up by asking him point-blank what he could promise me. Instantly I became the most insignificant thing in the universe—in his eyes. He reminded me that there were few prizes in the profession and that many persons were after them. From this snappy platitude he went on to say that a number of years of experience as manager enabled him—and here he stared hard into my eyes—to forecast almost to a certainty the prospects of any young man or woman who entered the work. I acknowledged this by a dutiful bow and he "allowed" that it was his duty, so long as I seemed to be "running away" with certain ideas, to tell me the plain truth about myself. He began with my limitations, which he emphatically declared it would be impossible for me to overcome. How my heart sank at his ominous words! "Shades of vanity, sustain me!" I prayed.

Mr. Field then went on to tell me that the only line of business in which I could succeed was a kind of character work for which one makes up. And now he called in an associate to help in the work of depreciation and together they went into all kinds of details, further to crush my budding hopes: I was big, severe by nature, I lacked tenderness, which, of course, cut me out completely from emotional acting of any kind. It was possible, they admitted, that I could do work of a hard, aggressive nature; but—and here they shook their heads solemnly and in chorus—"not the tender side of emotion—oh, no!" Further, they urged that I had a very strong analytic mind, which for a woman was a handicap. Actresses needed to feel, not think too much, they said; and anything more than an average amount of brains was a detriment to them. I was reminded most pointedly that the small, dainty, piquant woman—and not she of the heroic build—was the only one associated in the minds of men with love passages. Then, when he felt that I was sufficiently squelched, Mr. Field burst out: "What's your ambition?"

Swift Promotion From Miss Davenport

I MEEKLY replied—and here vanity alone sustained me, for his terrible words fixing my doom were still ringing in my ears—that I wanted to be a leading woman, to play strong, tender, sympathetic rôles. He stared at me a moment and then indulgently but firmly told me that it was absolutely impossible for me ever to do so. One can imagine what I felt when he considers that from my point of view Mr. Field was the one great authority, from whom there could be no appeal.

I found Miss Davenport's attitude the very reverse of Mr. Field's. She was naturally kind-hearted, but I've since come to realize that it was to her interest to encourage me by making much of my virtues and little of my deficiencies. Under her influence I regained my peace of mind. It came about that within four months the young woman who played parts next to the star was about to be married and Miss Davenport offered me her position in the company; but in the midst of my joy Mr. Field's awful words came back to me and I wofully told Miss Davenport what he had said and that I was afraid I couldn't do the work. She laughed good-naturedly and said: "My dear child, you must forget all about it. There was a motive back of what he said; you were valuable to him for the kind of work he wanted you to do—don't you see?"

"Really, Miss Davenport, I'll Have to Think This Over"

"But," I said, my eyes growing wider and wider, for I was still very green, "do you mean to say that any man would deliberately talk like that to a young, impressionable girl, who was trying to make a living by this profession and bringing into it brains, talent and perhaps a certain measure of inspiration? Would he run the risk of killing all that?"

"You must not be so serious," Miss Davenport replied. "You will learn in time to listen to everything that managers, critics or audiences may say, but accept only that which is good for you." After a moment's reflection she went on: "Now that we have settled this matter, and now that you have jumped from nine dollars to seventy-five dollars in four months, and are going to play leading parts that require exactly the things that you were told you did not possess and could not develop in any way, why not send a telegram to Mr. Field saying: 'Am engaged for leading business at seventy-five dollars'!"

Being very young and inexperienced, I did so. But I wish to add that I've never since been guilty of calling the turn on any manager's tactics.

But even managers have vanity—at times—and in this connection I recall a bump that Mr. Field's pride must have got on one occasion. This gentleman was very powerful in the theatrical world and he was quite well aware of it. Now, by reason of the very prestige of his theater and company, he was enabled to get good actors at smaller pay than they would have accepted elsewhere. Owing to this fact, he felt that he could secure almost anybody for any sum he had a mind to pay; and it really was considered a great honor to have an offer from Mr. Field. Now it so happened that, right in the middle of one season, circumstances left him without a leading man. He immediately sent one of his characteristic telegrams to Maurice Barrymore:

Will you accept leading business at Boston Museum? Will pay you a hundred and fifty dollars a week.

Mr. Barrymore was one of the highest-priced leading men on the stage at that time and was earning two or three times as much as Mr. Field offered him. At first he was inclined to be indignant at the message, but slept over it and the next day wired as follows:

Mr. R. M. Field, Boston Museum,
Boston, Massachusetts.
Have sent your communication to "Puck." BARRYMORE

The motive for the stage manager's policy of depreciation is not wholly selfish. He applies his system of criticism at the very beginning of the actor's career in order that he may begin to correct any defects that would interfere with the work. This is particularly hard on the youngster, since he must be temperamental and sensitive to a degree if he is going to amount to anything on the stage. Beyond this, he has given him a very small part, in which there is little play for the power of adaptability and practically no inspiration to sustain him. He must simply walk, talk and gesticulate, which brings down upon him bald, raw criticism of everything that he tries to do.

Actresses are Not Vain; Actors Are

THE stage manager tells him—or her—that his gait is impossible and bad and so on through a long list of things that seem incorrigible; but after two or three years of drilling and criticism, and with greater responsibility in the part he is acting, he comes to the place where he begins to recognize his own ability—and then censure becomes impersonal and loses its sting. The effect of this discipline is good in more ways than one, particularly when the actor comes to the place where he has power or direction. I can truly say that, because I was obliged to come up the jagged steps one at a time and to suffer much harrowing criticism, when my time came to have young people in my company and to be the stage manager of my own protégés, I found my own suffering invaluable. No matter how annoyed and irritated I was, I never discouraged an actor or actress. Like Miss Davenport, I dilated on all their points that were promising and strong; and when I was obliged to touch on their defects or errors I always did it with the assertion—where I felt it was true in any degree—that it was only a matter of time and could be easily corrected.

Women are generally supposed to have more vanity than men; in fact, it is considered rather a fine quality in them. But a very prominent manager, who had employed the greatest actors and actresses, and so on down all the grades of ability, told me that actors are very vain and that actresses are not. My own observation has confirmed this. Furthermore, I have observed that the vanity of the actor increases; that of the actress grows less. I have never been able quite to work out the psychology of this curious fact, but it is true, nevertheless.

Again, women are generally supposed to be more sheltered, more sensitive to any kind of criticism than men, not so able to stand up and take the blows that come with the work. On the contrary, in our profession they are braver than the men.

Take a woman at rehearsal: one can work with her and criticise her almost continually for a couple of hours before one begins to notice the effect of it in a personal way. She will take to the work, as a rule, very earnestly, enthusiastically, less personally; and this attitude will carry her over the rough spots. But, with the men, one must be very careful always, since, apart from hurting their feelings, one might spoil the quality of their work. One must proceed very carefully with actors; and in proportion as they have skill and power it becomes more and more a matter of delicacy and diplomacy in handling them.

"Do You Know How a Gentleman Leaves the Room?" Sneers the Stage Manager

The most severe strain to which the actor's vanity is put is at the very beginning of his career. If it survives this it flourishes—feeds upon applause; and sophistication and a sense of the impersonal rob criticism of much of its sting.

His vanity is constantly tested, to the very end of the actor's career. The most humiliating ordeal of all is during rehearsal. Here, one is not up against a big proposition like the public or the press—foemen that bring out all there is in one—but is hectored and teased and scolded by one person in the presence too often of an envious, jeering few. The stage manager has an audience hard, critical and sycophantic. Whatever he does is applauded. Every shaft of sarcasm he hurls is approved, except by the unfortunate object of his ridicule. He also becomes vain and too often, if he be a cheap little man, seeks the ribald applause of the supernumeraries by indulging his sarcasm; and, being master of the situation, he does this with impunity. But let us be fair. The stage director comes very logically by his methods. Even if he were tolerant at the beginning he would wind up by being a martinet.

He has to deal not only with the play itself and the staging of it, but he must manage the production in the way of scenery; he must handle stage hands and drill crowds of men and women in mob scenes and the like—persons who are coarse and, worse yet, stupid. He runs the gamut, so to speak, of methods of dealing with persons of all grades and kinds. To be sure, the stage manager is given complete authority by the producing manager, but beyond this he must have personal authority, which holds all those under him and disposes of them according to the picture that is to be produced.

Language that would be effective with a fine actor would be totally lost on stage hands or members of a mob. The manager knows this and he starts in with the idea of having two kinds of manners; but, as the difficulties of his work increase and as he has so many more of the coarser kind of persons to deal with than the others, he develops after a number of years a harsh, dictatorial and personal style in dealing with everybody. An actor of the better class makes allowance for this and becomes impersonal in regard to the stage manager, taking only so much of his criticism and censure as he feels he needs; but it becomes a horse of another color when censure is delivered at him before all sorts of persons, who cannot understand and who feel that the manager's words are called forth by the actor's inability to do things.

When extra people or supernumeraries see the actor called down they have a pleasant contempt for him—not because he has done anything wrong, but because the stage manager has stripped him of all his glory. They have heard Mr. So-and-So reprimanded after this fashion: "You are supposed to be playing the part of a gentleman; you are not playing a barber—remember that!" Or the manager may ask:

"What do you think you are doing now?"

"Why, I am lighting this lamp."

"Oh, well, on the night of the performance you won't be able to tell the audience what you're trying to do. You might as well do it so they will know what you're about."

And again: "Come back; that is not the way a gentleman leaves the room."

The actor returns to the point of starting. "Do you know how a gentleman leaves the room?" sneers the stage manager.

"Well, I thought I did," says the actor quietly.

"Is that your idea of it? Well, permit me to show you how a gentleman does leave the room."

And so they go on.

As I said before, in the course of time the actor, by reason of his vanity—faith in himself and in his power to put something over the footlights and to interest the audience—accepts these conditions and rises above them.

The Worst Test of a Play

AFTER the stage manager has finished, the producing manager and his friends are called in on the night of the dress rehearsal. This is one of the most trying occasions conceivable. Of course all plays require the actor and the audience; but an audience in the abstract means a group of persons unprejudiced, not overinterested—simply plastic material to be worked on, through whom the effect of the story must be achieved.

But what is the audience at a dress rehearsal? Only a few persons; and these are not sympathetic, harmonious, having a desire to be interested. As a rule, they are there to find fault; they may not think so, but they are. What goes well they accept as a matter of course and everything that goes wrong they exaggerate. Before this handful of persons, in that frame of mind, the actor makes the ineffectual attempt of presenting a play. It is a truism that a dress rehearsal is the very worst test of a play that can be imagined. The atmosphere is surcharged with nervousness and all sorts of disagreeable elements. The actors individually are called out by both stage and producing managers and severely criticised in regard to all things. This is a terribly trying time, particularly for young actors.

Dress rehearsals usually occur the night before the performance. They start late in the evening, so that the music and lights may be well arranged, and last well on into the morning. Then, thoroughly fatigued and greatly discouraged and unhappy, the actors go home to attend to things that have been left until the last moment; and in that frame of mind they get ready for the opening performance of the play.

The opening night is a crucial moment, for now the press comes in. Newspaper criticism is supposed to reflect two things: the effect of the actor's work upon the audience and its relation to the general scope and meaning of the drama. The playwright now gets his first innings and is done with—or for—as the case may be. No matter how talented the actor may be or how happily cast or how well he may have succeeded in the opinion of those who ought to be able to judge, he realizes that he is now up against another bar to be tried. It is not the personal criticism before a handful of persons such as he has encountered for weeks that he dreads, but the judgment of himself, and the fact that through the daily papers his work will be

(Concluded on Page 31)

OVERDUE LUCK

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

J. Augustus Redell Converts His Splinter Into a Spar

THE morning of the first day of his wedded life found Mr. J. Augustus Redell in an unusually serious state of mind. It also found him in a ten-dollar-a-day apartment at the most exclusive hotel in San Francisco. As the first bright heralds of a glorious California day filtered through the twenty-dollar lace curtains Mr. Redell stirred uneasily, scratched his right shin with the toe of his left foot and opened his eyes. For a few minutes he lay in bed, half-stupidly surveying the unostentatious splendor of his surroundings. Gradually the languor of sleep left him, and his mind, freed from that pleasant, half-conscious period that lies between sleeping and waking, thrilled suddenly to the consciousness of his exact position in the scheme of things.

In after life Mr. Redell was wont to state that nothing had ever terrified him half so much as this waking knowledge that he was a married man. He spent a bad half hour striving to justify his spectacular leap into matrimony. In the first flush of his meeting with Maisie Robertson it had promised much happiness. It seemed to be the only reasonable thing to do. Too well did Mr. Redell realize the truth of the old adage anent the early bird and the resultant breakfast. He would take no more chances on Maisie Robertson. He would not risk a possible meeting between Maisie and her late fiancé, Mr. George Sidney Aloysius Peckham. No, sir! The hand of a beneficent Providence had led him to the woman of his choice after years of waiting; and, since it had ever been the cardinal principle of Mr. Redell's existence to pin his faith to the infallible luck and capacity for work that had always distinguished him, he had in a weak moment permitted himself to forget that he was a financial wreck. It seemed to him this morning that he had deliberately gone out of his way to drag down to misery the girl for love of whom he would have given an eye.

"Luiz," He Said Very Soberly, "I'm the Boy That Got Your First Ten Thousand"

Slowly, and with painstaking detail, Mr. Redell reviewed the past four years of his life as a lumber baron, striving to pick flaws in his past business performances. He wanted to lay his finger, metaphorically speaking, upon some specific act of imprudence that would brand him as a business misfit. The rise and fall of the Redell Lumber Company was still fresh in his memory. But yesterday the last chapter in its history had been brought to a finish. And yet, as J. Augustus reviewed the situation, the thing had happened, and for no other reason than that there had been a panic. He had not gambled nor dissipated nor neglected his business. Still, here he was, a married man, in debt—he shriveled inwardly as he recalled the promissory notes, aggregating eight thousand dollars, which he had given his creditors at settlement—and without a home to which he might bring his bride. The very bootblack down in the shop where Mr. Redell shaved each morning had a home. Mr. Redell envied him. What a happy life that bootblack must lead! Every night, when his day's work had ended, a bootblack could go to his home and, free from the worries of a staggering hotel bill, partake of fried round steak and soggy boiled potatoes. He could plead "Not guilty" to the heinous crime of failure.

Thus Mr. Redell reasoned. He felt cheap and small and miserable. What if it had been a rattling good game while it lasted? There was small comfort in that. The fact remained that the Redell family fortunes were at a low ebb indeed. Still, it occurred to Mr. Redell presently that in the days when he had rated himself at a quarter of a million the knowledge hadn't been productive of any more happiness than in the days when he had faced the Street as his own master, with no greater assets than native spunk and brains. He had won then. He would win now, though it would be necessary that he start immediately. So he essayed the following problem in elementary arithmetic:

A man had $3.65 at six o'clock P. M. He borrowed a hundred and added that to the $3.65. Then he spent $6.50 for a wedding ring; $2.50 for a marriage license; $25.00 to the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony; $2.50 for a taxicab, with a 50-cent tip to the chauffeur; $12.40 for a little wedding supper for bride and self; $10.00 for apartments at a hotel several degrees too rich for his blood; a 50-cent tip to bell-hop, and 10 cents telephoning to transfer company to hurry up with his wife's trunk.

Q. How much did the man have when he awoke in the morning?

Ans. $43.65.

Mr. Redell grinned suddenly, as if there were something extremely ludicrous in the whole performance, hopped out of bed, consulted the starboard pocket of his trousers and proceeded to prove cash. He was eighty cents shy. This perturbed him. Not that he cared for the eighty cents, but because he wanted to know what had become of it. Presently he discovered it in the little pocket of his overcoat and his soul was restored to peace.

He carefully slipped forty dollars into Mrs. Redell's somewhat shabby little hand satchel and returned the remaining three dollars and sixty-five cents to his pocket. Four years before he had started on that. He would make the same start again today. Something in the idea seemed to sweep away the blue devils that had throttled him since the moment he had opened his eyes on this the first day of his wedded life, and in the very joy of his blessed youth and hope and ambition he whistled a bar of a song he hated—Love Me and the World is Mine.

Yes, that was it: Maisie loved him and the world was his. He bathed and dressed. Maisie was still asleep, so Mr. Redell, in unconscious imitation of the untold millions of benedicks that had gone before him, went downstairs after the morning paper. Later he returned and sat down in the recess of his bedroom window to read the shipping news. He gazed out the window for a moment.

Far below him the newly awakened city was bustling with life. Mr. Redell's glance wandered far over the smoky housetops and on to the waterfront. There was a slight blue haze in the air. The sun had just risen over Alameda County and cast a sheen of gold over the still, blue surface of the bay, across which three ferryboats crawled, leaving behind them long streaks of salt-water suds. Though it was midwinter it was a day to make a man's heart sing within him. It made J. Augustus glad that he was alive. Indeed, it was just the sort of a day for a man to commence all over again, and J. Augustus Redell longed to be up and doing. Down there in the lower end of California Street, and along East Street, there was money to be made—dollars to be wrested from men as able as himself—foemen worthy of his steel. Redell's eyes glistened with the thought of the approaching conflict. Unconsciously he raised his clenched hand and shook it at everything south and east of the Merchants' Exchange.

"You've only plucked me of my honeymoon," he muttered. "But you couldn't have hit me harder," he added.

Mrs. Redell's voice broke in upon his soliloquy.

"Honeymoons," said Mrs. Redell, "are a waste of time and money—when people can't afford them. We'll have our honeymoon a little later. We will breakfast together, and then you can go down among the Philistines and throw rocks at them until six o'clock this evening."

J. Augustus turned. He smiled the smile that used to get the orders.

"You bet," he said. "We'll fight it out together, Maisie. Why, those pirates down in California Street couldn't keep me out of the money with a mallet. And right after breakfast I'm going down there and gather. When the supper bell rings little J. Augustus will be back with the price. Don't you worry about ——"

"You need a new pair of suspenders, dearie," Maisie interrupted.

"I'll buy a new pair—silk this very day," her husband answered.

Two hours later J. Augustus Redell, becomingly arrayed in a suit of tweeds, with his hat tilted back on his head and a three-for-a-half cigar in his mouth, dropped off the California Street car in front of the Lumbermen's Building, prepared to do battle with destiny. In the elevator the first man he met was Señor Felipe Luiz Almeida, doing business as a close corporation under the name of the West Coast Trading Company, and familiarly known to the lumber trade as Live-Wire Luiz. The voluble little gentleman from Chile drew him out of the car at the third floor.

"I understand the señor is—the señor will forgive me if I appear rude—I understand the retail lumber business she have been too much for my good friend. No?"

"A trifle," grinned Mr. Redell. "I'm busted—flat, if that's what you mean."

In token of his sympathy Live-Wire Luiz silently proffered the inevitable cigarette case.

"It is nothing to such a man," he said presently, and shrugged his expressive shoulders to prove it. "I am in the market for a hundred t'ousand 6x8"—8' sawn redwood ties, for discharge at Topotobampo, Mexico. The bes' price I can pay is forty-two cents at the mill. You are well acquaint' with those redwood mills. There is a chance for a commission if the señor can place the order."

Here was an opportunity to earn a little money. Redell's heart warmed to Live-Wire Luiz for the latter's generosity. Of course it was a generosity that would not cost Live-Wire Luiz a cent, since it was the redwood mill that accepted the order which would have to pay Mr. Redell his commission. Nevertheless it was downright good of the little man to put Redell "next" to the order. If nothing came of it Señor Almeida had at least demonstrated that his heart was in the right place. It was up to J. Augustus Redell. So he thanked Live-Wire Luiz and departed for a round of the offices of the redwood mills.

Mr. Redell was destined to wear away quite a little shoe-leather that day. He found five mills willing to make him a price of forty-two cents net, but since a net price brought no grist to the Redell mill, in each instance he left the matter open, trusting to place the order, in due course, with some mill that would pay him two and one-half per cent commission. He discovered that, in the two years that he had been out of the wholesale lumber brokerage business, a change had come over the trade. There was a stronger and more independent spirit manifested in each office that he visited—a tendency to stand firmly for a

price and to eliminate the free-lance broker. Mr. Redell discovered that salaried salesmen were to a large extent taking the place of the old-time commission men.

J. Augustus Redell was a little disheartened by noon. Had he been single he would have laughed and gone his careless way. But he had a wife now – a brave little helpmeet, who must not worry or suffer. He must not let her know how low the tide was with him. He grew nervous and worried as the day slipped by and his attempts to work a commission out of the tie order proved futile. He lunched in a cheap chophouse down in Stewart Street, begrudging himself twenty cents' worth of indifferent nutriment simply because he had had a good thing to himself all morning and hadn't made a cent out of it. A frantic notion that he must begin to practice economy took possession of him. He speculated on the poorhouse in his old age and a grave in the Potter's Field. He had been married less than twenty-four hours, and hence forgot to include Maisie in these gloomy forebodings.

In the days when he had been a "piker" in the trade, Mr. Redell had "controlled" quite a little business across the bay in the Oakland and Berkeley yards. His "control" merely meant that the retail dealers liked him to the extent of wanting to help him along in the world, all things being equal. When Mr. Redell visited these yards he had been wont to fraternize with the yard foreman and thus ascertain what particular stock was low in the yard. Armed with this information Mr. Redell would approach the proprietor and sell him the needed stock at the ruling market price. Then, with the order in his pocket, Mr. Redell would hie himself to the offices of the various mills, and with some one of these mills he would place his order to be filled, reserving for his efforts in the transaction a brokerage of two and one-half per cent.

It occurred to Mr. Redell, as he sat at lunch, that he still had a few friends left. He decided to try the Oakland yards, in the hope of landing at least one small order for the day. So he crossed the bay to the Alameda Mole and boarded the Horseshoe train for Oakland. As the train steamed along the bank of Oakland Creek, Mr. Redell looked out the window and counted the steam schooners and windjammers laid up in the estuary. It was a period of extremely dull freights when vessels could hardly make expenses running between coast ports, and as a result nearly a hundred vessels of the lumber fleet were laid up in Oakland Creek awaiting the arrival of better times.

The sight augured ill for the lumber trade and consequently for J. Augustus Redell, and served to still further depress that erstwhile captain of industry. At Clinton Station he alighted and walked slowly down toward Adams' Dock. At the head of the dock he met his old friend, McNaughton, formerly of the steam schooner Trinidad. The big Scotchman hailed him.

"Hello, Gussie!" he said. "Starboard a little or I'll ram you amidships. Lift your head to the sea and never mind foul weather. Cheer up. Smile."

Redell smiled at the skipper's hearty command and shook hands.

"Hello, Mac!" he said. "What are you doing over here? On the beach? I heard you lost the Trinidad."

"The old hulk foundered in the last leg of the cruise," the captain answered; "but I've got a new boat now, the St. Margaret. Smartest steam schooner on the coast. She's a whale. Snaked a million and a quarter of redwood out of Humboldt Bay with her last trip. But freights are gone to smash and Old Hickman's going to lay her up for a few trips. Can't get a charter. The mate's bringing her across from the city, and I came over to pick out a nice soft spot in the mud to lay her in."

Into the brain of J. Augustus Redell flashed the great idea. He knew Old Hickman. He knew how it must hurt him to lay the St. Margaret up to rot in idleness.

So Old Hickman couldn't get a charter! Perhaps, if he wanted one badly enough, he might pay a nice commission to the man who would negotiate a two-trip charter to Topotobampo. Mr. Redell passed Captain McNaughton the last of his three-for-a-half cigars, shook hands and departed at a dog-trot for the nearest public telephone.

The last freight bulletin of the Shipowners' Association had quoted a six-dollar-a-thousand rate to Topotobampo from Humboldt Bay. Now, a big boat like the St Margaret, having been built especially for the lumber trade, carried a crew but very little in excess of competitors half her size. A tie cargo was always a desirable one, easily handled as compared with a random lumber cargo, and permitting of quicker dispatch both loading and discharging. Mr. Redell reasoned that if one cargo of ties was desirable, two cargoes would be twice as desirable. In a 6 x 8"—8' tie there are thirty-two board feet, and Live-Wire Luiz wanted one hundred thousand ties, or a total of thirty-two hundred thousand board feet.

J. Augustus Redell had it all figured out by the time he got Old Hickman on the 'phone. Ensued a conversation singularly crisp and to the point. As Redell had suspected, Old Hickman was much inclined to do business; in fact, he was hungry for a charter, and he stood out for six dollars. But Redell knew his man. He knew how it hurt him to lay up a new boat like the St. Margaret while there was a ghost of a chance of keeping her at sea, even if she barely paid expenses. So Mr. Redell hung on like a leech, and in the end he pinned Old Hickman down to five seventy-five, with a flat commission of five hundred dollars in case he secured the charter. Whereupon J. Augustus hung up, promising Old Hickman a definite answer within an hour.

When Redell crossed the bay to San Francisco, he went at once to the office of Live-Wire Luiz, and acquainted that explosive individual with the news of his inability to secure a lower price than forty-two cents for immediate delivery. He advised Señor Almeida to place his order at that price, explaining further that he had succeeded in securing an option on the St. Margaret to freight the cargo at five seventy-five. Live-Wire Luiz was quick to perceive the advantage of Mr. Redell's arrangement.

"What a man for a partner!" he cried; "if he can no turn the treek one way he run around the back way and turn heem."

"Get a move on, Luiz, I prithee," replied Mr. Redell, "else will I lose one fat commission, and great shall be the agony thereat. Hurry up and close. Every minute that passes until I have this deal cinched means a drop of my heart's blood."

At two-thirty the West Coast Trading Company had closed with the Blue Star Lumber Company for one hundred thousand 6 x 8" 8' sawn redwood ties. At two-forty-five J. Augustus Redell negotiated a charter for the St. Margaret between the West Coast Trading Company and Hickman & Son. And because Old Hickman wanted that charter very badly indeed and was in truth delighted to secure it, he harkened to a mild request on the part of Mr. Redell for an advance of one hundred and fifty dollars on account of the five hundred dollars' commission which would be due him upon the completion of the charter and the collection of the freight money.

J. Augustus Redell burned all over as he made the request. It was the bed-rock of humiliation. Four short months ago Mr. Redell, scorching along East Street in his auto, had almost run over Old Hickman. And now he stood beside Old Hickman's desk like a mendicant, soliciting an advance on a commission which would not be due for thirty days. It was an acknowledgment of his poverty. It was unbusinesslike, horrible.

Old Hickman smiled and rubbed his thin old hands together. J. Augustus trembled. He was quite certain that Old Hickman was preparing to turn him down gently, and the result was too horrible to contemplate. He gulped and swallowed his Adam's apple when Old Hickman stepped out into the general office and spoke to the cashier.

Presently the old man returned with the check. J. Augustus stuffed it carelessly into his vest pocket and gave Old Hickman a short but fervent "Thank you." Out in the deserted hallway he waited for the elevator. When he was certain that no one could see him he whisked the check from his pocket and gazed at it with anxious, worried eyes. He wanted to make sure that there was a hundred and fifty dollars in real money still left in the world. To his unutterable amazement he discovered that the check was drawn for five hundred dollars, the full amount of his commission.

"God bless his mildewed old heart!" muttered Mr. Redell when he had sufficiently mastered his emotions. "If he ain't a brick! The old wolf! How well he knew! Guess he must have been there himself once!"

Mr. Redell was right. Old Hickman had been over the hurdles in his day and generation, and he knew the signals of distress when he saw them flying. Moreover, Mr. Redell was one of the few young men that Old Hickman admired. So, when J. Augustus Redell stuck his head back into the dingy office and affectionately reminded Old Hickman that he was a bloody-minded old pirate and would be hanged for his improvidence one of these days, Old Hickman replied with dignity that it was an honor and a privilege to reward a young man who cornered his opponent, and when he had him in the nine-hole dictated the terms of—well, charters, for instance.

As a consequence of Old Hickman's freakish humor, just before the Marine National Bank closed that day, J. Augustus Redell reopened his account in that well-known financial institution, drew a check for a hundred dollars and strolled up California Street to the Hippodrome Bar. He had borrowed a hundred from his friend "Pop" Stilger, proprietor of the Hippodrome, the night before. After repaying Pop, Mr. Redell boarded a California Street car and started for his hotel.

As he stepped off the car at Powell Street he saw Maisie standing on the sidewalk just outside the hotel entrance. Even as Mr. Redell looked, a bell-hop deposited two suitcases beside Mrs. Redell and after lingering a moment in half-hearted expectancy departed for other and more fruitful fields inside the hotel.

"Why, Maisie, where are you going?" Mr. Redell asked. Maisie smiled at him.

"We're going to leave this hotel," she answered; "it's

On Pretext of Closing the Door She Arose and Cast a Sly Glance Over Her Husband's Shoulder

too expensive. We're going to have a home of our own. This morning I went out and rented the nicest little flat. Oh, honey, you ought to see it! It's a dream and only twenty-five a month. And then I went down to a furniture store and had it all furnished—just lovely. And I've ordered a telephone put in."

Maisie's joy was too much for her. She seized her husband's arm and jumped up and down in her delight.

J. Augustus ran his fingers thoughtfully through his hair and pondered. He wondered if his wife could cook. He decided that she could not. Nevertheless, if she wanted to go to housekeeping he was agreeable. The mastication of a brickbat would have been pie to J. Augustus, provided it made Maisie happy to have him eat it. However, the expense of furnishing the house frightened him a little. He allowed himself to be caught off his guard.

"Don't you think we ought to wait a few weeks, Maisie, until I can get squared around, before we plunge into——"

"It won't cost much," said Maisie earnestly; "really it won't, dear. I paid the first month's rent and a hundred down on the furniture. Other little necessities that I purchased cost only about a hundred and fifty, and I'll do my own work until ——"

Redell flushed painfully. "Where did you get all that money?" he asked.

"I—I had it saved up. I saw you counting your money this morning, honey dear, and you had such a little bit—and I knew you were worried. Why, it's all right, dearie! We're married and I must help. I want to do my share."

The tears came into Maisie's eyes. She knew she was hurting him—that the old militant spirit of independence in her husband had not been crushed by his late misfortunes. She watched him as he stood awkwardly running his fingers through his hair—she wondered how he was going to take it. And as she gazed at him she saw a yearning, wistful look creep into his snappy gray eyes. He had borne much of late. Outwardly he was unchanged, but inwardly the scars of battle were raw and bleeding, and Maisie's tender little tribute of love had pierced his armor of bluff and grit and filled his heart to overflowing. It came to him in that moment that in losing he had won—that the commercial supremacy for which he fought was but a bauble compared to the matchless jewel of Maisie's love.

She had found him out for a pitiful piker, and loved him for it. It occurred to J. Augustus Redell that she needed a new dress and a new hat. For the first time his democratic soul took note of her well-worn gloves, of her plain little shirtwaist and stock collar. He thought of the four hundred dollars he had in bank, and he wanted to protest for the simple reason that he could afford to. But he had never sacrificed for others, nor had others ever sacrificed for him. He was experiencing for the first time the transcendent joy of the proof of a good woman's love, and the situation dawned on him slowly. He had heard something about pearls cast before swine, and it was a very chastened and humble young man who stooped suddenly and lifted both suitcases.

"I didn't know that there could possibly be a person like you in all the world," he said softly. "It's wonderful to be married. We'll go to a cheaper hotel until the house—until our home is fixed up."

Maisie smiled up at him radiantly. She was the kind of woman that understands.

"Did you slay a Goliath today, dearie?" she asked. After all, she was a woman.

It was on the tip of Mr. Redell's tongue to blurt out the story of a good day's work, but the thought of Maisie's act was still too fresh in his mind. It was a dear little debt that he wasn't ready to pay. So he pulled a very sober face and executed a flank movement on the Temple of Truth.

"I had a tie inquiry and chased around on it all day," he answered, "but the best I could get was a net price, and there wasn't anything in it for me at forty-two cents."

Maisie came close and squeezed his arm. "Don't worry," she said; "we'll get along all right."

J. Augustus beamed love unutterable. He was beginning to live. He did not speak, but Maisie understood. She was that kind of a woman. As for J. Augustus, he was also beginning to learn. He was a married man.

. . . . . .

J. Augustus Redell was not of a pessimistic turn of mind, yet he realized, at the end of three months' hard work as a free-lance lumber broker, that times were not only very dull in the wholesale lumber trade but that they were getting worse. Redell was not running behind in the game at all, but he wasn't getting ahead with any degree of speed. He had turned a few big orders and had a little money. He had paid for his furniture and was enabled to meet the grocery and butcher bills promptly on the first of each month. The wolf was not howling around the Redell domicile, for the Redells had a reserve fund of five hundred dollars on hand. Still, Redell was not satisfied. Four or five hundred a month was a miserable pittance for a man with the selling ability of J. Augustus Redell. In the old days he had often made double that amount in a month. He forgot that in the old days he had been grateful for two hundred a month; but that was before he had a wife. Now that his responsibilities had increased he found himself more susceptible to impatience and worry at his inability to take up the wholesale trade at the point where he had left it to start a retail yard.

The truth of the matter was that, having tasted of the big game, he could never again be satisfied with a paltry brokerage of two and one-half per cent. A safe, sane, conservative little business was not for him. Any fool could sell lumber from a price list, but it took a man with brains to buy it first and sell it at a profit. J. Augustus was a moneymaker. To earn a modest brokerage at the expense of hard work and a knowledge of the business, but with no financial risk to himself, had seemed the pinnacle of commercial delight four years before. Now such methods palled on him. Time and again he saw opportunities where he might have cleaned up a tidy profit on a straight buy-and-sell basis—if he had only had a little capital.

Once, figuring on his past performances as a shrewd seller and a still more shrewd buyer, and the further fact that his failure had been an honorable one, he had endeavored to purchase a carload of red-cedar shingles on sixty days' time. He had not been able to do so. The memory of the failure of the Redell Lumber Company was still too much a matter of contemporaneous history; so Redell retired to his bare little ten-dollar back office in the Lumbermen's Building to reflect on the worthlessness of ready cash as compared with a gilt-edged credit. All he needed was a five-thousand-dollar rating in the Red Book of the Lumbermen's Credit Association and he would climb to the top without a dollar in actual cash.

Business was decidedly too dull to hope for more than a bare living for months to come. Redell decided that he was not going to stand this suspense indefinitely. Something must be done, and done quickly, else he felt that ere long he would be a candidate for a padded cell.

Something was done—in the tail-end of the third and most distressing month. He negotiated another tie order for Live-Wire Lutz, and made the rather neat little commission of $746.32. Ensued another month of dull business, wherein he barely made expenses. Redell was heavy of heart, and the collection of the commission earned during the previous month was all that saved him from downright despondency. Maisie could never have a cook and a second girl at this rate. He worried over this domestic detail and the further fact that his credit rating was as ephemeral as a poet's dream.

Things were at this pass, when, one morning at breakfast, Redell sat with the paper propped up against the sugar bowl and perused the shipping news. Mrs. Redell, true to the instincts of her sex, had the front page propped up against a cream pitcher and was deep in an account of the latest developments in the family life of the Four Hundred. Suddenly Redell whistled and ran his fingers through his hair.

"By the gods!" he said earnestly; "she's worth a bet, and a good stiff one at that."

Maisie looked up quickly. Then, on pretext of closing the door, she arose and cast a sly glance over her husband's shoulder as she passed around him. Having satisfied herself that this remark was not inspired by a desire to improve the breed of the great American racehorse she scanned the shipping column until her glance rested on the following item:

THE OVERDUE BOARD

Grave fears are expressed for the arrival of the German bark Willie Rickmers, which sailed from Nushagak, Alaska, on May 8. The Rickmers is bound for San Francisco and is loaded with salmon for the export trade. The schooner Expansion, which sailed from Nushagak the following day, reports very heavy weather during the entire voyage. She arrived at Seattle yesterday

The Willie Rickmers has not been spoken. She is now ten days overdue, and while this is not of itself sufficient to create anxiety as to her safety, the fact that several hundred cases of salmon have recently been cast up by the sea along the northern coast of Vancouver Island, which have been identified as part of the cargo of the Willie Rickmers, gives rise to the belief that the vessel has met with a mishap. The cases in question are nearly all branded LLB-CO. Mr. J. P. Coates, the stevedore who had charge of the loading of the vessels at the Nushagak cannery, arrived in this city on the steamer Farallone yesterday, and reports that the cases so branded were among the first loaded into the hold of the Willie Rickmers. If this be so there is absolutely no doubt that the vessel has turned turtle and broken open.

The vessel went on the Overdue Board yesterday, and reinsurance on her is quoted at five per cent.

Maisie had worked too long in lumber and shipping offices not to realize the inner workings of her husband's mind as he read this item of marine intelligence. She knew that a great many men—particularly young men—had a habit of playing reinsurance on overdue ships. She recalled that Young Hickman had won a small fortune playing the British steamer Stansbury, Singapore to Vladivostock. John Murdieux, sales-manager of the Blue Star Lumber Company, had built himself a home in the Mission on the proceeds of a reinsurance play on the steamer Centennial, Yokohama to Dutch Harbor. She had never heard of J. O. Heyfuss, who beggared himself to play the Adolph Obrig and shot himself when she failed to arrive.

What the thoroughbred is to the race-track habitué the overdue board was to the lumber and shipping trade. Employers discharged their cashiers when they found them dabbling in reinsurance, and then went out and played the overdues themselves. To the clerk it was gambling on the overdues. To the employer it was a speculation in reinsurance. Needless to remark, J. Augustus Redell had frequently speculated in reinsurance.

For a minute, after reading the article regarding the Willie Rickmers, Redell

(Continued on Page 28)

"The Syndicate's Up the Spout and the Main Guy is Headed for Honduras With the Boodle. We Lose"

WHAT WAR IS

By Thomas F. Logan

DECORATION BY W. C. METZGER

Andrew Carnegie's Version of General Sherman's Famous Definition

WAR is not merely hell," says Andrew Carnegie. "It is," he says, "a crime of nations against their God." Sitting before a big log fire in his home in New York, the man who made millions out of armor plate for use in war described to me the greatest ambition of his life—to wipe war from the face of the earth. Some say that Carnegie is like old King Canute, who rebuked the flattery of his courtiers by showing them that the advancing waves on the seashore had no regard for his kingship.

Carnegie has raised his hand that war may cease. By the transfer of ten million dollars in five per cent first mortgage bonds, value eleven million five hundred thousand dollars, he has established a fund, to be administered by twenty-seven trustees of his own choosing, for the purpose of bringing about universal peace.

"My hope," he told me, "is that the United States and England will start the movement by entering into a peace agreement. Argentina and Chili have such an agreement. So have Norway and Sweden. If England and the United States take it up the whole civilized world will follow."

Carnegie's peace offering came at a psychological moment. The "confidential report" made by Secretary Dickinson, of the War Department, in response to a resolution adopted by the House of Representatives calling for information as to the country's defenses, had leaked out despite all precautions. President Taft had tried to suppress the sensational report, with its demands for more troops, more officers and more fortifications, fearing that the drastic recommendations would result in a raid on the treasury that would demolish all his plans for economy.

"The agitation that has followed that report," said Mr. Carnegie, "is a fair sample of present-day conditions. It isn't war but the danger of war that makes trouble. Nations by preparing for war spend millions, and to the purpose that man shall kill his fellow man who was created in the image of God. It isn't the war but the possibility of war that we must fear."

War the Tool of the Demagogue

"THE moral issue of slavery was what resulted in its abolition and the same issue in war will mark its end. As man becomes civilized he awakens to himself. He has the divine ability to ascend; ascend to limitless heights. He ceases to kill, to torture and to destroy.

"It pleases me greatly that I have placed within the reach of all some money that may be contributory to the great work of peace. With the aid of the brilliant statesmen and the craftsmen of the law I hope that this money may do good.

"We must arouse the masses to a better understanding of what war is. The demagogue knows too well that by arousing men's passions he gets votes for enormous expenditures in the name of the so-called honor of the nation. War is the vehicle of the scurvy politician.

"The people should know this too. They should realize the truth of the horror by which nations are taught that they shall kill. My hope is that by recognizing the use of this peace fund men will learn the truth of war—that they will learn that war is a crime of nations against their God.

"War is the foulest blot on our civilization. Although we no longer eat our fellow men, or torture prisoners, or sack cities, killing their inhabitants, we still kill each other in war like barbarians. Only wild beasts are excusable for doing that in this the twentieth century of the Christian era, for the crime of war, as I said in my peace fund deed, is inherent, since it decides not in favor of the right but always in favor of the strong."

I asked Mr. Carnegie how he would proceed to abolish war. He admitted frankly that he would do away with all battleships except those used for police duty. In other words, each nation of the world would probably detail one battleship for police duty. Should any nation violate neutrality all the others would unite to keep order.

"Partial disarmament," said Mr. Carnegie, "is not enough. Suppose two neighbors had a feud. Each had two revolvers. Would the danger of conflict be lessened by limiting each neighbor to one gun?

"Partial disarmament might cut down the expense of preparing for war. The only assurance of international peace, however, is complete disarmament, an international agreement to refer all questions of property and honor to an international court of arbitration. The only battleships that should be maintained should be constituted a police force. Should one nation withdraw, all the others could unite to enforce the agreement."

In his last annual message President Taft detailed how Congress at its last session passed a law providing for the appointment of a commission of five members, "to be appointed by the President of the United States to consider the expediency of utilizing existing international agencies for the purpose of limiting the armaments of the nations of the world by international agreement, and of constituting the combined navies of the world an international force for the preservation of universal peace, and to consider and report upon any other means to diminish the expenditures of government for military purposes and to lessen the probabilities of war."

"I have not as yet," said the President, "made appointments to this commission, because I have invited and am awaiting the expressions of foreign governments as to their willingness to coöperate with us in the appointment of similar commissions or representatives, who would meet with our commissioners and by joint action seek to make their work effective."

Nevertheless, it is known that though no formal tender has been made, Theodore Roosevelt has been sounded as to whether he would take the chairmanship of the commission and make international peace his life's work. It is known that Mr. Roosevelt's friends had planned for him a career that would have made him the greatest figure in the world today, and that he declined the offer.

Even before Mr. Roosevelt left the White House his friends and the friends of international peace were planning for him to hobnob with the kings and princes of Europe, to arouse their interest in the peace propaganda, and then to become head of the commission to be established in the United States with a view to pushing the movement throughout the civilized world.

This part of the movement failed, mainly because of the death of King Edward. A meeting had been arranged between Mr. Roosevelt, King Edward and some of the leading statesmen of England, with a view to their having a man-to-man talk about universal peace and the most practical method of obtaining it. The meeting was abandoned when King Edward died. Mr. Roosevelt returned to this country, and although advised by the advocates of international peace to keep out of politics he yielded to the entreaties of his political friends and plunged into the more exciting game.

In view of the fact that he did not accept the chance to become head of the international peace movement, Mr. Roosevelt's comment on the Carnegie peace offering is of interest. "Carnegie," he said, "is entitled to great praise for his ten-million-dollar gift to peace; but remember that the ultimate worth depends on the good practical sense, the judgment and the ability of the men who, administering the fund, succeed in translating the theory into action."

Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt, being a man of action, found little appeal in a solution of the war problem involving a reference of questions of honor, as well as of property, to a court of arbitration. Though Mr. Roosevelt has been an advocate of universal peace he has never gone so far as to recommend the reference of questions of honor to arbitration. Mr. Taft is the first great ruler in the world who has ever taken so advanced a stand.

If Taft is Not Reelected

IN HIS address before the Peace and Arbitration Society in New York, last March, President Taft definitely advocated the arbitration of questions involving even the honor of a nation.

"I have noticed," he said, "exceptions in our arbitration treaties as to reference of questions of national honor to courts of arbitration. Personally I do not see any more reason why matters of national honor should not be referred to a court of arbitration than matters of property or of national proprietorship.

"I know," he went on, "that this is going further than most men are willing to go, but I do not see why questions of honor may not be submitted to a tribunal composed of men of honor who understand questions of national honor, as well as any other questions of difference arising between nations."

At the opening of the International Bureau of American Republics at Washington, last April, the President said:

"We twenty-one republics cannot afford to have any two or three of us quarrel. We must stop this, and Mr. Carnegie and I will not be satisfied until all nineteen of us can intervene by proper measures to suppress a quarrel between any other two."

Should Mr. Taft decide not to run again for the Presidency, or should he be defeated for reëlection, there is little doubt that he will be asked to take active charge of the peace propaganda and make it his life's work.

Mr. Taft's career as a judge, in the mind of Mr. Carnegie, fits him preëminently for president of the newly established peace foundation.

"Mr. Taft," said Mr. Carnegie in his talk with me, "stands foremost among all the rulers of the world in his enlightened stand for universal peace. His attitude on questions of honor is logical. The obstacle in our path hitherto has been the desire of nations to sit in judgment in their own cause, a practice that would condemn any

(Concluded on Page 40)

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES

The Money That Others Overlook—By Forrest Crissey

Immigrants From Shetland, Just Arrived

YOU don't always have to take an express train in order to overtake Opportunity.

To the eyes of many, Opportunity is invisible at a range shorter than a thousand miles and is never so alluring as when seen across a continent. Men who stolidly refuse to engage in the mildest flirtation with this Witch of Fortune, when she halts under their own vine and fig tree, eagerly chase her elusive skirts across Mason and Dixon's line or the corn belt in order to play tag with her on the sagebrush stretches of the Far West, or the cactus plains, or the palmetto scrub patches of the Gulf Coast states.

No one understands this odd kink of human nature better than the land boomer. He knows the sure appeal of change, the resistless charm of variety.

To the Northern man he offers the enchantments of a new climate, of a season of "endless sunshine"—and knows that a three days' journey in a tourist car will not deter the Northerner from an attempt to escape the familiar hardships of frost and snow and rain. Before the eyes of the toiler of the South he dangles the delights of a soil that is virgin and strong, to which commercial fertilizers are an insult, of fat level acres in the mild but bracing atmosphere of Canada, where farming is a seated existence and machines do the work!

But there are those who are nearsighted enough to recognize Opportunity on their own thresholds and tag her on their home acres. Again, there are many more who are fairly thrown into her arms by accident or necessity before they recognize her identity. As no neighborhood is at any time quite so destitute as not to have one marriageable young woman unappropriated, so it may be said that there is no community so poor or so prosperous as not to offer at least one neglected opportunity which the right man may embrace to his advantage and happiness.

Success That Followed Failure

GENERALLY this neglected opportunity is quickest found by the man of small means who has not the capital to do the thing that most of his neighbors are doing. Especially is this true in agriculture. Not long ago one of the largest celery growers in Florida said:

"We farmers are like a flock of sheep; we follow the leader and all do the same thing, regardless of the fact that it might pay some of us much better to do something else. Take it right here, for example: we all raise celery, with the regulation side crops of garden truck. All our product is shipped away to a distant market and we're so busy growing this big crop that we let about everything else slip past us. In other words, we fail to produce a good many of the necessities of life that ought to be a part of the output of our farms and we have to go into the market and supply our needs along those neglected lines. In most cases the neglected products for home consumption have to be shipped in from a long distance at a greatly increased expense, simply because we have all got the notion that celery is the only thing to raise here. There is just one man here who was forced by misfortune into doing 'the other thing'—and it looks as if he might be on Easy Street when some of us celery growers are hunting for enough capital to carry us through another season—for it takes money to swing a celery farm!"

The man in that locality who is doing "the other thing" is Theodore Throop, the proprietor of a small chicken farm. He had started out to have an orange grove years before, when this particular part of Florida had been boomed as the great orange garden—long before celery had made a nation-wide celebrity for that community; but he had not known that his grove was badly located—on the wrong side of the lake to secure protection from the prevailing winds. When the big freeze had taken its winter frolic in Florida he awakened to the fact that his orange grove was a frozen ruin.

Instead of turning to celery growing, as did his neighbors, he was obliged, from lack of funds, to take up the carpenter trade, which he had abandoned to become an orange grower. At the time when he had planted his grove he had bought a little flock of white leghorn hens and a rooster, for table purposes only. He liked chickens and they had prospered under his hand until, at the time of his misfortune, he had a large flock. Under the severe régime of forced economy in his household, the daily diet was largely contributed by the henhouse. One evening, after he had been following his trade for some time, he sat down with his wife at the dining table to do a little figuring on household finances.

His thrifty wife had been selling eggs to the local grocer and to a number of friends, and when the home finance committee finished its session his eyes were opened to the fact that the little flock of white fowls had almost kept the table.

"I think," he declared, "that I can see a chance to do something besides raise oranges. Those hens ought to do a heap more for us if they had the right kind of attention paid them. I'm going to stick to my hammer and saw for a while yet, but meantime I'm going to look into the egg business and see if there isn't something good in it."

He stuck to his determination and began to reason and investigate. He took care of that flock of white hens with a new interest and saw the output of eggs steadily increase. Moreover, by careful study, he was able to decrease the cost of production from season to season and also to increase the size of his flock. He paid close attention to breeding from his best layers and building up a force of hens that had made exceptional performance records.

In a few years his flock had increased to proportions that compelled him to put aside his hammer and saw and give his whole attention to his hens. Today he has more than twenty-one hundred hens which, he frankly admits, make him a net annual profit of a dollar and a half each.

"Every year," declares this disappointed orange grower, "I not only increase my flock and my output but I learn how to increase the net profit on each hen. I don't want anything better than this. I've got over my ambition for orange growing and celery raising. All I have to hire is one cheap negro and I do all the rest myself. I'm my own commission merchant and salesman, every time; and I get all there is in it. The middleman doesn't get a chance to take a big, fat profit out of me. I sell to the men who use the eggs. There are few men giving any attention to producing eggs down here, and there are a heap of prosperous Northern folks coming down here right along—and they bring their egg appetites with them. Give me the business that doesn't have to go away from home for a market and where the selling end is in one's own hands! Besides, I'd rather do the thing that the others are not doing. Of course, if I had plenty of capital and could bore with a big auger I might do as the rest do—raise celery on thousand-dollar-an-acre land; but I'm satisfied now.

"For the last year the average price that I received for my eggs was thirty cents a dozen. It would probably have been higher had not two-fifths of my output been contracted for at thirty-five cents. When the Florida winter season is at its height eggs generally go to sixty cents a dozen here. In the matter of production, March is my best month; April comes second, and January and February are about equal for the third place in the list. In December, when eggs are around sixty cents a dozen, I average about four hundred eggs a day. However, in those months when the hens are laying most freely I have averaged as high as twelve hundred a day. All of my feed, with the exception of the green stuff and the shells, is bought in the open market; this may be a mistake, and I may, and likely will, find it greatly to my advantage to raise much of the feed right here on my little farm.

"At the present time, with twenty-one hundred fowls of laying age and fifteen hundred chickens, my feed bill averages—the year through—about three hundred dollars a month. My repair bill is only fifty dollars a year and the negro laborer costs me just twelve cents an hour. About the whole secret of making chickens pay a good profit is to have a liking for them in the first place, and then to give the most scrupulous and exact attention to every detail of their care. Right here is where so many fail and have given the chicken business—and particularly egg production—a black eye in the general opinion of the public. Generally the mere mention of hen farming is enough to raise a storm of ridicule in any group of men; but I have made it pay simply because I found out that there was a good, strong, steady local demand for eggs and because I was willing to give minute attention to the details of taking care of my flock in a way to stimulate egg production."

A Balanced Ration for Hens

"IN THE first place, hens cannot produce eggs unless they have plenty of shells with which to make the eggshell. Fortunately I have a shell mound on my farm and am therefore able to give my fowls an unstinted supply of shells without any expense whatever. Now, to illustrate what I mean by careful attention to details, let me give one day's program in the feeding of my flock:

"The morning feed is of scratch food; and this ration is calculated to keep the hens fairly hungry and always busy hunting for their food. At noon they are given processed oats, which have been sprouted by being kept damp and exposed to the sun. A handful is doled out to each hen and the effect of this noonday lunch is so stimulating to egg production that I should hate to think what would happen if I were to attempt some substitute for this. The last meal of the day is of heavy feed, which consists of a mash made of ground corn, oats, bran, shorts and granulated meat or beef scraps, linseed meal, cracked bone, alfalfa meal, charcoal dust and cut green feed. This combination is dampened and salted slightly, although care should be taken not to put in too much salt. After distributing this I then give the hens their second course, which is of corn. Thirty-five hens only are kept in each yard and the most persistent care must be taken to see that their places are clean and sanitary, and that they have an abundance of clean water to drink whenever they wish it. This daily feeding program is the result of years of patient experimenting, and my results seem to show that I have found the proper feeding combination to force the egg production. Others may have worked out just as successful a combination, but the emphasis of the whole thing should be placed upon the fact that to neglect a single detail is to discount success."

Occasionally a man finds himself literally pushed into the open arms of Opportunity by a force outside of himself. In the case of Mr. T. F. Simpson, a farmer near

a large town in Illinois, this outside force was a five-year-old son, who early developed an eye for both business and pleasure. About fourteen years ago Mr. Simpson was engaged in a business that required his attendance upon stock shows, county fairs and all gatherings that brought large numbers of farmers together. He often took his little boy along with him to distribute the literature advertising his commodity. The boy was on earth for the first time and allowed nothing to get past him that could interest a wideawake youngster.

One day, while they were attending a large state fair, the boy came to his father's booth in a state of high excitement and demanded:

"How much will you give me on all the stuff I sell?"

"Every cent," was the quick answer; "and you can go as far as you like."

The little fellow was gone immediately, but in the course of an hour returned, bringing a man with him.

"Father," said the five-year-old, "this man raises ponies and he will take the price of a pony in your stuff. I've picked out a dandy and here's the picture of him."

While the father was examining the photograph the pony breeder explained to him in an undertone that the whole proposition was made by the boy; and, of course, if it was not entirely satisfactory the pony would not be shipped. The father liked the spirited little animal shown in the photograph and, after asking a number of shrewd questions, declared that the bargain should go through.

The Demand for Shetland Ponies is Constantly Increasing

The Beginnings of a New Business

WHEN the pony arrived it was so satisfactory that the father immediately ordered another to match it and bought a little cart for the miniature span. These ponies were trained to do many clever tricks, and Mr. Simpson found them of great advantage in attracting attention to his regular business at the fairs that he subsequently attended. The pony team was the center of attraction at such gatherings and it became almost a daily occurrence to receive offers for the ponies at a price practically double what had originally been paid for them. This fact finally completed the process of opening Mr. Simpson's eyes to the fact that his boy had pushed him into a good, live business opportunity. When he realized it he bought twelve mares and one stallion at a hundred and fifty dollars each. That was eight years ago; and ever since he has been breeding ponies. Today he has about two hundred head of thoroughbred Shetland ponies, most of which are of breeding age. His fillies are bred at two years of age and present him with colts when they are three years old. Horse colts sell at an average price of seventy-five to one hundred dollars and the fillies bring seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars when they are six or seven months old—that is to say, shortly after they are weaned. The specially fine ones—the pick of the pasture—sometimes sell for four hundred dollars to five hundred dollars each, when raised to maturity.

"Last year," declared Mr. Simpson, "the sales of ponies from this farm amounted to fifteen thousand dollars, of which more than fifty per cent was net profit. My entire selling cost for the year was one hundred and seventy-five dollars. This was for advertising in breeders' journals and newspapers, and for booklets and circulars. The correspondence and bookkeeping were done in the office of another business in which I am interested; if this were charged against selling cost it would increase it slightly."

The cost of raising Shetland ponies is remarkably low.

"It should be remembered," said Mr. Simpson, "that these little animals are natives of a rough and semibarren locality, where they are used to rustling for every mouthful of their food. When they are first brought over they don't know the difference between oats and rice. They are complete strangers to a grain ration. In the Shetland Islands they run out the year round, without any shelter, and pick their living from between the rocks. For generation after generation these ponies have had to make this kind of a struggle for existence, and the result is a race of hardy little animals that are able to thrive on the coarsest food and to stand an amount and degree of exposure that would put an ordinary American horse out of commission.

"My own ponies run out for more than nine months of the year. In a mild winter they are practically not housed at all during the day. Their barn is a big open room without stalls of any kind and with a big feeding trough running about the wall. Their main winter feed is oat straw, which they eat eagerly. Unnecessarily and perhaps unwisely I have dropped into the habit, in the coldest months of winter, of giving my ponies each a pint of oats a day. This feed, with a very little hay and a trifle of corn in the shock, makes them as plump as partridges. Fourteen acres of ordinary meadowland produce the hay to feed my entire herd of two hundred during the whole winter and to carry the stallions, which are kept up in the barn in the summer, through the entire year. The top cost of pasturing ponies during the grazing months is thirty-five cents apiece for a month. I have repeatedly rented pasturage at this price and have no doubt that the owner of the pasture made a fair margin of profit in the bargain. The winter feed does not exceed a cost of one dollar a month a head.

"In figuring out my profit I have included in my cost twelve dollars interest on the investment in each imported mare on an average of two hundred dollars each. My books show a cost of nine dollars a head for the year for food. Then I have allowed five dollars a head for loss and the cost of general maintenance. How little labor is required in this business may be indicated by the fact that on this farm of one hundred and forty acres I keep only one hired man and I do very little manual work myself. If I were doing any other kind of farming it would be necessary for me to have two or three hired men in order to make things go, unless I turned in and did a man's work myself. My little boy's work is almost wholly that of breaking and training the ponies. A small boy is a very useful and almost a necessary adjunct of a Shetland pony farm; and a good many little girls make excellent substitutes for boys if they have any gift for horsemanship. The breaking of a Shetland pony is not a difficult matter; in fact, it is no task at all compared with the work of breaking ordinary full-sized colts.

"One of the most important features of the pony business is the fact that a filly produces a colt at three years of age and keeps on bearing until she is thirty years of age. Of course mares might be found that would not bear up to this age; but, in view of the fact that I have seen mares thirty-six years old produce young, I feel that this is a conservative statement. The proportion of loss is very small, both in adult ponies and in colts. They are extremely hardy little creatures and reproduce with remarkable fruitfulness.

"Of course the whole nub of the pony business lies in the question of the demand. Statistics show that there are only six thousand registered Shetland ponies in the United States. According to my observation, the demand for them is constantly increasing and is every year further from being satisfied. For some reason that I do not understand, the demand has had a remarkable increase in the Southern states. It is not difficult, however, to account for the general demand. There are several reasons for it. Perhaps the most apparent of these is the fact that we are living in an out-of-doors age. Parents of today believe in keeping their children in the open as much as possible and giving them wholesome entertainment and exercise at the same time. If there is any normal child in the world of five years of age or more who has not been eager to own a pony I have never heard of it. All children want ponies."

Why Ponies are in Demand

"TODAY there are more parents than ever before who are able to give their children this pleasure, and who consider that in doing this they are providing their children with something that will keep them out-of-doors and give them good exercise as well as teach them the important lesson of responsibility in handling an animal. Again, it costs so very much less to buy a pony and maintain it than it does to buy even a very ordinary carriage horse and feed it that many families feel that they can afford to keep a pony, though they would not entertain the idea of buying a horse. Then, with regard to well-to-do families, where expense is not so carefully considered, the pony is often kept as a foil to the automobile, and is used to run the family errands and entertain the children while the adult members of the family are using the machine. These, it seems to me, are the reasons for the present remarkable demand for ponies; and in my opinion this demand is bound to increase rather than diminish, at least for many years to

(Continued on Page 37)

A Small Boy is a Very Useful Adjunct of a Shetland Pony Farm

The Specially Fine Ones Sell for Four Hundred Dollars to Five Hundred Dollars Each

THE HIGH HAND

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

Tyson Sat Still and Did Some Heavy Thinking

XX

STRANGE thoughts grew out of Jim Warren's sudden determination—dishonest thoughts, envious thoughts. He put them all in the pot and boiled them together. They simmered down to this: Position and wealth were necessary to win her—and he had neither! Position he would win in this political game; money he could get, and all the more easily that she didn't care where it came from. He was here in a jungle of temptation. All he had to do was to reach out both hands and pick hundred-dollar bills from every bush and vine. The Committee on Public Structures was a harvest to be garnered—and he was chairman! Then Railroads too!

The big idea? He shook his head impatiently as it recurred to him. A Quixotic thing anyway! But the sealed packet in the safe-deposit vault? Perfectly simple. Let it remain there. Nobody knew it was in existence save the people in the bank—and not one person knew what was in it save himself. Let it stay there and rot! With money he could buy the smiles that were now given to Lewis. It seemed strange that after all his plans the one thing he wanted most in all the world—Edna Tillinghast—would be possible to him only by dishonesty! It was not fit that it should be so—but so be it!

It happened a day or so later that Tyson dropped down at the table where Jim Warren was at luncheon. Jim Warren looked him over thoughtfully. His face and neck were fat and pudgy and coarse; an enormous diamond glittered on one of his thick fingers; another flashed in his tie.

"Tyson," asked Jim Warren curiously, "how many years have you been up here?"

"Six. Why?"

"What was your business?"

"Liquor."

"You've made a fairly good thing of this job, haven't you?—that is, you're well-to-do now."

Tyson flicked the ashes from his cigar into the salad dish and turned his small eyes upon Jim Warren keenly. He had an uncomfortable suspicion that Jim Warren was honest—and being honest he was not a fit person to confide in. Then, too, there was something in his manner, in his quick, short questions, in the steadiness of his cerulean gaze, that disconcerted him.

"What's the answer?" he inquired.

"I was merely curious—that's all," Jim Warren explained. "Everybody in the capitol seems to be very prosperous except me. I was wondering how they managed it. I gave up two thousand a year to come here at eight hundred. You get just what I do, yet you live at a big hotel, with a suite of rooms and a valet, and an automobile and a chauffeur. Are you still in the liquor business?"

"No," said Tyson. "I'm interested in—in—two or three little things that—er ——" He stopped.

"On the level now, Tyson—between man and man," Jim Warren urged. "Just because I was elected to this legislature as a labor man and a reformer, there seems to be a popular impression that I'm here for my health. You didn't come here for your health, did you?"

"Well—not exactly."

"What's the answer?"

Tyson rolled his cigar around in his rosebud mouth, and his piggy eyes were blazing with curiosity. Finally he said:

"Warren, they tell me that you did hand Franques an awful wallop down in Warburton?"

"I did. I used him as far as he was useful, then passed him up."

"You know you can't do that in politics—but once."

"Why not?"

"Because you won't get a second opportunity. Everybody up here knows about it. Even if it was in anybody's way to—to—well, to slip you something he'd be afraid to." He smoked on. "I'm not saying that anybody ever does slip anybody anything up here, you understand."

"Oh, no!" Jim Warren pondered the matter all the way through the entrée. "Did it ever occur to you why I turned down Franques?"

Tyson shook his head.

"He had deliberately betrayed Lewis; I didn't know what he might do to me."

After a moment Tyson arose languidly and strolled out. At the door he turned as if to come back, but changed his mind.

That night it was that Lewis dropped in on Jim Warren again in the wretched, smelly lodging house in the dingy side street. Apparently he had just come up to talk over a few things—the fight that would begin in Public Structures next day on the various bills that were intended to promote the political well-being of Dwight Tillinghast. He talked on for an hour or so without having said anything in particular, after which he arose to go.

"You won't mind, Warren, if I'm frank with you about one or two matters, will you?" he asked hesitatingly.

"Not at all," said Jim Warren. "Go ahead."

"You know—you know you're a big man up here, Warren," Lewis went on in the same tone. "You're chairman of a big committee and a member of another big committee. You are as close to Tillinghast and myself as anybody else in the chamber—perhaps closer; and it occurs to me that—well, that you ought to be more decently situated than you are—out here."

With a deprecatory movement of his hands he indicated the room and its furnishings. Jim Warren looked about curiously, as if it were all strange to him. At last his sky-blue eyes met Lewis'.

"I'm a poor man, Lewis," he said simply. "I told you once before."

"But, really," Lewis expostulated, "you ought to be better situated than this. It's an injustice not only to yourself but to your constituents. Suppose Warburton should send a delegation up here and they should ——" He spread his hands again in a gesture.

"Can't help it," said Jim Warren.

Lewis scrutinized his gray suède gloves for a moment in silence.

"Pardon me; I don't want to suggest the indelicate thing, but if I could be of any assistance to you?" he questioned. "If you happened to be short of funds at the moment ——"

"So soon!" Jim Warren grinned.

"Only a trifling loan?" Lewis urged blandly. "The representative of a great district like Warburton shouldn't be hidden away in a hole like this." He paused. "A thousand or so and your note for a year."

Jim Warren turned away from him abruptly and stood at the window idly snapping his fingers. Below was Lewis' automobile, purring patiently.

"I might not be able to repay you at the end of the year," he said at last, without looking around.

"Two years, then—five years!" Lewis suggested generously. "That doesn't matter really. Don't let it disturb you for a moment."

Jim Warren whirled around; Lewis dodged.

"Don't tempt me, Lewis," he pleaded, almost bitterly. "I don't love poverty for poverty's sake. I know I shouldn't be here, but I can't afford anything else. I saved a bit of my salary, it's true; but ——"

"It just happens that I have a blank note in my pocket," Lewis interrupted courteously. He dropped down at the pine table that served Jim Warren for a desk. "Say, fifteen hundred? That will make you comfortable for a few weeks; and after that, if I can do anything else ——"

Dumbly Jim Warren looked on as Lewis filled in the note. There was a little mercenary glint in his eyes as Lewis counted out fifteen one-hundred-dollar bills and laid them on the table.

Jim Warren put his hands behind his back.

"What have I got to do for that?" he demanded abruptly.

"There you go again," Lewis reproved pleasantly. "Nothing, of course; absolutely nothing, except sign this note. It isn't a bribe; it's a loan."

For half a minute Jim Warren merely stared at him, stared until Lewis began to fear that he had been precipitate; and the weird thought entered his head that perhaps this man was honest! Jim Warren sat down and signed the note. Lewis tucked it away in his pocketbook. . . . After a while the door opened and closed—and he was gone.

"I think, maybe, I've got you where I want you now, Mr. Warren!" he exclaimed exultantly as he made his way down the dim stairs. "Just so much as a whimper out of you, and ——"

Jim Warren stood perfectly still until the automobile below bellowed and moved away. Then he grinned. "At last," he said, "I'm a regular politician. I've been

"Come What Will, Happen What May, You Must Believe in Me. Say You Will! Say You Will!"

bribed—and everything." His eyes grew steely; he was thinking of Her. "Lewis, I'm sorry for you!"

On the following morning Jim Warren, representative from Warburton, opened an account at the Sandringham National Bank with a deposit of fifteen hundred dollars

XXI

"THEY don't shoot members of the legislature!" Edna pondered that absurd statement for days, vaguely conscious that back of it lay an accusation of—of—dishonesty. That at least—against Francis Everard Lewis, whose name she was to bear; to whom her hand was pledged. Finally she came to see that Jim Warren had meant that he, Lewis, was morally on a level with a traitor who sold his country. Complete realization made her face go scarlet with anger! It was contemptible! She despised innuendos. And this from Jim Warren after Lewis, believing in him, had made him what he was! Not only was Jim Warren ungrateful but, knowing of her betrothal to Lewis, he had sought to sow the seed that would destroy her faith in him.

In the beginning she had fallen under the influence of that strange, intangible quality that won men to Jim Warren. She had felt it that first day she saw him—that day in the bank when he had looked so ridiculously in earnest, pirouetting around after that silly little dog. She had felt it still more at her next meeting with him—the day her automobile had broken down. There was a comforting sense of power about him, a quaint frankness, an odd, boyish twist of mind that belied the real man. She was glad that at last he had lifted his mask and bared his envious, cowardly soul. That was the end, of course; she would despise him. For a time this thought satisfied her. Imperiously she denied vague questionings of her conscience.

Having resolved never to permit Jim Warren to intrude upon the serenity of her mind again, she found him constantly in her thoughts—but only that she might hate him, she told herself arrogantly. She found his name always before her in the daily press—and his photograph. The day following his appointment as chairman of the Committee on Public Structures she met those whimsical eyes, that half-smiling mouth, in every newspaper she picked up. She flung them on the floor rebelliously.

Women are hopelessly illogical—that is why they are women; also, perhaps—this is a platitude—that's why we love them. No man can love an adding machine. Edna, being a woman, was as illogical as the rest of them. So it was that one afternoon, despite her promise to her father, she hauled down a great scrapbook in which an obliging press-clipping bureau had garnered newspaper and magazine articles that had to do with her father's political career and with Lewis'. Here was Jim Warren's fight against Lewis from beginning to end. She read it guiltily, with tense interest—all of it, from Jim Warren's first flippant declaration that he would make Lewis climb a tree and pull the tree up after him, down to the incident of the fifty-thousand-dollar note; and that fateful interview which Jim Warren had made a matter of record on a phonograph.

"He Did Offer Mr. Warren Twenty-Five Thousand Dollars Not to Run, Didn't He?"

Slowly, as she read, the color ebbed from her face. Had she been blind not to have understood all this before? Where was Lewis' denial? There was none; he had made no denial. Smilingly he had told her that denial of charges like these in the great game of politics was a mere waste of time. It had sounded plausible enough then, but these things cried for denial. Her father, too, had casually pointed out that all men in politics were liable to bitter and violent attacks and advised her to pay no heed to comments in the press. That might be all right in some cases; but this—this—— Her father! Was he, too, dishonest? He knew of all this! And yet he was blind to it! Blind to it because of his ambition!

She sat staring blankly at the pages for a long, long time. Finally she flung herself across the bed and wept. That night, mouselike, she crept into the great library where her father sat gazing thoughtfully into the open fire and dropped on the floor at his knee.

"Father," she queried after a little in a hard, strained voice, "if a man who holds public office accepts money from—well, from any one—a corporation, say—in return for his vote and influence in that office, it is bribery—isn't it?"

"Certainly," her father responded readily. He was immersed in a rosy glamour of contemplation, planning the things he would do when he was governor.

"And bribery is a crime?" she went on.

"Yes. It's a penal offense either to give or accept a bribe."

"It is dishonesty? Treason, even?"

"Yes" absently.

"They send men to jail for it?"

"If they catch them."

A long, long silence.

"Somehow I didn't understand it that way," Edna said wearily at last. "It had never occurred to me that one was not rightfully entitled to what one might earn by advancing the interests of a corporation, say, with which he might be connected."

"As you state it, one is entitled to what one may earn," Tillinghast took the trouble to explain. "But if one holds public office, and sells his vote and influence to a corporation, it is bribery."

Another long silence.

"Of course," she said faintly, at last, "that makes it impossible."

"Makes what impossible?"

"My marriage to Mr. Lewis"—simply.

Startled out of his sensuous contemplation of power, Tillinghast straightened up suddenly and looked amazed into the white face of his daughter.

"How!—why!—what are you talking about, my dear?" he demanded excitedly. His words fairly tripped over one another.

"Just what I say." She didn't even look up. "I can't marry a criminal; you wouldn't have me marry one. I never understood before. From what Mr. Lewis said——"

"Lewis a criminal!" her father broke in, aghast. "My dear daughter, what is the matter with you?"

"He is a criminal, isn't he? He did sell his vote and influence to a corporation while he held public office, didn't he? He has given and accepted bribes, hasn't he? He's grown rich and powerful from nothing just as Mr. Warren charged, hasn't he? He did offer Mr. Warren twenty-five thousand dollars not to run, didn't he?"

Chaos had come. That fat, benignant-looking hypocrite, Dwight Tillinghast, breathed heavily through his nose as he looked upon the facts.

"What's the matter with you?" he repeated helplessly.

"Nothing, except that I've come to understand some things that I didn't understand before."

"Sold his vote and influence——" he began.

"For fifty thousand dollars!" Edna interrupted unemotionally.

"That note, you mean? Why, Edna, you amaze me. That was merely a loan."

"A loan made four years ago by a corporation to a man who held public office a loan that never was repaid. Mr. Lewis had nothing to offer in return for that loan except his vote and influence, had he?"

"A loan, nevertheless," her father exploded suddenly. "You are talking about things you don't understand."

The girl arose and stood facing her father. There was no trace of emotion in her manner; no sign of perturbation—save that she was deadly white.

"Of course it's impossible," she said coldly. "I shall tell him so next time he calls. I have been placed in a false position in the eyes of the world—in the eyes of Mr. Warren. Every one knew who and what Mr. Lewis was except myself. I——"

Tillinghast came to his feet ponderously.

"Edna, you don't know what you are doing!" he exclaimed pleadingly. "My candidacy for governor, my child. If Lewis withdraws his support—and he will if you do this—I am lost. You must marry him!"

"Must!" she repeated quietly—very quietly. "My own father tells me that I must marry a traitor, a thief, to further his political ambition!"

"It isn't that, Edna," the honorable speaker whined. "Mr. Lewis is an honest gentleman. You don't understand!" Her eyes met his placidly. "If he withdraws his support——"

"I will not marry him!" It was final. She turned and passed out the door.

XXII

'TWAS a strange metamorphosis that was worked in Jim Warren by that fifteen hundred dollars. He had never known luxury, he had never craved it; but now he would have just fifteen hundred dollars' worth of it. If it panned out he would have more; if it didn't—in that event his plans were unsettled. Fifteen hundred dollars wouldn't last long, but there was more where that came from and when that source was exhausted there were a thousand others. So it came to pass that Jim Warren moved out of that dingy house in that dingy side street, where he had been quartered at six dollars a week, into a suite of apartments adjoining those of Representative Tyson in a downtown hotel at one hundred dollars a week. The sensation of physical comfort following the change was most pleasant.

Within a week or so Jim Warren had become a part of the gay life of the capital. He spent money like a drunken sailor—luncheons, dinners, wines, theater parties, hired automobiles; all were his, along with other essentially luxurious things. He reserved a special table in the café and there was always to be found a choice collection of men of Tyson's type. Some of them were members of the legislature, some lobbyists, all of them were grafters.

Lewis looked upon it all and smiled.

"Gad! He's going in with both feet," he remarked to himself cheerfully. "He'll strike bottom pretty soon. I wonder how he'll explain this to his constituents?"

Tyson didn't quite understand it, but he had his suspicions. Passing Jim Warren in the hall one day he winked solemnly and inquired:

"You've found the key, eh?"

"What key?" asked Jim Warren.

"The key to prosperity."

Jim Warren laughed oddly.

(Continued on Page 32)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FOUNDED A.: D.: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 28, 1911

The Anarchists in London

A RECENT history of the United States, of high authority, pictures the famous "anarchist riot" in Haymarket Square, at Chicago, as a fierce revolver-battle between the police and a numerous body of anarchists. Disinterested eye-witnesses have declared—long after the event—that nothing resembling such a conflict ever took place. A rather small crowd, in a drizzle of rain, they say, was listening to a carttail harangue. A squad of police appeared and commanded the meeting to disperse. The speaker replied: "You see we are peaceable." Then somebody—never identified—threw a bomb from the alley. As the bomb exploded, the crowd, composed mainly of the usual idling "innocent bystanders," promptly took to its heels. The public was intensely excited for weeks following; but nobody, we believe, now pretends that there was ever a moment when the anarchists could possibly have inflicted a tenth part as great damage upon society as the little housefly inflicts every day.

What happened in London the other day was that a couple of desperate housebreakers, who had already committed a murder, found themselves surrounded by the police and opened fire upon the beleaguerers in a sort of last-ditch bravado that criminals often display. Only an excited fancy could imagine that the political views of the murderers—supposing them to have any—were of any significance. Getting excited about anarchy when people who may be infected with tuberculosis still spit in public places seems to us a sad misdirection of energy.

Running a Big Corporation

THE United States Steel Corporation is our greatest manufacturing concern. It has always been run by a small and select body of eminent financiers. From the beginning, its chief executive officer has been an able corporation lawyer who still bears the honorary title of "Judge." How much technical knowledge of steel manufacturing he may have picked up in the course of his busy professional career is problematical. Probably it was about equal to the knowledge of navigation and ordnance that a Secretary of the Navy usually brings to his office. His real qualification for the position he holds is that he is a capable exponent of the policies of the little cabinet that really conducts the enterprise.

Mr. Schwab, the corporation's first president, was a practical steel man; but he soon resigned. The second president, Mr. Corey, also a practical steel man, has resigned; and it is announced that he will have no successor. The manufacturing and transporting business of the corporation will, no doubt, be carried on by various comparatively humble subordinates possessing the needful technical experience, who will figure in the concern just about as the bureau chiefs who understand the practical details of the Government departments at Washington figure there. Undoubtedly the same subordinates would carry on the business as cheerfully and as ably for the Government as for the corporation if they had the same freedom of action, the same emoluments and the same prospects of promotion. Probably Judge Gary, as a permanent "secretary of steel," with the same freedom of action that he now enjoys, would function as well under a Cabinet in Washington as under a cabinet in Wall Street. The latter always has one eye on the stock market and the former would always have one eye on politics; but that difference is not necessarily material.

In form, the steel corporation is already run very much like a Government department. The important difference is that a Government department is so bound by rigid rules that nobody has much opportunity for that application of initiative and discretion that is precious and stimulating to every able man; nobody has a prospect of bettering his condition by bettering his work.

What to Do With One's Brains

HEREAFTER, we read, passengers who are waiting for trains in a large city station will be lulled into semiconsciousness by a free show, warranted to be suitable for the family circle. Time exists after one boards the train, however; and to carry out the idea there should be chaste plantation melodies by the train crew at thirty-minute intervals while en route.

The great virtue of much that passes for amusement is that it gives a man something besides himself to be bored with. One of the most disagreeable situations in the world, and one of the commonest, is to be abroad with a brain for which one has no definite, prescribed employment. It leads one to stare out of the window, gape dully at the illustrations in the magazines, twiddle one's thumbs, sigh, and—if one is heartless—embark in pointless conversation. A man's brain is then like a wet and clammy garment, which simply permeates him with misery.

"Still, still pursues the demon Thought!" wailed Byron; but the poet was mistaken in that as in so many other of his views. The demon doesn't pursue. He merely sits in one's lap, thrusts a flabby arm around one's neck and grins in immovable vacuity.

The average, healthy man probably uses his brain about two hours out of the twenty-four. The rest of the time he either takes some sort of "dope"—from fishing down to musical comedy—in order to forget it, or has it hanging in painful uselessness upon his hands. The most remarkable persons mentioned in history are those few who always found employment for their minds, even construing Greek in horse cars and working out mathematical problems while waiting for dinner.

In Restraint of Trade

A CITY in which the leading banks operated at a loss would be a poor place for a depositor to leave his money. One of the most valuable functions of city clearing-house associations is to restrain unprofitable competition. They do this in various ways—sometimes by open rules, sometimes by merely frowning, with the combined power of the banks, upon reckless or unwise practices. Not long ago a United States attorney proposed to prosecute a city clearing-house association, under the Sherman Act, as a conspiracy in restraint of trade; and, by the interpretations of the lower courts, which make anything that restrains competition "a restraint of trade," probably most of the city clearing-house associations are indictable. It is probable, also, that many coöperative associations among fruit growers and other farmers, which prevent members from marketing unripe or rotten produce and from glutting certain markets when others are bare, would come under the same rule. A prime object of all labor organizations is to restrain competition among their members; and the same interpretation would make such an action a restraint of trade. That to restrain competition is often not at all to restrain trade but to promote it is so clear that hardly any one thinks of challenging it. Unrestrained competition means nothing short of industrial anarchy.

In the antitrust cases now up for hearing before the Supreme Court, pretty nearly the whole industrial organization of the country is on trial. There is scarcely an important business activity in which competition at some point or other is not restrained. There is a general and pious hope that the court will find some way out of the staggering problem that is thus thrust upon it. This seems to us a good deal like passing a law against the use of electricity and then hoping the court will rule that the law doesn't apply to electricity that is generated by steam.

Population and Immigration

THE number of immigrants admitted into the United States in the last decade was equal to more than half the total increase in population during the period. In the last twenty years there have been added to the population almost as many persons as inhabited the country at the outbreak of the Civil War. Immigrants and their increase must account for a very large part of this new population. In the last ten years especially, the immigrants have been largely industrial laborers rather than farmers; and the extraordinary growth of the industrial centers must be due in considerable part to this foreign influx. To the increased industrial population, as compared with the agricultural population, the enhanced price of foodstuffs is generally, in part, attributed. Without a supply of unorganized foreign labor, accustomed to a relatively low scale of living, it is doubtful, on the other hand, if such conditions as were disclosed by the Pittsburgh survey would have existed.

The ease and rapidity with which we assimilate foreign-born population have been commented upon by many able critics. By the second generation, at least, most of them become as good Americans as anybody. No danger to our political institutions seems, in the least, to issue from them. Hence arises a tolerably widespread inclination to dismiss the whole subject in implicit reliance upon our wonderful digestive powers; but the arrival of nine million foreigners in ten years isn't really as trivial a fact as this optimism would imply. It is true they do not come here to harm us; but, whenever they are poorly protected, or not protected at all, against exploitation, overwork, underpay, bad housing, tainted water and so on, they come to be harmed by us—and nothing is more certain than that the harm will react. Cheerfully dismissing the subject isn't an intelligent way of dealing with it.

What a Woman Cannot Do

WE ARE sorry to see so influential a body as the Institute of France wobbling around on this woman question and, so to speak, giving our case away. After solemn deliberation, the institute has decided that Madame Curie cannot be a member of the Academy of Sciences because there is a tradition to the contrary. This obviously is worse than no reason at all. With her husband, Madame Curie discovered radium. Since his death, she has extended the world's knowledge of that mysterious substance. Her notable achievements in science show, in short, that the tradition that a woman cannot be a great scientist is all rubbish. The institute would admit that Madame Curie's work is as important as that of almost any man, yet quotes a tradition which says that her work must be inferior. It would be quite as sensible to rely upon a tradition that said that men could not fly in machines heavier than air, for the purpose of excluding the Wrights when they sailed up in a biplane. Though taxing its masculine brains to follow Madame Curie's experiments with radium, the institute solemnly alleges that she wasn't doing anything except washing the dishes and minding the baby.

We shall never get any further along with this weighty business of squelching woman so long as we base our opposition upon grounds that woman disproves every day. It will no longer do at all to say she cannot do this thing and that thing when she is all the time doing them. We should discard such broken reeds and take our stand upon impregnable ground—saying, once and for all, that woman cannot belong to academies because she can't raise whiskers. That reason only possesses substance.

The Long Curse of Child Labor

THE third among the reasons that caused the Pilgrim Fathers to leave their temporary refuge in Holland and adventure to the New World, according to pious Nathaniel Morton's New England's Memorial, was this:

"That many of their children, through the extreme necessity that was upon them, although of the best dispositions and graciously inclined, and willing to bear part of their parents' burdens, were oftentimes so oppressed with their heavy labors, that although their spirits were free and willing, yet their bodies bowed under the weight of the same and became decrepit in their early youth, and the vigor of Nature was consumed in the very bud."

After three hundred years there are still some trades and localities in the United States where the vigor of Nature is consumed in the very bud.

In Praise of Colleges

WE APPEAR to have reached the pass where striking a cripple and assailing our institutions of higher learning should be considered acts within the same category.

"The student who studies is an anomaly." "We educators don't educate; we are fuddled with educational fads and we fuddle the schools." "Not a course in college can show the organization which undergraduates regularly demand of athletic coaches." Such are typical, current expressions of college presidents and professors as they contemplate their students who cannot be kept from their athletic engagements by any quantity of toil, pain, privation or inclement weather, though they can be kept from their scholastic engagements by a mere wink of the eye. A Latin professor who could command the irrepressible devotion and unflagging zeal which his students joyously yield to their athletic coach would probably be tried for witchcraft. Of course everybody knows one reason—the students are deeply interested in learning athletics, but are not interested in learning Latin. May there not be a further reason—that the coach himself is deeply interested in teaching athletics, while the professor is very little interested in teaching Latin?

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Fishes' Foster-Father

WHENEVER a regular author wants to be particularly severe on politicians as a class he leans back in his chair, looks up at the ceiling, smiles a superior sort of smile and writes: "As Dean Swift so keenly and so truly said, whoever makes two blades of grass or two ears of corn grow on a spot of ground where but one grew before has done more to advance the interests of his country than the whole breed of politicians," or words to that demolishing effect.

Undoubtedly the dean had a grouch on the morning he enunciated that neat little sentiment—or perhaps he had been asked for an inscription to go over the front door of an agricultural college; but the fact is that the indictment is too sweeping. It must be admitted that, viewed in the economic light of increase in production, the dean made a strong case; for, if a man's crop of grass is one blade or his crop of corn is one ear and he makes two grow where he had but one before, he has increased his crop one hundred per cent, which is a great farming feat. But, though there are not many politicians that are worth two ears of corn, there are some—a few—and it really seems too bad to have the whole outfit marked down so arbitrarily.

Moreover, there are other commodities besides grass and corn that the dean might have mentioned; for though the usual crop the politicians cultivate is votes and the usual harvest they reap is offices, it so happens that I am personally aware of a politician who makes a couple of decillion articles of commerce grow where but one grew before, and in this connection I refer to fish.

Perhaps it Isn't Fun To Be Fish Commissioner!

What, I ask, would Dean Swift have said about fish? Would he not somewhere have put in a saving clause for the politicians, stating in his well-known incisive manner that, though he held rigidly to his grass-and-corn qualification, he would have made an exception in the case of fish and let in out of the cold George Meade Bowers, say, who is a politician, but who raises fish? Fish, in their place, are as valuable to the human race as is corn or grass. Of course circumstances, hinging principally on the fact that the dean has been dead for a century and a half or such a matter, make it impossible to put this up to the dean; but he was a reasonable man and we may take it for granted he would acquiesce. Hence, George Meade Bowers may take his stand on the other side.

As stated, Bowers is a politician who raises fish—that is, George raises the fish that the Government raises—they are not his own fish, you know, though he may have begun to think he is proprietor of the works by this time, he has been there so long. He is the man who gives the dear little, tiny, cunning fish his fatherly protection and care, brings them up in the way they should swim and is an indulgent and benevolent daddy to them. Salary, six thousand dollars a year—and fun.

You all remember, or should, for it was matchless oratory—matchless in the sense that it got an appropriation, which is the true test of all oratory—the impassioned plea Private John Allen, of Mississippi, made when he was leaving Congress, almost on the last day of his service, for a fish hatchery at Tupelo, where John lives. "Millions of unborn fish," he exclaimed in his glowing nasal manner, "are pining to be born at Tupelo!" And the boys said, "Good old John!" and provided the money. Whereupon they built the hatchery and George Meade Bowers acted as foster-father for the Tupelo fishes from that date to this if the hatchery is still running; and John sat around and puffed out his chest and showed visitors the fish hatchery, which is not far from the railroad station and has a fine bunch of little ponds in front of it, as I remember it.

The Jolliest Job in the Blue Book

BY AND large, this genial Government of ours provides a good many fancy jobs for those who can get them—and pleasant ones. After a long scrutiny of the Blue Book, it is my opinion that the flossiest job of the lot is Fish Commissioner. One reason for this assumption is that it seems to be the most permanent, except Tama Jim Wilson's job as Secretary of Agriculture, which, as everybody knows, has now become constitutional. George Meade Bowers has been Fish Commissioner since February fourteenth, 1898, this being without doubt a tribute to efficiency that goes two ways—that is, the fact that Bowers has hung on for twelve years in this ornate job is a tribute to his own efficiency and a tribute to the efficiency of Stephen B. Elkins and Nathan Bay Scott, Senators from West Virginia.

You see, Bowers comes from West Virginia, was born there and has always lived there. He seems to have been reasonably efficient even in his younger days, for he was a member of the West Virginia legislature when he was twenty-four and supervisor of the census for his state when he was twenty-seven. He went to the convention at Minneapolis as a delegate in 1892, when Harrison was renominated, and was a member and treasurer of the West Virginia World's Fair commissioners. Meantime, as may be imagined, he was somewhat active in Republican politics in the state; and, being a clear-headed young fellow, he picked out the job of Fish Commissioner as a place that seemed to suit his requirements. No sooner said than done. S. B. Elkins and N. B. Scott marched in echelon to the White House, Mr. Elkins being Senator and Mr. Scott Internal Revenue Commissioner, with a Senatorship in the offing; and President McKinley took their words for it and gave the fishes into the care of Bowers.

When he went into the commission he found it inhabited by a bunch of scientific persons who spoke of the shad as the *Alosa sapidissima* and called the rockfish out of its name by referring to it in an offhand manner as the *Roccus lineatus*. The way they slandered other poor, innocent fishes was scandalous. Still, the Fish Commission building was comfortable and in a secluded place, which the experienced political eye of Bowers did not fail to observe. There are but two sides to a political job. The first is to get it, which Bowers had then done; and the second is to keep it, which Bowers has since done. One way to keep a political job is to be perfectly calm about it. If a man has a job and is constantly jumping up and down in it and trying for the spotlight, sooner or later another who wants a place starts out for that place; but many a public servant has held on for years by not obtruding.

Bowers had a red-brick building all to himself, away off on the end of the Mall, at the corner of Sixth and B; and he and his colony of scientific sharps sat down to full and quiet enjoyment of all that was coming, which, it may be remarked, as jobs go, was a good deal. The value of Bowers is that he is a good executive. He isn't a scientist, for if he were he wouldn't be a good executive. So the scientists and the expert fish culturists do that part of it and Bowers does the executive work and is boss; and it is a very comfortable and very useful institution. The number of streams they have stocked and the number of fry they have hatched, and the number of good things they have done for the food-fishing and the fun-fishing of this country in the twelve years Bowers has been there, couldn't be told in a book, though they take a hack at it every year in a big report and get out some really valuable publications.

But, say, perhaps it isn't fun to be Fish Commissioner! Bowers is at the head of the organization, of course, and that organization extends all over the United States; for there are fish hatcheries here and there and yonder—and they must be inspected. And, as a matter of course, the most comfortable time to inspect the hatcheries near the seashore and in the mountains is in the summer, which leaves the work in southern California and elsewhere where it is warm for examination in the winter—a most reasonable division of labor. Likewise, the Fish Commission has some cars and some boats, and being Commissioner is not entirely confined to the dull treadmill of office work. It has its pleasures. A fine job, I should say.

Bowers has been president of the American Fisheries Society and has brought his bureau, which operates under the Department of Commerce and Labor, to a high degree of efficiency. His work is of the greatest value to the country. He has served under three Presidents and is almost an institution, which, among many others, proves one thing: When it comes to smoothness Bowers has a sheet of plate glass looking like a corduroy road.

No Waste There

JUDSON C. WELLIVER, the writer, has a farm in Maryland, near Washington. This year he raised five fine hogs and was preparing to kill them.

"We will make ham, bacon, lard, sausage, head-cheese and scrapple," he announced to his admiring family, "and use everything but the squeal."

That night his small son rushed in, carrying a phonograph. "Daddy," the boy shouted, "I've got the squeal!"

Kilkenny's Climb

FRANCIS KILKENNY, who had much to do with the back-to-Ireland movement that sent so many Irishmen home for a visit this year, and is in the Treasury Department in Washington, landed in Chicago some years ago, fresh from Ireland, with but a few dollars and no job in sight. He sparred around for a time and finally decided to buy a second-hand lawn-mower and make some money cutting grass. He got his mower and asked where the good lawns were. He was directed to the North Side of Chicago and finally struck the place where the big houses and fine lawns are.

He went up the steps of a mansion, hammered on the front door and was vastly astonished to have a man stick his head out of an upstairs window and ask: "What are you doing there, you greenhorn? Can't you see this house is closed for the summer?"

"But you're in it," answered Kilkenny.

"Sure, I'm in it. I'm the caretaker. If you want anything, just go round to the back door, where you belong."

Kilkenny started round, but came to a tall board fence that ran clear across the lawn and had spikes on top of it. He didn't see the door in the fence and, after figuring for a time, put his lawn-mower against the fence and tried to climb over, regardless of the spikes. The lawn-mower slipped and Kilkenny stuck on one of the spikes and hung suspended.

The caretaker heard his yells and came out. Finding Kilkenny hanging there in the air, he looked up at him and said:

"Well, you are green! How long have you been over?"

"Begobs!" shouted Kilkenny, "I ain't over yet!"

Reason Enough

A NEGRO near Xenia, Ohio, had been arrested for chicken stealing. He had stolen so many that his crime had become grand larceny.

He was tried, convicted and brought in for sentence.

"Have you any reason to offer why the judgment of the court should not be passed upon you?" he was asked.

"Well, jedge," he replied, "I cain't go to jail now, nohow. I'm buildin' a shack out yonder an' I jus' cain't go till I git it done. You-all kin sholy see dat."

A Mixed Educator

WHEN the National Educational Association met at Cleveland, Ohio, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, was presented to a county superintendent of schools from 'way down in Ohio.

The county superintendent hadn't been in a big city for some time and he had improved his opportunities by getting slightly jingled.

"Doctor Butler," said the introducer, "I want to present Mr. So-and-so, of Ohio."

"Ah," said the doctor, "I am pleased to meet you."

The county superintendent made a bow and passed on. However, he was a bit mixed. He didn't quite understand who Doctor Butler was, so he hung around for a time and finally got a chance to tug at Doctor Butler's august sleeve.

The doctor turned. "What is it?" he inquired.

"Say, Doc," said the county superintendent, "I just wanted to ask whether you are a regular doctor or a dentist?"

"You people are engaged in a very great work—properly taking care of their cash for retail merchants. If the cash is right everything else will be right.

"There is plenty of cash in this country, and if it is well taken care of and properly handled, the cry of hard times will be heard no longer."

—William McKinley.

The National Cash Register Factory as

"Put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket."—Carnegie.

That has been the policy of the N. C. R. Co. for 26 years. Incessant watching of the "basket" has yielded results like these:

Registers shipped in 1907— 62,202
Registers shipped in 1908— 78,386
Registers shipped in 1909—104,344
Registers shipped in 1910—129,154

"Improved machinery makes men dear, their product cheap."—N. C. R.

Every minute and a half of the working day some merchant buys a National. The store farthest north and the store farthest south use National Cash Registers; at the present time over 900,000 have been sold; they protect daily fifty million dollars from mistakes and losses.

It Was 26 Years Ago and as It is Today

"A thing without brains and without a heart; too stupid to make a blunder."
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Coldly, mechanically—without thought or feeling—the National Cash Register records what happens in your store's trade. Tells exactly what cash is paid in, what goods are sold on account—never forgetting for a moment, never making a slip in figures. It does with absolute accuracy what no man, however careful or capable, could do.

"By your losses you are paying for one, without getting it."—N. C. R.

Careful figuring shows that a National will pay for itself in less than a year—by preventing losses, by giving the merchant a better knowledge of his business, by freeing him from the worries of cash-balancing and a lot of details, by advertising his store, by making better pleased customers and more of them.

"The progress which you have made simply shows what perseverance, ambition, energy, judgment and business qualifications will accomplish in a short time.

"The machines which you have put before the public are classed among the wonders of the world, and it seems to me that the great business which you have built up must surely be an inspiration to the young men of our day to be ambitious for their own future."—J. M. Studebaker

Planning the dinner

JUST now—with the season for entertaining at its height—is the best time of all the year for the clever hostess to get acquainted with

Campbell's SOUPS

For your elaborate dinners and other important functions, you find our clear soups irreproachably delicate and perfect; while at least half-a-dozen Campbell "kinds" are exactly suited to less formal occasions.

Try our Pea Soup, for instance, at your next company luncheon, or similar affair. And see if you ever served anything more dainty and inviting.

Made from fresh green peas right off the vines, and blended with milk in the making, this soup is extremely rich-flavored and nourishing. And topped with a spoonful of whipped cream at serving, it is as appetizing to look at as it is to taste.

But you don't need to wait for any special occasion to get the benefit of our wholesome and palatable soups. At the simplest home meal you could have no dish more suitable and satisfying. And you ought to learn the quality of these perfect soups this very day.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Vegetable	
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

Precious as money
And sweeter than honey
Is little Miss Annabel Lee.
With *Campbell's Soup* daily,
'Twould surely be funny
Should Annabel otherwise be.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Natural History While You Wait

THERE is, so to speak, to be observed a rather crude recrudescence of crude natural history in the fur trade this season. Always inventive and ingenious, the gentlemen of that calling now begin really to attain a poetic imagination; and, at the risk of the charge of certain repetition, it may be well to call attention to certain phases of our higher civilization for which they are responsible.

The question often comes to mind, whether the American people of today have much need of knowledge outside of their immediate vicinity! Especially do we seem to need little knowledge of affairs that go on outside—in the unroofed world. Most of us are more concerned in juggling the medium that represents the products of the soil than with the soil itself or with the real nature of its product, wild or tame. We no longer make our own hats, caps and clothing; no longer butcher our own meat and prepare our own watermelon-rind preserves. We can buy all these things ready made better than we can make them ourselves. In the same way we can purchase natural history simply by buying current literature; and get it in attractive packages if not always of full weight.

Grandpa, little acquainted as he was with "book-l'arnin'," and wholly deprived of all the advantages of modern natural history, would very likely have laughed had you tried to sell him, at ten dollars, a muff and stole of "black Belgian lynx." He would have laughed, even if you had assured him that this set was not only "genuine" but "nobby," "swell" and "stylish." Even grandpa could have told you there is no lynx in Belgium and that there is no lynx that is black. Now, in point of fact, this ferocious black Belgian lynx really is the docile Belgian hare, which is raised in a coop like a hen. The Belgian hare and the muskrat divide honors in the fur trade, which offers their plumage under many different names.

The "black Australian lynx" is another strange and ferocious animal that has appeared this season. This species seems to be very abundant in Australia, because the skins can be imported and made up into handsome genuine sets that are nobby, stylish and swell, also at prices around ten dollars. Shall we listen to those who tell us that there is no lynx in Australia? Shall we again suspect the Belgian hare? Shall we refer to the monkey of Central America or other foreign parts?

Nature-Faking Furriers

Now, a reliable fur house may sell you black lynx that is lynx and that is black, although the salesman may or may not presume that you know that it is lynx fur dyed black. The trade knows very well that black is the most salable color for furs; and it can get one hundred and fifty dollars for three skins dyed black much more readily than for the same skins left in their original bluish-gray or gray color. Black is more becoming to the average woman and black furs can be sold to women of any age, whereas natural lynx is more limited to the use of girls or young ladies. When it comes to applied natural history your fur dealer is no fool.

This same lynx creature, by the way, has certainly come into about everything it had coming to it. Its hide now brings twenty-five dollars where not long ago it was worth only two dollars and fifty cents. Best of all, Nature-fakers have given the lynx a stunning reputation for strength and ferocity combined with shrewdness and cunning. As a matter of fact, and this fact has maybe been mentioned in these columns before, the lynx is perhaps the most foolish and stupid creature that runs out-of-doors. It will walk into almost any kind of trap or snare of the most obvious sort, will come to almost any kind of bait or scent; and even when trapped it does not try very hard to get away. If snared or caught in a steel trap it will usually lie down close to the place where it was caught and wait for the trapper to come along. So far from being tenacious of life, a slight blow of the trapper's club on the back of the head will put it out of business for keeps. It is not so hard to kill as a tame cat; which latter, by the way, is rather an awkward customer to turn loose from a steel trap when it has got into one by accident.

France has the reputation of producing all delicate and beautiful things. Anything that comes from France must be all right. Hence the fur dealer knows that he can sell muskrat dyed black as "French seal," and at a far better price than he can get for natural rat. "Electric seal," or "French electric seal," as it is sometimes called, is not quite so good, as it is only rabbit and not rat. They dye all these skins better abroad than we do in America. The best sealskins are London dyed. There are not going to be many more real sealskin coats at any price. With a vast national intelligence, we have succeeded in pretty nearly killing off the great seal herds of the Pribilofs and other Alaskan islands. Even now our Government debates the propriety of granting consent for the killing of a certain number of young males each year. In effect, that means license to kill all ages as long as there are any left. Your furrier trades on the reputation of real seal fur when he offers you dyed rat and rabbit under foreign names.

The Rare Black Fox

You may, perhaps, have seen in many shop windows sets made of "silver-gray fox"—black, with white hairs growing in the fur. Usually these white hairs are coarse and stubby and are set in so clumsily that the fake is obvious, even if the dealer did not declare the imitation. Of course, practically all of the silver-gray fox you will see worn is this cheap imitation, not always sold at a cheap price. There is just one family in Paris that can turn out anything like a decent imitation of silver-gray fox. So good is this imitation sometimes that it is a question if big prices have not been obtained for it without declaring its real nature.

The black fox is the highest-priced of all furs, unless we except that of the sea-otter, which is now practically extinct. The black fox, the silver-gray fox and the red fox are of one and identically the same species, and all three of these sports or freaks in color have been found in the same litter. The tip of the tail of the black fox is white and has delicate white hairs. These light hairs are more numerous in the silver-gray and you may see silver-gray tendencies sometimes in the cross fox, which has a dark mark across its shoulders and a white-tipped tail. Cross fox, if prime in quality, is not dyed; and of course no human art can approach the beauty of a genuine black or silver-gray skin. Red fox, however, or low-quality cross fox, dyed black, is very often sold artlessly as "black fox"; and such it is, in one construction of the term. And yet under that construction the courage not even of the boldest dealer sanctions a price one-tenth that of the genuine article.

Silver-gray or black skins, as has been noted, formerly brought only fifty to seventy-five dollars, but today are worth five hundred to a thousand. A muff and stole or collarette in genuine silver-gray or black may bring from two thousand to five thousand dollars, according to how much money the dealer thinks you have and how easily you can be separated from it. There are very few of these skins on the market. Suppose you secure one for yourself, and ask a furrier to match it for you, which will be necessary if you are to make up a set. He may tell you that it is impossible to match the skin or may require a price for matching the skin double that which you paid for yours.

This matching up of furs is one of the elements of cost. The fur muff and stole that you purchase may have been combed out of four hundred skins of one sort or another, and the same may be true of the set hanging next to it in the window, of a little lighter or darker color. The choicest of furs, barring the sea-otter, may be called the black fox, the silver-gray fox and the Russian sable. These, of course, have nothing to do with the dyed fox, which is sometimes sold as lynx. The story was that all these fancy furs once went to the

New Strength
IN
Grape-Nuts

The duties of social life and the plain tasks of home use up energy which must be wisely renewed.

This means, more than any other one thing, that food should be selected which is capable of repairing the daily waste—with the least tax on the digestive organs.

Grape-Nuts food contains, in quickly available form, the rebuilding elements of wheat and barley and is easily digested, even by "over-fatigued" persons.

This well-balanced food is in concentrated form, and so full of nourishment that it quickly restores the normal condition of strength and vigor, but without unwholesome stimulation.

People in every walk of life who have made Grape-Nuts a part of their regular diet have found it a prompt, constant and dependable source of energy.

"There's a Reason"
FOR
Grape-Nuts

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs.

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario.

royal family of Russia. As a matter of fact, there are royal families of America that wear furs as good as any that can be sported by any royal family in the world. It is, however, sometimes easier to sting one of our American queens than a high-class foreign article of queen.

Any reliable fur house will cheerfully tell you any of the foregoing facts. Unfortunately, however, there are all kinds of traders who trade on ignorance. The country is flooded with these fake dealers and their wares. They commonly operate through misleading advertisements in local dailies; a favorite method is to advertise a "bargain" or "sacrifice" of a set of furs owned by an individual at some private residence. Inquiry will disclose that these fake furs have been "planted" in flats or houses of confederates working on commission. Considerable sums were taken down in Western cities by this method this winter. In one city there appeared this year, not for the first time, the misleading advertisement of a company whose name, by the change of a letter or two, was made closely to resemble that of a noted trading company that collects many furs. This concern purported to sell furs direct from the trapper to the buyer. To such concerns as this the ferocious "black lynx" is a godsend.

Any woman who has a set of sables has something of which she should be both proud and careful, because papa may go broke almost any time these days, and no man who is broke is going to get very much in the way of a set of sables of the genuine sort. A few days ago a man was admitted to the inner sanctum of a large and reliable fur house, and met there a foreign-looking person who had two green pasteboard boxes under his arm. He did not want to attract attention to their contents, which would have been as valuable to a thief as the payroll in currency of a pretty large factory—say, fifty thousand dollars.

Cheap Pelts With Fancy Names

The head of the fur department spread out the contents of these two boxes on the table under a big north window. Furs are always bought by a big fur house in the morning and under a north light, although you may have noticed they are not always sold so. That deadly north light brings out every trace of yellow there is in a piece of fur and the matching of furs for fancy garments is always done under that light. In this case the foreign-looking gentleman smiled and invited the light to do its worst. He had collected these furs while he was abroad and he knew his business, besides knowing that the real royal families live in America. These furs were the genuine Siberian sable, so fine that the fur dropped down either way you hung the skin, of smoky dark color to the root of the hair and shot here and there with the delicate snow-white hairs that are the distinctive mark of this almost priceless fur. You could pick up three thousand dollars' worth of it in one hand-grasp. No art on earth can imitate this fur any more than it can that of the black fox.

These sables had not been stretched long and narrow as our trappers dry their marten skins; the skins, which were sold with the fur side out, were stretched short and wide, more in the shape our trappers market muskrat fur. Mink and marten may be sent to market either with the flesh side or the fur side out and with the skin stretched flat and long. As a delicate skin may be torn by turning it inside out when dry, the dealer never examines more than the rump of the pelt. He looks there for the color of the skin and looks to the flesh side to see whether or not it is prime. Of course the buying of a bunch of sables of highest quality is a matter of careful examination all around, because now we are treating of skins a foot or so long and worth hundreds of dollars each.

You may have seen sets of dark brown fur that look a little like mink and that were offered as sable, or perhaps as "baum marten." They were both. The Siberian or crown sable is a species of the same marten that is found over the Northern country of this continent, from New Brunswick to Alaska and from Maine to Minnesota and Oregon. From the Far North we get the best of these martens—large, dark, deep-furred skins, which are properly called Hudson Bay sables; although martens of less value are often sold under that name, and dark marten from Maine or New Brunswick may be of more value than pale skins from the Peace or the Athabasca. Very possibly, also, your Hudson Bay sables may have come from Alaska. The fur dealer, however, is shrewd to know the value of far-off names. He will not, as we have mentioned, try to sell you skunk fur as skunk, but will dye it and sell it to you as "Alaska sable," charging you one hundred and fifty dollars or more for a four-piece set. It is very good fur, but affords a fine instance of the truth that very little fur is sold under its own name. However, it smells just about as sweet as does plain skunk, especially if it gets a little damp.

Now you may be able to get a very dark set of sables that really are sables at, say, two hundred dollars for muff and stole; and perhaps you will not at first understand why the much lighter-colored muff and stole on the same counter are priced to you at one thousand dollars. If you understand fur you will, of course, most prize dark, prime furs left in their original color, because there are life and quality in these furs that are lost in the cleverest imitation. Your dealer may or may not stop to explain to you that these dark furs, in mink, sable or marten, or in "Alaska sable" or many other names, are blended furs. Blended is a euphemism for dyed. You may dye your hair, but may not dye your furs, because dyed hair gives a bad name to dyed furs. Hence we "blend" them. In this way we can take a yellow or coppery mink or marten, darken the entire skin and bring out the black stripes on the back with mathematical intensification; which is a big help to a salesman who probably knows very little about fur-bearing animals. Thus, a coppery skin of a Hudson Bay sable may perhaps be bought for fifteen dollars and thrown in with a lot of others of varying copper shades. The blender reduces all these to the same shade.

Most of the fur we see is blended fur—dark, handsome and, for that matter, often just as good fur as that left in the natural color. It does not take a very good dark marten or Hudson Bay sable to be worth thirty or forty dollars, and fancy skins of that species will cost you far more than double that if you buy them of your dealer. When it comes to matching skins the prices go up very fast, because, as earlier explained, your jobber or wholesaler knows that he lowers the grade of a bale of furs when he sells you one or two of the darker ones. The blending of furs is becoming more and more usual as the supply of good furs grows less.

There is such a thing as the blue fox and when it happens to be fashionable it is costly. A few years ago there were several fox farms on islands of the Alaska coast engaged in breeding these animals, but the experiment is almost discontinued. Your furrier will sell you "blue fox" which is made of red fox or sometimes of gray lynx. You will also see advertised "blue wolf," although there is not, even in Sunday newspaper literature, any such animal.

Tricks of the Trade

If the furrier does not bar the rainbow for his hues, neither does he bar the geography for his names; and he is most apt to offer you inferior furs under far-off and high-sounding names. The stone marten is a low-priced and pale fur, yet one has known "stone mink" of inferior quality to be sold more easily than it would have as off-color mink. "Eastern mink" and "Japanese mink" also cover mink that may have come from Ohio, Illinois or anywhere else. The dealer knows enough about human nature to understand the value of some fanciful name, just as well as he understands the value of colors and fashions.

Fashion has much to do with the price of furs. Thus, otter is not a very fashionable fur, although one of the very best to be had. Men wear it unplucked, although it makes handsome muffs when plucked. By women it is usually worn plucked and undyed, in which form it very much resembles good beaver. There is a slight attempt this winter to put beaver on the market. This brings to mind the experiment of one dealer who many years ago showed the writer his "golden beaver," which he said came from a certain far-off and unknown stream to which he alone had access. It was beaver bleached by acid to a pale honey color. Of course there is only one kind of beaver marketed—that which grows in North America. For some reason, it is not yet marketed as black beaver, blue beaver or any other color, though we may expect almost anything these days.

Mink is still popular. Like the marten, it is obtainable in a wide range of quality and color. Like otter, it is apt to let down considerably in color. Indeed, no fur ought to be exposed more than is needful to the light of the sun. The big fur circular that grandma had, and that is so much out of fashion in cut that no one would wear it today except as made over in some other garment, is very likely much lighter in color than when it was first made. If the same skins were at hand today they might be worth two thousand dollars, although you can get a very fine mink coat for less than half that. The tiny mink muffs and the long, slim boas that mother used to wear would all have to be remade today before daughter would think of wearing them. Yet very likely some of these furs could be used in their natural color and would not even need to be blended.

The fisher cat—black-cat or fisher—is a splendid fur, too valuable to be dyed. One has known good specimens of this fur to sell for six or seven dollars in the woods; yet the other day the writer saw a four-skin set priced at seven hundred and fifty dollars. There is a curious similarity in the different species of some fur-bearing animals that seems to indicate the slow processes of evolution. Thus, in look and habits, a fisher is like an enormous marten. The otter is something like an overgrown mink. A muskrat looks very much like a hammered down beaver. The skunk, the raccoon, the wolverine and the bear all walk flat-footed and have singular points of resemblance. It has been pointed out before that the fur of these flatfooted animals is fast color—that is to say, unless you dye it it is not apt to fade.

The Barbarities of Fur Trapping

The skins of squirrels, little speckled fellows such as are used by the Alaska Indians in lining their coats, or the more solid-colored skins of the Siberian or European squirrels, are in demand today. Sometimes they are sold in natural color, as is chinchilla, and again they are used as linings to garments. Good houses have this season offered, as low as one hundred dollars, garments that a real lady might call ladylike—a long raglan-shouldered ulster of rough cloth, lined throughout with squirrel. To some minds such a garment will seem to have more quality than imitation furs sold at two or three times the price. As for genuine furs, however—the sort sold under their genuine names—they are coming to be classified with the privileges of the rich. The royal families of America will continue to wear them.

The foregoing brings us to that portion of almost any article about fur or the fur trade, or the taking of furs, that the writer would rather present—that is to say, the savagery and the cruelty that go hand in hand with any fur, genuine or imitation. We claim to be intelligent and merciful human beings—claim even to be civilized: yet we will not abandon the primal, cruel, savage side of life. The taking of furs is the most cruel, the most brutally cruel, of all human occupations. There seems to be no remedy for it that does not lie in a change of human nature or in a reform that shall begin at home, in the heart of any intelligent civilized family—a reform that shall altogether abolish the wearing of these relics of barbarism. The use of the steel trap is as unspeakably cruel as the worst torturers of the Inquisition. Animals feel as much as human beings. We are wiser and stronger than they and we torture them for that reason, although we claim to be intelligent and merciful even in our wars with each other. This is one of the most curious phenomena of human nature, though one that at best affords little equanimity in the contemplation.

Women say that men like to see them in furs and that that is the only reason they wear them. It may be true that the primal side of man likes the primal side of woman; and perhaps under this somewhere is the reason why women keep on wearing furs. Perhaps we don't want to be anything but primal, primitive, savage. Certainly we are nothing better than that when we encourage or tolerate the wearing of the skins of little animals that never did us any harm, that never menaced our welfare in any way whatever, and that can only be reduced to our uses through the infliction upon them of the extremest and most prolonged agonies.

This Spring Style Book is Yours FREE

Spring styles are greatly changed—are radically new and most delightful. Never has style news been so interesting, fashions so pleasing, and never has such a fascinating Style Book been published as this one reserved for You.

This Book—the wonder of the Fashion World—A Complete Style Outfit for the Spring and Summer—Style Book—124 pages—Hundreds of illustrations of Authentic Spring garments—all at money saving prices.

Now here is your part. We very much want you to have this book. We have reserved it for you, but—we need your name and address. So now, before even you read of the wonderful waist bargain below, just now send us your request for this Style Book. **It will be sent YOU Free.**

A $2.00 All-Over Embroidery Waist of Fine Quality **$1.00** Postage Prepaid by us

This NATIONAL opportunity—an offer of a $2 Waist for $1. At last comes a waist bargain that will make you gasp with delight. No C641. This beautiful new design is made of fine voile and is trimmed with very fine allover embroidery of the latest pattern. The waist is cut in the new pointed yoke effect, and has the new collar and cuffs. This waist is made with the new pointed yoke effect, and has the new collar and cuffs. This waist is made with the new pointed yoke effect, and has the new collar and cuffs. This waist is made with

The Senator's Secretary

THE ordinary old-line statesman never sees a light until you let it into his skull with an ax.

The American people operated successfully on the skulls of a very considerable number of ordinary old-line statesmen at the recent election. Inasmuch as those statesmen have returned to Congress, in many instances to be statesmen only up to and until the hour of twelve M. on March fourth next—or, in nearly as sad a case, to be with the disconsolate minority after that date, if they managed to ooze through—the amount of illumination that is being seen in Washington would make all the searchlights in the world put on top of the Monument look like the glow on the end of a cigar in a dark room.

They are seeing light on all sides and at all angles. They are bathed in it, swathed in it, are actually iridescent with it.

For example, there is the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts. The amount of light the Honorable Henry Cabot has seen on the question of a tariff commission would put a sunrise to shame. In a speech he made in the Senate a short time ago he said he had the first glimmer on June twenty-eighth last, when he opened his campaign for reëlection to the Senate in Massachusetts. I have not that speech at hand, but no matter how emphatic the Senator was then on the subject of a tariff commission, there can be no doubt that, pending the assembly of the legislature that was to reëlect or reject him as Senator, he saw light on the matter in a blinding glare.

"I should like to see a tariff commission of a permanent character," he said in that Senate speech a short time ago. "It should be one small in numbers, because that means more efficiency in work, and independent, and expert in character; a body that can furnish the President and Congress with facts as to the cost of production at home and abroad. All that is desired from such a commission is that it should give us the facts on which intelligent legislation must be based."

Now that does not go so far as some of the tariff-commission people would like, but it goes very, very far for Henry Cabot Lodge. Three years ago, when Senator Beveridge introduced his tariff-commission bill and that bill was sent to the Finance Committee of the Senate, there to be locked in the pigeonholes for keeps, there was no statesman more contemptuous concerning the plan and the measure than Henry Cabot Lodge. To be sure, there were a good many contemptuous statesmen, but, I reckon, H. C. Lodge had more contempt than any. At least he showed it more.

After the Horse is Stolen

Senator Aldrich, chairman of the committee, is some suaver than Mr. Lodge, but he couldn't see the plan at all; and what the Honorable Eugene Hale, of Maine, said about it was bitter, bitter. So time passed along. When the Aldrich-Payne tariff was being made there was a tariff board included, and for a time it seemed as if there would be no appropriation for it, such scorn did the bosses on both sides of the Capitol feel for the theory, even when worked out in such an attenuated manner.

Eventually the elections came. There is where the people operated with the axes on the skulls before mentioned. Since then you would think, to hear these old-line Republicans in the House and Senate tell it, that the greatest boon that could come to this land of ours would be a tariff commission, and they are the boys who will see to it that the dear people get one. To that end Representative Nicholas Longworth, of the House Ways and Means Committee, prepared a bill for a commission, after Mr. Beveridge had stood Senator Aldrich up in the Senate one day and asked mildly why his tariff-commission measure should not see the light of day. Mr. Aldrich promised that it should, and then Mr. Longworth over on the other side put in his bill. The result probably will be that before the Sixty-first Congress goes out in March a dozen other statesmen will come marching boldly to the front with little legislative kickshaws of their own in the way of a commission. Likely as not something may come out of it all—something, by the way, that never would have come out of it if the Republicans had carried the last elections and if the people had returned a Republican House instead of the Democratic House that they did return.

This is one instance of the remarkable flurry among the Republicans to lock the door after the horse has been stolen. Not many of the men who are now so insistent concerning these various reforms, especially along tariff lines, would admit last spring that the dissatisfaction among the people of the country over broken tariff pledges was more than the expression of a few malcontents. They wouldn't and couldn't see what was coming. So since it came, and came multitudinously—it being defeat—they are running around in circles like sandpipers, peeping pitifully and wondering if there isn't something they can do now to help rehabilitate themselves.

Still, the ruling passion is as strong in political as in other kinds of death, and there isn't a doubt that these wily gentlemen, though they profess contrition, will try to frame up a tariff-commission idea that will contain some sort of a joker that will not be a real tariff-commission idea; for not one of these old-line Republicans in his heart believes for a minute in a tariff commission or in anything that even remotely resembles a tariff commission. What they will try to do will be to give the people as little as they can and to make what they do give seem very great and important and progressive. And, when they do, they will get caught at it, all of which is a modest and unimpassioned prophecy.

The Tariff as a Headsman

The Republicans are not the only ones with tariff troubles either. The Democrats have theirs in a plenty. Like the dog-license law in Georgia, or the dog-tax law, or some dog law, the tariff defeats every man who is for it and every man who is against it. The Democrats are in a ticklish situation. They will be in control of the House by a large majority. They have been out for a long time. The latest two tariffs were made by the Republicans. It is the opinion of the most astute observers of politics in this country—of men who have been in the game for many years—that the Dingley tariff, which was made after Mr. McKinley became President, would have helped defeat Mr. McKinley for reelection had there been no Spanish War intervening between the time the tariff was completed and the time for McKinley's reelection. Indeed, these men go further and say that Mr. McKinley undoubtedly would have been defeated if it had not been for the Spanish War, and if there had been no issue besides the Dingley tariff.

What happened at the last elections is familiar. The cause that contributed most to the defeat of the old-line Republicans was the Payne-Aldrich tariff, which was held to be a betrayal of party pledges and to be responsible for the increased cost of living. Hence the Democrats in the House, where under the Constitution all revenue legislation must originate, are facing these political facts. They are facing, also, the further political fact that, to keep faith with the people and their numerous platforms, as well as with the Democratic principle of a tariff for revenue only, they must make a tariff bill in the Sixty-second Congress, which will assemble first in December, 1911.

That seems easy enough at first blush, for there are plenty of men among the Democrats who can construct a revenue-only tariff; but the truth is there are as many protectionists among the Democrats as there are among the Republicans—maybe more. If one could get the absolute individual ideas of the Democratic members of the next House it would be found they all think the tariff must be revised again; yet there are twenty different groups that have their own fixed ideas as to the way the revision should be made. The Democrats of the House, in their tariff ideas, range from free trade to high protection. You can get any kind of a tariff theory if you know where to ask for it: free raw materials, horizontal reduction, specific duties, revenue only, incidental protection, much protection, and forty more.

These varying ideas must somehow be composed, and the Republicans are now hoping the Democrats will end by getting themselves into such a snarl that some good for their battered selves may result.

The Howard Watch

In token of faithful service there is no reward so fitting as the gift of a HOWARD Watch.

In itself it stands for punctuality, accuracy, efficiency. It is always "on the job" and it always "makes good."

During January in nearly every bank, insurance company, railroad office, factory or store, there is some man, or men, marked for special recognition.

Promotion, higher pay, are powerful incentives. They touch a man's self-interest. A HOWARD Watch touches his heart. There is a loyalty that money alone cannot measure and appreciation that no ordinary gift will express.

The HOWARD idea is more than a watch: it is a tradition. The HOWARD owner is one of a select company—a company whose membership embraces the ablest men of this country for three generations.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know. Drop us a postal card, Dept N, and we will send you "The Story of Edward Howard and the First American Watch"—an inspiring chapter of history that every man and boy should read.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

$1.00 DOWN

BURROWES BILLIARD & POOL TABLE

$1 Down puts into your home any Table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Larger Tables for $25, $35, $50, $75, etc., on easy terms. All cues, balls, etc., free.

BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

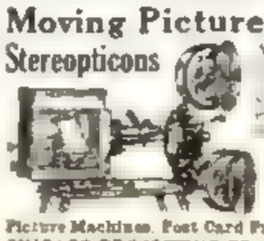
The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE – On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalog.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO. 818 CENTER STREET, PORTLAND, MAINE.

Moving Picture Machines MAKE BIG MONEY

Stereopticons



Picture Machines, Post Card Projectors, Talking Machines, etc.

CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. 221, Chicago

6% $100. DEPOSITS

6% Interest on $100 Savings

5% SMALLER SUMS

GEORGIA STATE SAVINGS ASS'N

170 York Street Savannah Ga.

A NEW delight in sweetmeats has been introduced. These billets have a richer, more delicious flavor than any chocolate confection you ever tasted. We want you to try

ZATEK CHOCOLATE BILLETS

Get the special mailing box shown here. It contains a full quarter pound—all *solid* chocolates—no cream centers. Taste Zatek Billets yourself—give the children as many as they want. It is safe to do so. They will like them better than any other confection.

How to Get Them

A box of Zatek Billets. If your [illegible] dealer's name and address [illegible] special quarter pound box for 10 cents, or a five pound box for $1.00, or a ten pound box for $2.00.

A larger and less [illegible] your express [illegible] for 50 cents, a 25 pound box for $1.00, or a five pound box for $4.00.

We have [illegible] will interest every dealer.

PENNSYLVANIA CHOCOLATE CO.
Dept. N, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Makers of Cocoa, Chocolate Liquors, Coatings, etc.

FRIENDSHIP FELLOWSHIP and PROTECTION
are best obtained in the
Royal Arcanum
a FRATERNAL BENEFICIARY SOCIETY
Chartered under the Laws of Massachusetts

Membership therein can be secured only through one of its nearly 2000 Councils in the United States and Canada, comprising 240,000 members.

Membership in any Council serves to [illegible] affords social enjoyment, secures fraternal sympathy and aid in distress and sickness; and at the death of a member pays to his legally designated beneficiary

$1000, $2000 or $3000

Over $137,000,000 HAS ALREADY BEEN PAID to such beneficiaries

ANY MAN (under the age of 56) desirous of securing these advantages can learn full particulars by applying to any local Council or by addressing

ALFRED T TURNER, Supreme Secretary
Box E, Station A, Boston, Mass.

[illegible] prohibits members of [illegible] Mississippi, Florida, South Carolina or in Alabama, Arkansas and Texas

As Comfortable as they are Inconspicuous

Different from all others in mechanical construction.

Properly adjusted, they will not mark the bridge of the nose, slip down or hurt behind the ears.

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO., Ave. H., Rochester, N. Y

PATENT
WHAT YOU INVENT!

Your Ideas May Bring You a Fortune

Free book gives list of needed inventions and tells how to protect them. Write for it. Send sketch of invention for free opinion as to patentability.

Patent Obtained or Our Fee Returned.

H. ELLIS CHANDLEE & CO.
[illegible]
1207 F Street, Washington, D. C

Also, though the Republican majority in the Senate is almost gone, it may be, indeed it is quite possible, that certain Democrats will join with such of the old guard as remain, and do some gerrymandering and toning down. Meantime, the Democrats are holding powwows and jubilations and are making plans, and the new Ways and Means Committee, of which Oscar Underwood, of Alabama, will probably be the head, will take up the matter. When that time comes look out for trouble. Those Democrats will be twisted into hard knots in a month, all of which will add to the joyousness of the occasion, from an onlooker's viewpoint, but will not make much for business generally.

President Taft's campaign for renomination is going on steadily. North Carolina declared for him—by proxy, of course, for all North Carolina can do is to help nominate him by means of such delegates as the Federal office-holders may select. This shows that Postmaster-General Hitchcock has not lost his skill. Other states may be expected to follow rapidly, especially other Southern states. Unless the Insurgents decide to oppose Mr. Taft with Senator La Follette, or Senator Cummins, or some other, it is likely Mr. Taft will be renominated without opposition. In any event it is the best judgment in Washington that he will be renominated.

To this end there were some inspired or semi-inspired statements printed a time ago, to the effect that Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, so far from being miffed at one another, were corresponding regularly and were the best of friends. None of the correspondence was given out, of course, but the statements were printed by those newspaper correspondents who have the most confidential relations with the President and are generally known as the fair-haired boys. It was also stated that Colonel Roosevelt would support Mr. Taft, both for renomination and reelection.

There was nothing particularly exciting in this, although the news was played up in the Administration papers and elsewhere, for when you come to look at it there doesn't seem to be anything else for Colonel Roosevelt to do. It appears to be a ground-hog case with the Colonel. Nobody, who knows anything about the Insurgent leaders, thinks for a moment that they will turn over to the Colonel the organizations they have for so many years been fighting to build up. Nor is it likely the Colonel could rally about himself sufficient strength in the way of a new party to draw anything for himself except another licking. Thus all there is for him to do is to go out, as much or as little as he thinks best, for Mr. Taft; which, if it comes to that, he should do, for he selected Mr. Taft and is responsible for him. It would be mighty ungraceful for the Colonel to go back on Mr. Taft at this juncture, especially since Mr. Taft has let it be known he desires a renomination. Then the Colonel can see what he will see in 1916. However, this news came from Washington and not from Oyster Bay.

This winter the Capital is gayer than usual, socially, for Miss Helen Taft has made her début, and there is a party somewhere for her every night, with several very elaborate functions at the White House. There is, however, a great dearth of the sporting news that was so eagerly read in the Roosevelt days. Mr. Taft does no wrestling, or jiu-jitsuing, or boxing, or hill climbing, or canal wading. Yet there was one event that got into the news. Hoppe, the billiardist, gave the President an exhibition at the White House. He did a lot of fancy shots and played an exhibition game with Nick Longworth. Hoppe made one hundred points while Mr. Longworth was accumulating one.

A Lapse of Memory

WHEN land allotments were being made to the Indians in the old Indian Territory by the Dawes Commission, those allotments were based on the shades of blood in the Indians and the time of birth of their children—that is, full bloods got so much, half bloods so much, and children born before and after a certain time so much. It was very complicated and witnesses were called to establish these points.

A negro woman who had married an Indian was on the stand. She had testified that a child whose birth was in question had been born in '83.

"Eighty-three," repeated the counsel. "Was it 1783, 1883 or 1983?"

"Deed, mistuh," she said, "I don't know."

The Principle that Makes Side-Slipping Impossible

PENNSYLVANIA
VACUUM CUP
TIRES

carry an entirely new and *efficient* non-skid tread. It is moulded with a series of large, heavy, cup-shaped, rubber knobs which exert a vacuum grip on the surface of the road

This vacuum hold prevents slipping in any direction. It increases traction, but does not retard speed because each vacuum-held cup is readily released by raising one edge first. The rolling of the wheel does this automatically.

Vacuum Cup Tires grip effectively on wet or dry surfaces, greasy asphalt, snow or ice. And in soft mud the rubber knobs sink into the soil, prevent slipping and afford the best possible traction.

Vacuum Cup Tires are guaranteed for 4000 miles service *double that of any other make of non-skid tire.* They are more difficult to puncture, on account of the extra heavy tread. They cost less and last longer than steel-studded tires.

The Safest and Longest Wearing Tire on the market. Made in all sizes.

All sizes in stock at below addresses or leading dealers everywhere, or write for full information.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO., Jeannette, Pa.

BRANCHES [illegible]
AGENTS [illegible]
BRANCH STORES Miller [illegible]
BRANCH STORES Post & Lester Co. Hartford, Conn. Bridgeport [illegible] Portland, Oregon. [illegible]
TO DEALERS [illegible] featured in your ter[illegible] write at once with a view to securing agency

NON SKID

WOODBURY DEVOTED HIS ENTIRE LIFE TO THE SKIN AND ITS NEEDS

Get a cake today and read the wrapper

On the 12 page wrapper around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap the reasons for all the more common skin troubles are given and the proper treatment to relieve them.

Every form of bad skin—rough skin, sallowness, dead, lifeless looking skin, enlarged pores, blackheads, pimples, dandruff, all have definite causes and in almost every instance, these causes can be removed.

You can keep your complexion *flawless* if you will.

Woodbury's Facial Soap, used in conjunction with the treatments given on the Woodbury wrapper, will bring *permanent* relief. The feeling it gives your skin at its first use is a promise of what *the steady use* of it does.

It costs 25c. a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their *first cake.*

Write for Samples

For 4c we will send you a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. Write today. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2603 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere

TRADE MARK

Mail this coupon today.

The Andrew Jergens Co.

2603 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Gentlemen:

I enclose four cents in stamps for which please send me a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Or

I enclose ten cents in stamps for which please send me a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder.

Name

Street

City State

NEW STYLES IN GOVERNMENT

Continued from Page 5

authority to make regulations, with all the effect of laws, to improve or conserve the health of the people.

There is considerable agitation in the state to have the roller towel removed from the hotels and other public places, and it is likely that the board of health will make this order sometime next spring. Oklahoma also has the no-public-drinking-cup law, rigidly enforced. Once you come to think of it, you wonder why this rule was not adopted years ago, especially in those states that border on the country where the consumptives go to regain health. The trains running through Kansas, for example, carry large numbers of persons afflicted with tuberculosis. As it is now, these travelers and all others are compelled to drink from their own cups and the spread of disease is checked, in a measure at least.

Many states have laws regulating barbershops; these laws or regulations are sometimes enforced and sometimes not. In Kansas the regulations—now complete—are orders of the state board of health, with every effect of statute law, and they are all rigidly enforced. No barber in Kansas can use a powder puff on a customer's face, or a sponge, or a styptic or alum pencil, or a chunk of alum; and no barber can shave a person who has a sore throat. The regulations here, as elsewhere, are very strict concerning sterilization of the barber's tools, brushes, and his hands. Also, every man who is shaved must be given a clean towel. And, unlike New York state and other states where there are similar barbershop regulations, they enforce them in Kansas.

Women's Rights in Kansas

In Kansas, too, though the women cannot vote at state and county elections, they can do a lot of things women not so fortunately situated cannot do. A Kansas woman can, if she wants to, keep her own name when she gets married, or she can keep her maiden name for business and use her husband's name for society and domestic purposes. She can wear trousers if she likes and cannot be reprimanded for it, except by those who have that right—and that does not include the general public nor the officers of the law. Moreover, a Kansas woman, though she cannot vote except at certain kinds of elections, can hold any office in the state or any county office if she can get the votes. There is no law that prevents a woman from being governor of Kansas if she can get enough people to vote for her, or secretary of state, or attorney-general, or from holding any other state or county office. If she wants to be county attorney she must be a lawyer, but her sex makes no difference. Votes are the only things that count.

There are anticigarette laws in Kansas, but those are common throughout the country. Kansas passed hers two years ago. She forbids any boy to smoke cigarettes and prohibits the sale or giving away of cigarettes or cigarette papers in the state. Cigarette smokers must ship in their cigarettes, just as drinkers must ship in their liquors; but, though it is hard to get liquor in Kansas, owing to the close enforcement of the prohibition laws, it is not so hard to get cigarettes and cigarette papers if they are wanted. If you have a friend in the cigar store it usually is easy to get cigarettes.

The legal program for Kansas in the future contemplates a public-utilities commission, the Oregon ballot law and many other similar reforms. It is likely, also, that the antiaffinity bill will be reintroduced. This bill provides that any man who runs away with another woman and leaves his wife may be brought back and put in jail—and kept there too. Probably the oddest law in Kansas is the law relating to the speed of motor cars and laying down road rules. Some legislative cutup wrote the first section—chapter 67, session laws of 1903, page 113—which defines the term automobile and continues: "Nothing in this section shall be construed as in any way preventing, obstructing, impeding, embarrassing or in any other manner or form infringing on the prerogative of any political chauffeur to run an automobilious bandwagon at any rate

Franklin Commercial Cars

Air Cooling Pneumatic Tires

Comparative results under the same conditions of service show an operating cost for the Franklin truck fifty per cent less than that of any water-cooled truck.

In the Boston-American Truck Reliability Contest an air-cooled Franklin truck made a world's record for economy that has never been approached. The actual ton mile cost for 120 miles was 44-100 of a cent.

Air cooling is the logical system for commercial motor vehicles. Cold weather which prevails in most sections from five to seven months never menaces the air cooling system. There is never any delay, expense or annoyance due to difficulty with the cooling.

Pneumatic tires make the truck more efficient by permitting higher average speed. They keep jar away from the chassis and greatly reduce cost for upkeep. They are perfectly reliable. The cost is less than with solid tires which have never proved satisfactory.

Franklin air-cooled, pneumatic-tired commercial vehicles are the result of six years of steady development. This alone recommends them to the careful purchaser who is looking for the most economical and efficient service.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Syracuse, N. Y.

Isn't it a source of great satisfaction to know that your stenographer is provided with a typewriter that permits her to reach her highest efficiency?
Or isn't she using a Model 10

Smith Premier

If she isn't, let us send both you and her some interesting information about the Smith Premier—winner of the Grand Prix at the Paris and Brussels Expositions.

Smith Premier Typewriter Company, Syracuse, N. Y.
Branches Everywhere

CLEANS the *backs* of your teeth.
And in *between*.
Ask for Brisco-Kleanwell shape No. 57.
Bristles at the end protrude just enough.
Curved handle.

There are ten Brisco-Kleanwell shapes.
If you want to see the others, ask your dealer.
Price 35c
Send 4c for Dolly's Kleanwell — a tiny toothbrush.

THE BRUSH THAT HOLDS ITS BRISTLES

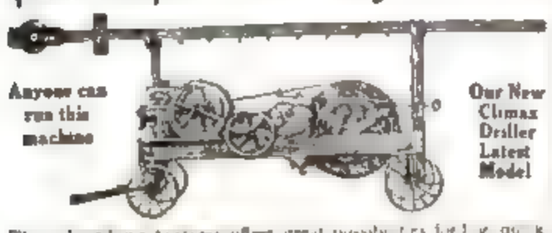
Brisco HAIR BRUSHES
Made of high grade [illegible] in the back
Many styles at all prices. Ask your dealer
ALFRED H. SMITH CO., 35 W. 33d Street, New York

OREGON
and
Pacific Northwest Information
Views and Illustrations
Free

If you are interested in Oregon and the Pacific Northwest we want your name and address. We would like to see to it that you receive [illegible] to date information regarding the development of these [illegible] Pacific Northwest. The information will be [illegible] possible upon the development of each section. We would like to [illegible] Oregon and the Pacific Northwest [illegible] under the names of The Oregon Development League, The Southwest Washington Development Association and The Inland Empire [illegible] Commercial Clubs. Information is gathered by these clubs and forwarded [illegible]. Send your name and address [illegible]

Information Secretary
Portland Commercial Club
Portland, Oregon

$50 to $75 Per Day Profits



The only drilling business offering great possibilities for big quick money making. [illegible] earned $717 in 75 hours with our machine.

Waterloo Well Drilling Outfits
have been standard for over 45 years. Every town, large and small, needs [illegible] water supply. Many drillers [illegible] six months a year. Write today for our 128 page [illegible] book. The finest and most complete [illegible]
THE ARMSTRONG-QUAM MFG. CO.
1528 Chestnut St. (Established 1867) Waterloo, Iowa

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOG OF
LASS PINS
The D. L. Auld Co., Dept. S, Columbus, Ohio

he sees fit compatible with the safety of the occupants thereof; provided, however, that not less than ten or more than twenty ropes be allowed to trail behind his vehicle when in motion, in order to permit those who have been so fortunate as to escape with their political lives an opportunity to be dragged to death; and provided, further, that whenever a mangled and bleeding political corpse implores for mercy the driver of the vehicle shall, in accordance with the provisions of this bill, 'throw out the lifeline.'" You are entitled to your own opinion as to whether that is humor. It is law.

They are very stern about cigarettes in Washington also. Any person caught with the "makings" can be held on a misdemeanor charge and so can any person caught smoking a cigarette, whether a resident of the state or not. The punishment is a fine not to exceed two hundred and fifty dollars or imprisonment not to exceed ninety days. Some years ago the Wisconsin legislature passed an antitipping law, and Washington has one too. The law says that any employee of a public house or public-service corporation who shall solicit or receive any gratuity is guilty of a misdemeanor and so is the person who gives the tip, both being equally guilty. Both of these laws are ignored with great enthusiasm, especially in Seattle and Tacoma.

Grafting Legally Defined

A lot of legislating for the benefit of the people has been done in Washington. All sorts of safeguards have been placed about the residents of that great and fertile state by paternal legislatures. For example, it is a gross misdemeanor to sell or offer for sale any whisky, except Scotch or Irish, that has not been aged in wood for four years, and any malt liquor that has not been aged for sixty days. Likewise it is an infraction of the law to make so-called whisky by mixing low wines and flavoring and coloring extracts. Every hotel and public washstand must have clean towels. No roller towels are allowed in Washington. Unless the hotelkeeper, or other person who has a place of public resort where people can wash their hands, supplies a clean towel to every person who uses these conveniences, that hotelkeeper can be sent to jail.

The guest who goes to a hotel and finds on his bed a sheet less than ninety inches long and eighty-one inches wide can go out and have the law on the proprietor. The punishment is fine and imprisonment. The men who wrote the law wanted a nine-foot bedsheet, as is prescribed in some of the Southern and Southwestern states; but they were beaten after a stern fight. The legislature divided into two factions on the matter, one favoring a seven-and-a-half-foot sheet and the other favoring the nine-foot sheet. After a long and bitter wrangle the seven-and-a-half-footers won and cut eighteen inches off the official sheet, much to the disgust of sheetmakers, but greatly to the delight of the hotelkeepers. The object of the long, fresh sheet is to cover the blankets, which are not cleansed often. The Pullman car people established this custom some years ago.

When you call a man a grafter in Washington you must be careful to stay within the legal definition of the term. In order that Washingtonians shall be under no delusion as to what grafting really is, a law was passed defining it as asking or receiving, directly or indirectly, by an agent, employee or servant, any gratuity or reward, or promise thereof, upon an agreement relating to his employer's business. Grafting can be punished by a fine of one thousand dollars or a year in the county jail, or both.

Furthermore, the law helps the people by defining bunco-steering and swindling. Swindling is winning money or property by the color or aid of any trick, sleight-of-hand performance or fraudulent scheme at cards, dice or any other device. Whereas, bunco-steering is the act of enticing the victim, under any pretense, to go into any place where they are likely to apply to his person or pocketbook any of the plans for extracting money mentioned in the swindling paragraph. Either crime is punished by ten years' imprisonment.

Waltham Watches Take Their Time from the Stars

For thirty years Waltham has been the only watch-factory in the world equipped with its own Observatory, Transit Instrument, Chronograph and Standard Clocks. Standard Time, as every one knows, is determined by the transit of fixed stars across the meridian.

WALTHAM

makes its own time reckonings, and sidereal and meantime clocks compared to decimals of a second, electrically transmit time throughout their factory.

There is no guess work about Waltham. Scientific accuracy is its guiding principle and explains the reputation for reliability of Waltham watches throughout the world.

"It's Time You Owned a Waltham."

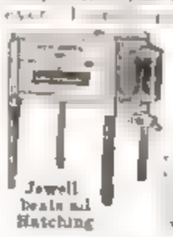
Write for handsome booklet describing the various Waltham movements. Your Jeweler will assist you in the selection of the one best suited to your needs.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, - WALTHAM, MASS.

Let Us Bid for Your Incubator Order—Get Our 1911 Surprise

***JEWELL* Incubator Book Free**

[illegible] I helped thousands. My [illegible] your [illegible] and [illegible] FREE

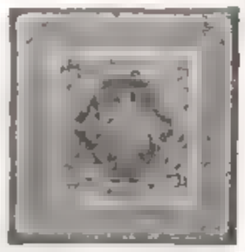


Longest FREE TRIAL
***JEWELL* INCUBATORS**

The M. W. Savage Factories, Inc., Dept. S. E. P., Minneapolis

Rugs Carpets Curtains Blankets
From the Mill We Pay Freight

Manufacturers' prices save you dealers' profits. We give a binding [illegible] and save you 33 1-3 per cent. You [illegible] well known Regal Rug [illegible] sible, all wool [illegible], at $3.75. Our Brussels Rug, 6x9 ft., [illegible] $1.85. Splendid [illegible] Brussels Rug [illegible] $11. [illegible] Invincible Velvets [illegible] $16. Standard Axminsters [illegible] $15.00. [illegible] Lace Curtains [illegible] Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums [illegible]



Write today for our NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG, No. 14. Sent free. Shows latest designs in actual colors.
UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
3460-3462 Jasper St., Phila.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

[illegible] for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Agents! We want you to send for the $6 "Alca" Hand Vacuum Cleaner at the Agents $3.75 Test Price

[illegible] Alca Vacuum Cleaner Co., 362 W. 50th Street, New York

WHEN CHOOSING A MANTEL

First, use the greatest care to select a truly artistic design. Second, be sure the mantel is substantial and safe as well as artistic.

P. & B. Brick Mantels

[illegible] selected from the best [illegible] and we can furnish [illegible] for this [illegible] mantel. A [illegible] sale for there is nothing [illegible] We [illegible] The [illegible] a big [illegible] saving [illegible] P. & B. Mantels will last a lifetime. Made entirely [illegible] for our Sketch Book today.

THE PHILADELPHIA & BOSTON FACE BRICK CO
Dept. 24, 166 Milk St., Boston, Mass. New York Sales Office, 113 W. 42nd St.

OVERDUE LUCK

(Continued from Page 13)

looked thoughtfully into the bottom of his coffee cup. Presently his jaws came together with a click. Maisie, inwardly relieved, poured him another cup of coffee. She knew that her husband had entertained, for a minute, a desire to speculate in reinsurance. She decided that he had suddenly remembered that business was very quiet and that he could not afford to take chances. For once, however, her woman's intuition failed her. In his mind's eye J. Augustus Redell saw the keel of a wooden vessel, covered with eel grass and barnacles, over which the waves beat incessantly; and farther east he saw countless cases of canned salmon bobbing in the breakers that swept the northern coast of Vancouver Island.

It was the best bet Redell had heard of in a long, long time. He kissed Maisie goodby and hurried down to his office. Here he searched in his desk until he unearthed a small, square piece of paper on which the following schedule appeared:

OVERDUE INSURANCE

AN INVESTMENT OF $50.00 WILL RETURN

	TO ARRIVE	NOT TO ARRIVE
At 5 per cent	$52.49	$952.38
At 10 per cent	55.21	476.19
At 15 per cent	58.30	317.46
At 20 per cent	61.72	238.09
At 25 per cent	65.57	190.47
At 30 per cent	69.93	158.73
At 35 per cent	74.90	136.05
At 40 per cent	80.64	119.04
At 45 per cent	87.33	105.82
At 50 per cent	95.23	95.23

Mr. Redell possessed another little card which outlined the profits of a fifty-dollar investment at from fifty-five to ninety-five per cent. He did not consult this table, however. He knew the Willie Rickmers would never be quoted at more than fifty per cent.

For a few minutes J. Augustus figured rapidly on the desk blotter, at the end of which time, based on the schedule of reinsurance at five per cent, he was aware that an "investment" of one thousand dollars "not to arrive" would net him a profit of $19,047.60, less, of course, the five per cent brokerage that the local agents of Lloyds charged on the deal.

Having arrived at this conclusion Mr. Redell rang up the office of the Shippers' Guide and called for Mr. Jinks. Now Mr. Jinks was a reporter whose duty lay in collecting for his paper each day news of the latest movements of every vessel registered in the San Francisco Custom House. A wise young man was Mr. Jinks, and in the confidence of many men of more or less repute in the shipping world; for, in addition to many other amiable characteristics, he possessed the peculiar virtue of forgetting tomorrow what he did today. Mr. Redell was aware of this peculiarity of Mr. Jinks'; in fact it coincided very nicely with a little plan that he had matured. So he 'phoned Mr. Jinks and requested his immediate attendance on a matter of the utmost import.

Ten minutes later Mr. Jinks arrived.

"Hello, Jinksy!" said Mr. Redell; "have a chair. By the way, have you started on your rounds of the shipping offices this morning?"

"No," answered Jinks; "I was just about to start out when you rang up. What's in the wind? Going to buy a piece of the Willie Rickmers?"

"Jinks, you have wonderful penetration. I want a thousand dollars' worth of her, and I'll have it in hundred-dollar lots, in the name of M. Robertson. I make a guess that she won't arrive, and I'm backing my judgment with a thousand. Here's a check for the thousand. Spread it in small lots, so as not to arouse suspicion, and bring the contracts to me when you've finished. You ought to be able to get most of it down at five per cent, but get it down at any price up to forty per cent. Every man on the Street who takes a flyer in reinsurance will be after you this morning to get his money aboard the Willie Rickmers. They're like me—they don't care to have it known. If I win, two and one-half per cent commission to Bill Jinks. If I lose, it's our joint funeral. All I ask is that you buy my reinsurance before the rush begins and they force the price up."

"I'm your huckleberry," said Mr. Jinks languidly. "I'm a bold, bad man, and nobody cares what becomes of me." He reached for the check and departed for the office of the North American Insurance Corporation, the only company accepting reinsurance on ships.

"I wonder why it is," murmured Mr. Jinks to himself, as he walked up the street, "that the brightest business men on 'Change will persist in going up against this marine bucket-shop. The more irrational a proposition is the harder it is to convince a gambler that he's getting stung."

Three days later Jinks reported. The thousand dollars was down six hundred and fifty at five per cent, a hundred at ten per cent, and two hundred and fifty at fifteen per cent. Redell stood to win approximately fourteen thousand dollars if the Willie Rickmers failed to arrive. He filed the contracts away in his safe-deposit box and set himself to the task of waiting and keeping the knowledge of his fall from Maisie. He knew she held certain opinions concerning gambling.

To J. Augustus Redell three weeks later, when the Willie Rickmers was posted at fifty per cent, again came Mr. Jinks. He had a proposition to submit. He knew a man who was crazy to buy reinsurance on the Willie Rickmers, playing her not to arrive. But she was now up to fifty per cent and there was no more reinsurance to be had on the "not-to-arrive" plan. If Redell would consider it he (Jinks) was empowered to make him an offer for the purchase of the five, ten and fifteen per cent "not-to-arrive" contracts held by the former. Jinks suggested that perhaps a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, and there was always a possibility that the Willie Rickmers might arrive, in support of which contingency Mr. Jinks cited numerous instances of ships arriving in port months after they had been reported as missing at Lloyds, in London. Eventually Redell, with a great show of reluctance, named a price of ten thousand dollars. Mr. Jinks departed, returning presently with a bundle of greenbacks. He counted the money out to Redell in thousand-dollar bills. Redell drew his check to Mr. Jinks' order for two hundred and twenty-five dollars, being that gentleman's two and one-half per cent commission on the nine-thousand-dollar profit; after which he dismissed Jinks and hurried down to the Marine National to protect the check. He wasted no time in vain speculation as to the identity of the man who had purchased his overdue contracts. Other and more important thoughts occupied his mind, for out of the chaos of the past he saw his future looming radiant.

He would get back his credit. He would pay the balance of the indebtedness of the Redell Lumber Company, and the Lumbermen's Credit Association should take cognizance of the fact. In fancy, he saw a confidential trade report on himself, and one line stuck out in scare-head type. "Failed in business once, but paid a hundred cents on the dollar."

It seemed as if Mr. Redell would never reach his office, so anxious was he to get out his checkbook and square himself with the world. Half an hour later he dropped a handful of special-delivery letters into the mail chute, closed his office for the day and went home to Maisie. He had something to tell her. She listened soberly to the tale of his investment in reinsurance.

"But it's gambling, dear, isn't it?" she asked.

"No, Maisie," said J. Augustus; "it's speculation—perfectly legitimate. All business is a gamble. If a fellow hasn't got nerve, and declines to take a gambler's chance, he'll work all his life for the man who has."

"Well," Maisie replied doubtfully, "perhaps you're right, but I can't help thinking that some one will suffer in the same proportion that we enjoy, as a result of your speculation. I don't understand overdue insurance, but since it's of the sea I have a suspicion it's fishy."

* * * * * * * * *

On the door of J. Augustus Redell's dark back office Bill Jinks rapped peremptorily and, without awaiting the summons to enter, opened the door and stepped inside. Mr. Redell glanced up from his work and noted the anxious look and furtive mien of Mr. Jinks as he carefully closed and locked the office door; after which he pointed an accusing finger at Mr. Redell.

"Do you know," began Mr. Jinks—he waited five seconds and added, very impressively—"the very latest? You have one guess."

"The Willie Rickmers, dismasted, spoken off Flattery, and due to arrive in tow of some steam schooner—say the day after tomorrow."

"Hot," said Mr. Jinks earnestly; "red hot—smoking. She hasn't been spoken, but she will be. She'll arrive as sure as my name is Bill Jinks. Now listen. I happen to know—in fact, I made it my particular business to find out that this stevedore boss that claims he loaded all that LLB-CO salmon in the hold of the Willie Rickmers has bought five hundred dollars' worth of reinsurance at fifty per cent, and has played her "to arrive." He placed the order through a ship's broker in Seattle, and the broker is playing her heavily himself. A clerk in this broker's office happens to be a friend of mine, and he wrote me, inclosing a hundred, and told me to place it for him. Gave me the low-down on the whole deal. That salmon was stowed on deck, and when they struck heavy weather it was probably jettisoned to save the vessel. Anyhow, the Willie Rickmers didn't turn turtle and I'll stake an ear she turns up."

J. Augustus Redell listened quietly to this remarkable piece of information. And, since he had never known Mr. Jinks to tell a lie, or accept a fee that wasn't honestly earned, he received the tip at its face value and drew his check for a thousand.

"At fifty per cent to arrive," he said tersely. "Get it down quick, and consider that I'm carrying you for a hundred of it."

"Nonsense!" snorted Mr. Jinks. "She'll be up to seventy per cent by the end of the week. It'll pay to wait."

"No, it won't, Jinks," replied Redell; "you've put at least one other fellow on to this. You'd be a fool if you didn't work your information for all it was worth. There'll be a rush of 'to-arrive' money in the next few days, and it will force the price down to twenty-five per cent. These tips spread like forest fires. Run along, Bill, and cash that check. You can keep your own hundred until she goes to seventy, but spread the other nine hundred this morning, if you have to break the price."

Jinks went out protesting. An hour later he 'phoned that he had the contracts in his pocket and would deliver them the following morning. And late that night the German bark Willie Rickmers poked her bows through the thick bank of fog outside the lightship, and with every stitch of canvas bellying to a nice thirteen-knot breeze she sailed in through the Golden Gate and came to anchor off Folsom Street dock.

J. Augustus Redell heard all about it before he reached his office next morning. At ten o'clock Jinks came into the office with the contracts.

"Well, Jinksy, we win," said Mr. Redell pleasantly.

Bill Jinks dropped wearily into the proffered chair.

"No, we don't," he said soberly; "we lose."

"What are you talking about? Didn't the Willie Rickmers arrive in port last night?"

"That doesn't alter the situation," Jinks replied; "we lose. Haven't you heard? The board's gone fluey. The syndicate's up the spout and Harcliffe, the main guy, is headed for Honduras with the boodle. We lose."

There was a flat tone of finality in Mr. Jinks' words. Redell squirmed uneasily in his chair for a moment. Suddenly a look of relief came over his face.

"Lloyds will have to make good on the contracts," he said; "they won't welsh on the payment just because Harcliffe has defaulted. Isn't Lloyds back of the North American Insurance Corporation?"

"Supposed to be," Mr. Jinks admitted sorrowfully; "but it isn't. The North American operated on its own account, and Harcliffe was Lloyds' agent here as well as manager of the marine department of the North American. It seems that all this Willie Rickmers reinsurance was never turned in to the North American at all. Harcliffe got up a little private syndicate among the shipping men in this city and Seattle, and they bucketed all the business. Called themselves the North American

THERE are some things about our shoes that are distinctive; trifles to talk about, maybe, but which make for comfort as well as style and elegance.

Here, for instance, is the "heel seat ironer," the machine that "takes the hurt out of the heel," giving perfect smoothness inside and outside both; no "ridges," no ugly seams.

THIS and thousands of other wonderful factory inventions enable our skilled craftsmen to produce the most perfect workmanship in shoes, combining at once beauty of design, clean artistic yet natural lines, with absolutely solid comfort and wearing ability.

WHITE HOUSE SHOES

For Men *For Women*

$5—$4—$3.50

White House Shoes cost more to make and give you more actual shoe value than almost any other you can buy.

Also we make

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

For Boys *For Girls*

$1.50 to $3

According to size and style

If your dealer doesn't carry these famous makes, advise us and we'll see that you're supplied.

Style B-19 Men's "PRESIDENT WHITE HOUSE" gun metal Blucher, made on the celebrated Knob Last.

Our new 1911 Style Book

in Shoes—a work of art—free on request

The Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Insurance Company in the contracts. There was no written agreement among them. They just called themselves the North American Insurance Company, and nobody noticed it, and they never incorporated. It seems that Lloyds' London office fired Hareliffe as their agent here two months ago, so no responsibility attaches to them. The North American Insurance Corporation will repudiate the contracts of the North American Insurance Company, even though signed by their authorized agent, Hareliffe. The impression prevails around the North American office that Hareliffe, feeling certain that the Rickmers would not arrive, accepted so much 'to-arrive' money that when the vessel did arrive the syndicate was top-heavy and bankrupt. So, when he received word from the Merchants' Exchange that the Willie Rickmers was passing in, he packed his suitcase with a change of clothing and a bale of the long green and caught the ten o'clock Overland for New York. He's safe. They say he'll head for Honduras, but he won't. He'll spend it on Broadway. His accounts with the North American Insurance Corporation are O. K. As for the members of his syndicate that bucketed the business, they can't prosecute because if they did they'd reveal their identity. The only people that can prosecute are the suckers who played her—you and I, for instance. We could prosecute him for larceny by trick and device, but I'd lose my job if the boss knew I played the overdues. The old man's religious that way. And the Street would reject you as a business man if they knew you played them. It's that way with every man that's been stung. We'll all hold our grouch and take it out in cussing Hareliffe. Say, lend me a twenty till the first, will you, Redell? I'm absolutely cleaned."

"Lend you twenty!" jeered J. Augustus Redell. "Lord bless you, Bill Jinks, if lumber yards were selling at a dollar each I couldn't buy a toothpick. Last week I had approximately ten thousand dollars. I paid some old debts—eight thousand dollars' worth. Then, to play safe, I gave my wife a thousand, and the remaining thousand is now the property of the ubiquitous Mr. Hareliffe. This morning I had ten dollars and eighty cents, and since I have to pay the office rent this afternoon ——"

"Borrow some of that thousand back from the wife," suggested Mr. Jinks.

"I'm not hungry enough," replied J. Augustus, and Mr. Jinks departed, leaving Redell to the company of his vain regrets.

For almost an hour J. Augustus Redell sat with his feet up on his desk, the while his fighting jaw chewed savagely on a frayed cigar. He was thinking out a scheme for the rehabilitation of his fortunes. Presently he reached for a pencil and a desk-pad, and figured furiously for several minutes. Apparently the result was satisfactory, for suddenly Mr. Redell jammed his hat on the back of his head and closed down his desk. The gloom had lifted from his face.

"It's feasible," he muttered, "feasible and legitimate. If Live-Wire Luiz can see it my way I'll pull off a deal that will be remembered in the lumber trade when I'm dead and gone to glory."

The bells were ringing the noon hour when J. Augustus Redell walked into the outer office of the West Coast Trading Company. He found it deserted, the bookkeeper and the stenographer having gone out to their lunch. Mr. Redell coughed and shuffled his feet. In the private office he heard a slight sound which convinced him that Live-Wire Luiz was within. After waiting a few minutes and receiving no invitation to enter, Mr. Redell stepped to the door of Señor Almeida's private office. The door was partly open, so Mr. Redell peeked cautiously inside.

On the wall in the far corner of the room, just above the washstand, hung a small mirror. Standing before this mirror, in the act of placing an ugly, big blue revolver to his temple, stood Señor Felipe Luiz Almeida.

"Luiz, you hound!" shrieked J. Augustus Redell. "Drop it!"

Live-Wire Luiz dropped it. It was still cocked when Redell picked it up. Then he turned to Live-Wire Luiz, who had subsided a pathetic little bundle of nerves—into the nearest chair and was weeping wildly, and demanded the why and the wherefore.

"Broke—broke!" wailed Señor Almeida. "I am ruin'. For why should I live when I have been to be such a fool? Friend of my heart, you do bad to make me to stop when I have said to myself, 'Almeida, you are such a little dam fool. It is better you die than to have lose all.' The señor cannot understan'. For me I mus' have always the bes' of eat the bes' of drink. I mus' go to the gran' opera, I mus' play—my littl' game of billiards—I mus'! Ai, señor, my people in Callao they are proud an' I cannot live like one peon, wiz just the pantaloons an' the smile an' the cigarette, and not one peseta."

"Aha!" said Redell; "the plot thickens. Have you been monkeying with overdue insurance on the Willie Rickmers?"

Live-Wire Luiz moaned and nodded his head in assent.

"Twenty t'ousand dollars," he sobbed. "Ten t'ousand I buy of the five-per-cent not-to-arrive contract that call for fourteen t'ousand dollar if I win. Some of those contracts they are for ten an' fifteen per cent. I buy them from one wise guy—name' M. Robertson. He is smart—he know when it is time to sell. Then, one day a friend he say to me, 'Almeida, this long-delayed ship, this Willie Rickmers, she will arrive,' and to me he tell a little story which I believe. I am frighten'. 'What mus' I do?' I ask my frien'. 'Play ten thousand more at fifty per cent to arrive,' advise my friend; 'then you break almos' even.' An' I play. This mornin' this Willie Rickmers she is arrive', but this Señor Hareliffe he is run with the *dinero*. He is vamose."

J. Augustus Redell came close to Señor Almeida and patted his quivering shoulder.

"Luiz," he said very soberly, "I'm the boy that got your first ten thousand. They were my contracts, made out in my wife's maiden name. I'm sorry I haven't got that ten thousand now. I paid my debts with eight thousand of it, gave another thousand to my wife and lost the remaining thousand playing the Willie Rickmers to arrive. As for the second ten thousand, it's gone. You can never get it back. This was my first big gamble, Luiz, and it's my last. I'll stick to the legitimate hereafter. Mrs. Redell told me that somebody would suffer in proportion to my pleasure when I raked in your ten thousand. She's right, Luiz, and I'm sorry you must be that person. I can't give you back the ten thousand, but, if you'll promise not to blow your head off the minute my back's turned, I'll show you how we can both get on our pins again in jig time. I have a scheme that can't fail. If you can see it my way we'll both be up on Easy Street again by the first of the year. Six months, Luiz; that's all the time I ask, and we'll each have twenty thousand in our jeans, or I don't know a lath from a piece of three-channel rustic."

Live-Wire Luiz raised his haggard face and looked wonderingly at J. Augustus Redell.

"I am at the command of the señor," he said

"That's the talk," said J. Augustus. "Now answer my question. How much money have you left in bank?"

"Five or six hundred dollars," confessed Señor Almeida, and his dark face grew russet with shame. The tears started into his eyes once more.

"Don't weep, for Heaven's sake!" implored Redell. "You'll break my heart. Five or six hundred dollars is a fortune, man. It's a fearful pile of money. I can do wonderful stunts with that amount of capital. Now, here's the layout: You're very thoroughly broke, but not a soul knows it except yours truly. I believe you're rated in the Lumbermen's Credit Association at a hundred thousand. Good! Now, I haven't any rating, but I will have one in a day or two. Last fall I failed in business, and yesterday, thanks to your gambling proclivities, I paid the balance of my old debts. I owed money to nine of the sixteen mills on Gray's Harbor when I failed, and after I got my settlement I voluntarily gave them my notes, which I have since paid. That puts me in right with them. They know I'm on the level, and they'd sooner sell me, with the knowledge that my capital was limited, than they would lots of chaps with an A-1 rating. Business is four-fifths psychology and the other fifth coin. Here's the psychology of my case: I pay these fellows what I owe them and I pay them all the same day. Up there on the harbor they're all pretty good fellows and very neighborly. Each mill, knowing its competitor holds my note, and having received a check for the full amount which I owe them, will tell its competitor that I have settled with them in full. This is so unusual in business that they'll have to talk about it. Then it will develop that I've made good with all of them, and they'll naturally jump to the conclusion that I've fallen into a considerable bunch of money somewhere. A struggling lumber broker would pay his notes in installments, or if he paid them in full he'd make a beef to have the interest knocked off. Now, my notes were non-interest-bearing, yet I insisted on paying six per cent on them. Apparently, money is no object with me.

"Now, what do I do? Knowing these things will come to pass, I come to my friend, Felipe Luiz Almeida, and of him I purchase fifty per cent of the stock in his company, giving in payment my promissory note, due one year after date, at four per cent per annum, my friend Almeida retaining the stock as security for my note. Fortunately I discover that the stock of the West Coast Trading Company is worth, at the best, say, six hundred dollars, but the good-will is worth, let us say, ten thousand dollars for a half interest. So I issue my note to Señor Felipe Luiz Almeida for ten thousand dollars.

"The next day an engraved notice, on cream-colored linen paper with deckle edges, goes out to the lumber trade of the Pacific Coast. It announces that Mr. J. Augustus Redell, formerly of the Redell Lumber Company, has purchased a half interest in the West Coast Trading Company, and has been elected secretary-treasurer of the company. This notice will be a work of art. I'll write it and I'll sign all checks on behalf of the company. Then I'll have a nice little reader inserted in every trade paper in the United States, and then ——"

"Then—what?" cried Live-Wire Luiz. He had risen from his chair and stood beside Redell, his black eyes shining with hope deferred. He laid his trembling hand on Redell's shoulder and awaited the verdict.

"Then," said Mr. Redell impressively, "you and I will proceed to corner the red-cedar-shingle market."

"On six hundred dollars!" yelled Live-Wire Luiz.

"No!" Redell almost shouted the words. "On our credit! What's money when you have credit? Nerve and credit, credit and nerve—that's all I ask, and I'll boost the price of shingles fifty cents a thousand in the California market, and land a hundred million cedars at a profit in the markets of the Middle West."

Señor Felipe Luiz Almeida gazed in wonder at the mad Señor Redell. He hadn't the least idea how one should proceed to corner the cedar-shingle market, but he was a born gambler. As Redell talked he unconsciously inoculated his future partner with some of the virile power and magnetism which was the secret of his past successes. Surely the man who hitched his wagon to the Redell star could not lose. So recently come from the shadow of death, Live-Wire Luiz was quick to grasp at the promise of life. He extended his cigarette case and bowed with the air of a grandee.

"It is nothing—less than nothing—this little fool affair with this good ship Willie Rickmers. Friend of my heart,' to lunch. We eat. Then to business. *Madre de Dios!* With such a man as the señor for partner, we laugh—we t'row kiss to misfortune—piff!"

"If we eat," warned J. Augustus solemnly, "you pay for it."

Live-Wire Luiz flashed his white teeth in a happy grin.

"You are such a funny mans," he said.

The City-Summons

The lonely stars first dipped their beams
For me in cowslipped meadow streams;
The fields were green, the fields were white,
Black-lining fences infinite;
Each clod of earth found death or star
Where none save bird was traveler;
Uncompanied, I grew and found
Monotony familiar ground.

And then across my heaven afar
There shone one pale, magnetic star.
I sold my tenure of content;
Straight toward the man-made sky I went.
I saw the City's straining street;
I heard the music of its feet;
Electric suns and moons burned there;
Red poppies grew in women's hair:
The lure of something always new
Hummed at its gates—and I went through.

— *Ruth Kaufman.*

New York's Leading Fashion Catalogue For Spring and Summer 1911

Write To-Day for FREE Copy

It is the most Wanted, most Sensible, most Practical, most Economical, and most Complete and Authoritative Fashion Guide of New York Styles. This 168-Page Book is thumb-indexed, illustrates and fully describes everything to wear for Women, Misses, Girls, Boys and Infants; Tailor-Made Suits, Dresses, Coats, Costumes, Waists, Underwear, Misses' Boys' and Children's Clothing, Millinery, Jewelry, Gloves, Shoes, etc.

AT MONEY-SAVING PRICES

The lowest ever quoted for reliable merchandise. Money Refunded if Not Satisfactory. We Pay Express Charges Both Ways

Order One or More of the Dresses Illustrated Here and Convince Yourself at Our Risk

SIZES: 32 to 44 Bust measure. The skirts are about 40 inches long and have a deep hem so that you may alter the length to suit

To receive full value for your money you cannot afford to be without a copy of New York's Leading Fashion Book and Shopping Guide. *It is FREE. Write TO-DAY.*
Address Dept. S.

Simpson Crawford Co.
SIXTH AV. 19TH TO 20TH STREET NEW YORK
FOUNDED 1860

THE INVISIBLE MAN

Concluded from Page 7

world or the other. I must go down and talk to my friend."

They descended, passing the man with the pail, who asseverated that he had let no intruder pass, down to the commissionnaire and the hovering chestnut man, who rigidly reasserted their own watchfulness. But when Angus looked round for his fourth confirmation he could not see it; and he called out with some nervousness: "Where is the policeman?"

"I beg your pardon," said Father Brown; "that is my fault. I just sent him down the road to investigate something—that I just thought worth investigating."

"Well, we want him back pretty soon," said Angus abruptly, "for the wretched man upstairs has not only been murdered but wiped out."

"How?" asked the priest.

"Father," said Flambeau after a pause, "upon my soul I believe it is more in your department than mine. No friend or foe has entered the house, but Smythe is gone, as if stolen by the fairies. If that is not supernatural I ——"

As he spoke they were all checked by an unusual sight: the big blue policeman came round the corner of the crescent, running. He came straight up to Brown.

"You're right, sir," he panted, "they've just found poor Mr. Smythe's body in the canal down below."

Angus put his hand wildly to his head. "Did he run down and drown himself?" he asked.

"He never came down, I'll swear," said the constable; "and he wasn't drowned either, for he died of a great stab over the heart."

"And yet you saw no one enter?" said Flambeau in a grave voice.

"Let us walk down the road a little," said the priest.

As they reached the other end of the crescent he observed abruptly: "Stupid of me! I forgot to ask the policeman something. I wonder if they found a light brown sack."

"Why a light brown sack?" asked Angus, astonished.

"Because if it was any other colored sack the case must begin over again," said Father Brown; "but if it was a light brown sack—why, the case is finished."

"I am pleased to hear it," said Angus, with hearty irony. "It hasn't begun, so far as I am concerned."

"You must tell us all about it," said Flambeau, with a strange, heavy simplicity, like a child.

Unconsciously they were walking with quickening steps down the long sweep of road on the other side of the high crescent, Father Brown leading briskly, though in silence. At last he said, with an almost touching vagueness: "Well, I'm afraid you'll think it so prosy. We always begin at the abstract end of things and you can't begin this story anywhere else.

"Have you ever noticed this—that people never answer what you say? They answer what you mean—or what they think you mean. Suppose one lady says to another in a country house, 'Is anybody staying with you?'—the lady doesn't answer, 'Yes; the butler, the three footmen, the parlor maid, and so on,' though the parlormaid may be in the room or the butler behind her chair. She says, 'There is nobody staying with us'—meaning nobody of the sort you mean. But suppose a doctor, inquiring into an epidemic, asks, 'Who is staying in the house?'—then the lady will remember the butler, parlormaid, and the rest. All language is used like that; you never get a question answered literally, even when you get it answered truly. When those four quite honest men said that no man had gone into the Mansions they did not really mean that no man had gone into them. They meant no man whom they could suspect of being your man. A man did go into the house and did come out of it, but they never noticed him."

"An invisible man?" inquired Angus, raising his red eyebrows.

"A mentally invisible man," said Father Brown.

A minute or two after he resumed in the same unassuming voice, like a man thinking his way: "Of course you can't think of such a man until you do think of him. That's where his cleverness comes in. But I came to think of him through two or three little things in the tale Mr. Angus told us. First, there was the fact that this Welkin went for long walks. And then there was the vast lot of stamp-paper on the window. And then, most of all, there were the two things the young lady said—things that couldn't be true. Don't get annoyed," he added hastily, noting a sudden movement of the Scotchman's head; "she thought they were true, all right; but they couldn't be true. A person can't be quite alone in a street a second before she receives a letter. She can't be quite alone in a street when she starts reading a letter she's just received. There must be somebody pretty near her; he must be mentally invisible."

"Why must there be somebody near her?" asked Angus.

"Because," said Father Brown, "barring carrier-pigeons, somebody must have brought her the letter."

"Do you really mean to say," asked Flambeau, with energy, "that Welkin carried his rival's letters to his lady?"

"Yes," said the priest. "Welkin carried his rival's letters to his lady. You see, he had to."

"Oh, I can't stand much more of this," exploded Flambeau. "Who is this fellow? What does he look like? What is the usual get-up of a mentally invisible man?"

"He is dressed rather handsomely in red, blue and gold," replied the priest promptly, with precision; "and in this striking and even showy costume he entered Himylaya Mansions under sixteen human eyes; he killed Smythe in cold blood and came down into the street again, carrying the dead body in his arms ——"

"Reverend sir," cried Angus, standing still, "are you raving mad, or am I?"

"You are not, man," said Brown—"only a little unobservant. You have not noticed such a man as this, for example."

He took three quick strides forward and put his hand on the shoulder of an ordinary passing postman, who had bustled by them unnoticed under the shade of the trees.

"Nobody ever notices postmen, somehow," he said thoughtfully; "yet they have passions like other men and even carry large bags where a small corpse can be stowed quite easily."

The postman, instead of turning naturally, had ducked and tumbled against the garden fence. He was a lean, fairbearded man of very ordinary appearance; but, as he turned an alarmed face over his shoulder, all three men were fixed with an almost fiendish squint.

. . . . . .

Flambeau went back to his sabers, purple rugs and Persian cat, having many things to attend to. John Turnbull Angus went back to the lady at the shop, with whom that imprudent young man contrives to be extremely comfortable. But Father Brown walked those snow-covered hills under the stars for many hours with a murderer; and what they said to each other will never be known.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a new series of tales by Mr. Chesterton in which Father Brown is the hero. The second will appear in an early issue.

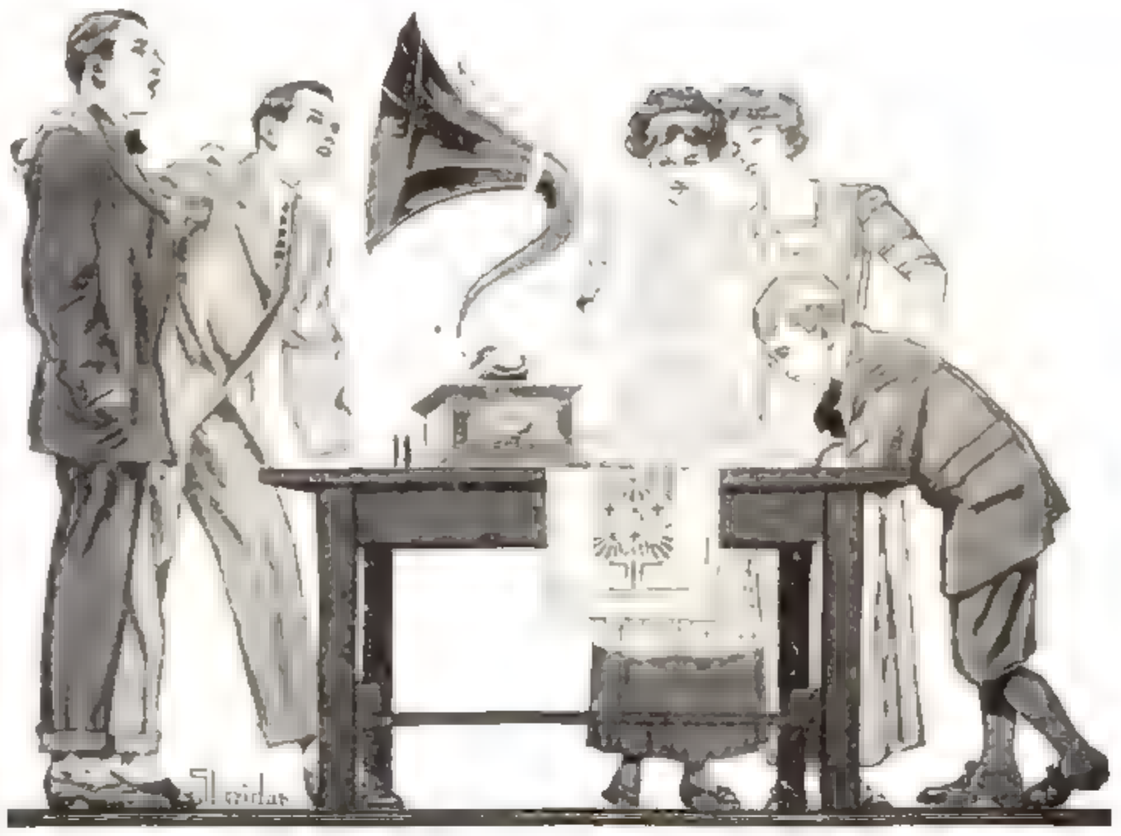
Colds to Order

ANYBODY is at liberty to try the thing for himself. It is not recommended, though an interesting experiment. The idea is simply that one can catch a severe cold by wetting one's wrist and holding it in front of a keyhole through which a draft of cold air is blowing.

This is merely to illustrate a new theory in regard to colds, which, it may be explained briefly, is that such uncomfortable complaints are commonly caught by chilling one part of the body.

The moral seems to be that, if one is to be cold at all, the only safe way is to be cold all over. Everybody has noticed that to feel chilly, or even to be tortured by a low temperature, does not mean that one is catching cold. People are often frozen nearly to death and yet do not take cold.

Men often marvel at the seeming recklessness with which women expose themselves to the cold in lowneck dresses. Yet they do not appear to suffer from such imprudence. Why not? The explanation is that under such circumstances, if not vigorously exercising, they are in a state of more or less excitement. This causes their hearts to beat more rapidly, which is equivalent to saying that their blood is flowing faster than usual. Hence, for the time being, they are relatively cold-proof.



Take an Edison Phonograph, put on a blank record, substitute a recorder for the reproducer, start the motor and then talk or sing or play into the horn.

That is how simple it is to make records on an Edison Phonograph. It requires no special ability and no special equipment other than the recorder which can be purchased for a small sum at any Edison dealer's.

After a record has been made, take off the recorder, put on the reproducer, start the motor and listen. You will hear a record as distinct and lifelike as those you buy. This

Home Record Making Feature of

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

offers entertainment of a most interesting and fascinating kind. You can send a personally spoken message to a distant friend, record your progress as a singer or player, preserve the sayings of children or keep, for future enjoyment, the best things of a musical or social evening.

Home record making is too important a feature to disregard in buying a sound reproducing machine. Especially is this true when it is a feature of the instrument that carries all of Mr. Edison's improvements, including the sapphire reproducing point that never needs changing and the sweet-toned, long playing Amberol Records.

There is an Edison Phonograph at a price to suit everybody's means, from the Gem at $15 to the Amberola at $200.

Edison Standard Records . . . . $ .35
Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) .50
Edison Grand Opera Records . .75 to $2.00

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 11 LAKESIDE AVENUE, ORANGE, N. J.

With the EDISON BUSINESS PHONOGRAPH you don't hold up any one else's work while your dictation is going on.

Equipment for young railroad managers

Let that youngster expand. Develop his ingenuity with

An Ives Miniature Railway System

Just as playing with wooden blocks is laying the foundation by which to later solve the problems of Euclid—

So Ives Miniature Railways, though extremely simple, teaches the fundamentals of Physics.

After he has conquered the elementary principles of railroading, add to it. Give him more track, curves, switches, semaphores, etc. Every new piece of trackage, turn table or tunnel presents a new problem.

If he has not an Ives Miniature Railway buy one. It is essential for his development. It offers unequaled pleasure for [illegible] and

For the whole family.

Rich presidents, debutantes, college professors and other grown ups have caught the fascination in Ives Railways bought for youngsters in their families.

Invariably the miniature railway has become an institution in the house.

Mechanical and Electrical

We are the oldest [illegible] exclusive [illegible] manufacturers [illegible] miniature railways in [illegible] country. We don't [illegible] to tell you about [illegible] Proof lies [illegible] that our miniature railways are as well made as any can be.

Trains Complete $1 to $25

Engines are of iron.
In the electrical we use the Third Rail System. The mechanical engines are operated by clock work.

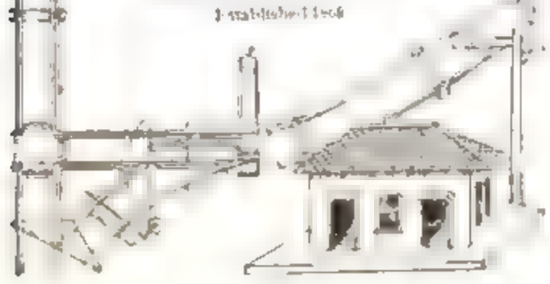
Parts are interchangeable. Cars may be operated [illegible] changing only the engines [illegible] trackage. Ives Railways are standard and may be added to other railways of standard gauge miniatures.

The best toy, hardware and department stores [illegible] If you can not obtain them locally in your town [illegible] with us direct. We will see that you are supplied. Our beautiful three-color illustrated catalog, showing these and other toys, free if you give the name of your toy dealer.

DEALERS [illegible], Hardware and Department Stores. If you are not now selling the Ives Miniature Railways [illegible] with us at once.

The Ives Mfg. Corporation
194 Holland Ave.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Established 1868



THE VANITY OF THE ACTOR

(Concluded from Page 9)

scattered broadcast among the thousands and thousands of persons who care to read about it. These things will cause him dread and apprehension until he has suffered and grown strong enough to put them in the background and keep them there.

Once the actor comes through the first night with more or less success one would suppose he might settle down with a certain measure of peace. But, alas! each succeeding audience becomes again the unconscious critic of his work. Also, the producing manager, whose money is in the show, is on the alert all the time. The verdict of the stage manager, the newspaper critic and himself is only the prelude to the song. He circulates through the audience, constantly changing his seat and listening to the remarks about the play and the actors by persons who have paid their money. As the audience streams out he is in the lobby noting such comments as he may overhear—for the public is the final judge and from it there is no appeal. So, you see, the actor knows that at every single performance he is being tried again and weighed in the balance. And the fact that he has made good in one play does very little for him when the next play comes along, but makes his life one of constant apprehension.

The Right Sort of Egotism

The experience that brings out the fine gold of the actor's vanity—the faith in his art that raises him above all things that are petty and personal—is the playing of a piece that has been damned. The politician may run to cover under ridicule—he may go to Florida or Europe until the thing blows over; but the actor must come out and play face to face and night after night to an audience predisposed to be hostile or, what is worse, indulgently ironical. No matter how depreciated and helpless he may feel when the play has been damned and himself mercilessly ridiculed, he may always be depended on by the playwright and the manager to pull himself out of the unnatural depression of mind into which he has been thrown and to give a performance almost as good as the first, though it may be lacking a little in spirit and charm. And very often, in sheer desperation and self-preservation he will do even better than he did on the first night. It is this spirit of vanity and of courage in the actor that again and again saves plays that are wavering in the balance. For if he went to pieces and lost heart such a result would be impossible.

It is often made the subject of jest that the actor always wants fine speeches, good situations—an effective position in a play. And why not? If he has material that is beautiful and wonderful and effective in itself, many of the elements of criticism and worry are eliminated—much that is disturbing in his professional life is cut out. The drama is largely a matter of feeling. The actor carries with him the great bulk of his audience by reason of the sympathetic quality of the material with which he is working. So who can blame the actor for wanting a good part? But the greatest actors who ever lived were those who were able to overcome a natural tendency to play sympathetic parts and to succeed in winning sympathy for characters that were anything but lovable. Edmund Kean in Richard III is one of the most striking examples of ability in this respect

The actor is often called egotistical. It is hard to tell just where vanity leaves off and egotism begins, but it strikes me that the egotism consists of confidence in one's own opinion, while vanity seems to be the pride of personality, faith in one's ability to impress. Something that Maurice Barrymore once said will elucidate. We were speaking of a certain actor and I said: "I suppose he really is the greatest egotist in the world." Then I went on to state why I thought so.

"I don't agree with you," said Barrymore, "and I'll tell you why. When he has told you all about the drama, all about acting that there is to be known; when he has definitely and finally settled all hitherto mooted questions regarding the art; and when he has told you what a great actor he is—while you are sitting appalled at his presumption—he'll calmly ask: 'Don't you think so?' Now, no real egotist would ever do that."

On a certain occasion I chanced to be a silent member of a party of men who were considered the greatest egotists on the stage. Each of these gentlemen had a great reputation as an actor and as a wit. I was young in the business then, and as I sat listening to their tales of achievement I marveled less at the things they had done than at the fact of their speaking of them at all. The humor of the occasion was delicious, however. Each one seemed to be trying to trap another into boasting of something he had said or done; and once he had fallen they would all riddle him with ridicule. For instance, Mason Mitchell said to Barrymore, "Barry, that was a great answer you made the other night," and at once that gentleman recounted the incident. It seems that criticism had appeared in a local paper about Mr. Barrymore that had nothing to do with his acting. At first he was indignant. He said: "I will go to his place"—meaning the critic—"and ask for this man and pull his nose." After a day or two, when he had cooled off, he said: "If I happen to meet him I shall pull his nose." But one day Barrymore strolled into one of the principal hotels where he met some friends and exchanged greetings. Presently Mr. D. introduced him to a man. "This is Mr. Jones."

"Most delighted to see you!" said Barrymore, who had a charming manner.

Now Mr. D. had heard of Barrymore's threats and he added: "This is Mr. Jones of the Morning Bladder." But this meant nothing to Barrymore and he simply said, "Indeed!" and went on talking pleasantly to Jones.

Then Mr. D. said: "This is the critic of the Morning Bladder!" as if to imply: "Don't be too pleasant."

Although this struck Mr. Barrymore all in a heap, he recovered himself instantly and said: "Well, now that I have seen him, all resentment ceases."

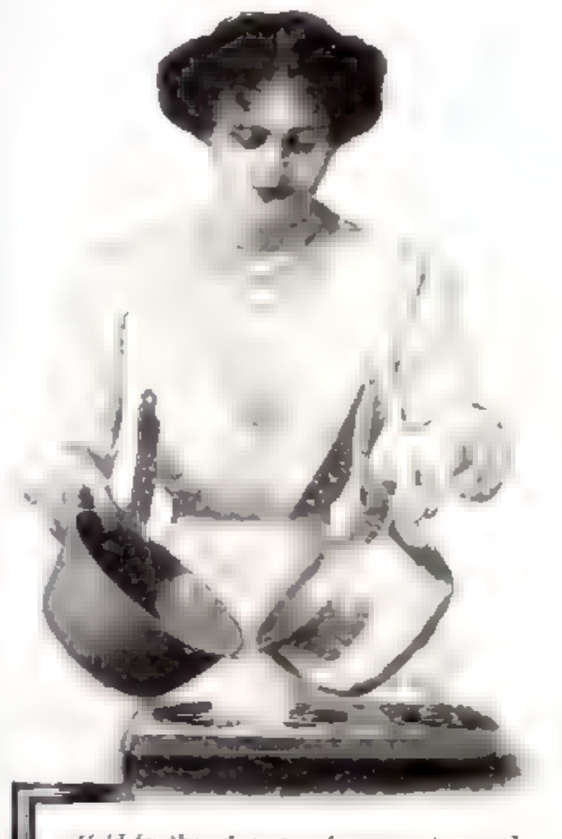
So Barrymore told the story and all went off into spasms of sympathetic laughter. But Eben Plympton, who had laughed in a sardonic manner, waited until the mirth had subsided and then asked ponderously: "Did you really say that at the moment? Or did you think of it after you got home?"

A Remarkable Company

The third year I was on the stage I went into what would now be considered a star cast. Apart from myself, every actor and actress in it was a person of great reputation. The popular idea would be that in a company like that, with a lot of vain persons living, breathing and existing by reason of the very deference each could draw to himself, life would be intolerable; but with these persons, as always happens with those of great attainments, there was a difference—they were interested in all sorts of things, which made it a constant joy to be with them. One man, for instance, had studied sculpture and could show us the relations between sculptor and actor in the domain of pose. He contributed much to our understanding of the relation of things in art. Another had been an architect, and as we walked and talked he gave us the whole theory of architecture and interested us in roofs, windows and gables, while Mr. Barrymore had been a young barrister and could always discourse wittily along that line.

As the years went on and I went into different companies the best of them seemed but the faintest replica of this one; and I began to ask myself: Was it because I was so young and impressionable that these people seemed so wonderful—was it because I was so enchanted with my new life or were they really exceptional? After some years I met Mr. Barrymore, told him what I had always felt in reference to this particular season and asked him how it was. He said that I was perfectly right—that it was a very exceptional group of men and women, and that I would probably never again have such an experience. It was Madame Modjeska's company I refer to and it was her delight in the best in art that had prompted her to call together so unusual persons. Once when asked if she were not afraid to surround herself with stars of such brilliancy, Modjeska said: "Of course not. I must do it—wit and beauty must be the setting in which I must shine. If I did not shine in comparison with these—if I were dimmed by them—I should not be worthy to occupy the place I do occupy in my profession."

Just Try This Test with a "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Utensil



Hold by the edges an aluminum pan and an enamel pan of the same size so that the sides of the pans opposite the hands come in contact with a small flame of fire. The fact that it will be found necessary to drop the aluminum pan before the enamel pan, is evidence that heat is conducted through out aluminum more rapidly and evenly than throughout enamel utensils

ALUMINUM is a better distributor of heat than other materials of which cooking utensils are made. Food cooked in "Wear-Ever" utensils is therefore less liable to be scorched. Too much heat will, of course, scorch food no matter what kind of utensil you use. But aluminum requires less fire to cook food than is ordinarily used, because it stores up more heat and retains it longer than any other metal. The important point about "Wear Ever" ware is that even [illegible] in it the burning has no effect whatever [illegible].

Nourishing compounds can be formed by fruit or [illegible]. You may, therefore, allow food to stand in a "Wear-Ever" utensil without anxiety—just the same as in a glass or china dish.

"Wear Ever" utensils are made without joints or [illegible] from thick, hard sheet-aluminum, 99% pure. They are light to handle, bright as silver, cannot rust and are practically everlasting.

The ware that has all these advantages, that effects a saving in fuel, in food, in continual expense for cooking utensils, is the kind that makes heavy housekeeping light.

We want you to prove this to your own satisfaction. Once [illegible] "Wear Ever" [illegible] ware you will never again [illegible] of any other kind.

[illegible] "Wear Ever" utensils.

[illegible] supply you with "Wear Ever" ware, just fill in and [illegible] below, enclosing 15 two-cent stamps (Canadian [illegible] accepted), and we'll send you, prepaid, the 1-quart saucepan pictured above.

[illegible] "Wear Ever" trade mark on the [illegible] it is your guarantee of safety.

Write for booklet, illustrating full line.
Over 200 different styles and sizes.

THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO.
No. 18 10th St., New Kensington, Pa.

[illegible] UTENSIL CO.
No. [illegible] NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

I have [illegible] "Wear Ever" Saucepan [illegible] I am to send you money or [illegible] handled at your store.)

Name_____

Address_____

My dealer's name_____

His address is_____

(Dealer's name and address must be given.)
S. E. P.

THE HIGH HAND

Continued from Page 17

"I smashed in the door." He was passing on when a sudden thought occurred to him. "Sometime, when you have half an hour, Tyson, I'd like to talk with you."

"There's no time like the present," Tyson responded. "Come on in."

He led Jim Warren into his own apartments and for ten minutes or so they talked of everything in the world except the one thing that Jim Warren wanted to talk of. Obviously he didn't quite know how to get at it.

"Spit it out," Tyson invited cordially. There was a poker game in abeyance down the hall. "What's eating you?"

"It's this matter of money again," Jim Warren said bluntly. He felt the blood rush to his face. "You know I told you once before that I wasn't up here for my health, no more than you are. Now let me in. I've got two big committees over here and I've got certain powers in those committees. How should I proceed to realize on them? You know I'm an amateur."

Tyson laughed.

"Oh, it's easy enough to get if you're out for that sort of thing!" he remarked carelessly.

"But how?" Jim Warren insisted.

"You're a member of Railroads, aren't you?"

Jim Warren nodded.

"It would be worth while to two or three of the railroads who have bills coming up this session to slip you something on suspicion," Tyson went on. "It never does a railroad harm to make friends among the people who can do things for 'em. In this case it would be a sort of retaining fee."

"I think I see," said Jim Warren slowly.

"Just drop a casual hint some day in the lobby in the presence of the right man," Tyson went on. "You'll find coin sticking in your coattail pockets before you can get home." He laughed again. "Don't ask me how it will get there—I don't know."

For a long time Jim Warren sat with his sinewy fingers interlaced, staring at Tyson.

"I'm chairman of Public Structures," he remarked irrelevantly.

"I was coming to that," said Tyson. He leaned forward and tapped Jim Warren's hand with one pudgy finger. "Now, Warren, you know and I know that those bills I put in for Tillinghast—those recreation-pier bills and the rest of 'em—haven't a chance to pass. You're making the fight for them and it isn't doing you any harm in that end of the state any more than it is doing Tillinghast harm; but we know, all of us, that they won't pass. However, there are a whole lot of contractors and steel men, and people to whom that work would have to go if the bills did pass, who don't know that they haven't a chance. I dare say one or two of those fellows would be delighted to pass over something just to know that you are on their side. As chairman of Public Structures—don't you see?"

Again Jim Warren was silent for a time.

"And Lewis would come across again without a murmur if you put it to him," Tyson went on.

"Lewis!" exclaimed Jim Warren. "How did you know that ——"

"He's made no secret of it," Tyson informed him cheerfully. He told the lie glibly. It was a guess and it had gone home. "He's put a few of us wise."

Lewis! The bare mention of the name brought a flush of anger to Jim Warren's face. Some day there would come a reckoning with Lewis. His steel-like fingers gripped in his palms.

"Well, say Lewis loosens up another thousand or so," he remarked; "say the railroads add a couple of thousand and the contractors and steel men still another thousand—what, after that?"

The piggy eyes of Representative Tyson grew large in his astonishment.

"Holy Moses! What do you want?" he exclaimed. "That's a fine lot of pickings for a first-year man—an amateur."

Jim Warren's teeth closed with a snap.

"It's a piker's game," he declared. "Do you imagine that three or four or five thousand dollars is of any use to me? It's the big game I'm after. That's cigarette money."

"You'd better get a piece of lead pipe and go into it right," Tyson advised. "I'm telling you how the game is worked. You wanted to know. Of course, if it's too small for you, I'm sorry, but I can't help it."

Suddenly Jim Warren arose and paced the length of the apartment half a dozen times. Tyson glanced at his watch; the poker game was still waiting. Jim Warren stopped in front of him abruptly. There was an unpleasant lowering of his eyebrows, a hardening of his mouth, a narrowing of the sky-blue eyes.

"Why not play the big game, Tyson?" he demanded.

"Cough it up; let's hear it."

"There happens to be before the House now a bill that provides for the building of a public bridge across the arm of the ocean which cuts in toward the capital here—Sandringham," said Jim Warren.

Tyson nodded.

"The purpose of that bridge will be to shorten the present wagon-road that goes around the water. It will cut off about two miles."

Again Tyson nodded.

"The Q. & X. Railroad follows the wagon-road now. If they had a bridge across that arm of the sea it would cut two miles off of their road and relieve them of the maintenance of two miles of railroad-bed that is built across the marshes. Do you follow me?"

"I know what you're talking about, yes."

"Well? Don't you see it?"

"See what?"

Jim Warren's calloused forefinger was thrust into Tyson's face; his eyes were ablaze.

"Don't you see, if there were a provision in that bill which would allow the railroad to use that bridge it would ultimately save them the price of a bridge? They'll have to build one sooner or later."

Slowly Tyson's rosebud mouth dropped open in pleased astonishment; suddenly it closed.

"Oh, but you couldn't put that over!" The dreamer was awake. "It's a fine young scheme, but ——"

"You talk like an idiot, Tyson," Jim Warren declared in sudden impatience. "We wouldn't have to put anything over. All we would have to do would be to get an amendment with this provision in it tacked on to the bill. Then, when it came to committee—do you see now?"

"No"—helplessly.

"I'm chairman of Public Structures—you are a member of Public Structures. The bill comes to us with that amendment tacked on. It would cost the Q. & X. just fifty thousand dollars for the committee to pass upon that bill, with the amendment, favorably. We don't care what they do with it after it leaves the committee. It would cost that much to get it through the committee. Do you see now?"

The rotund Mr. Tyson saw suddenly; he went sheer white with pleased astonishment. The superb audacity of this Jim Warren benumbed him with delight. He arose, gasping, and whacked his fist on the table.

"And they'd do it!" he declared. He waved his fat hands in the air. "They're easy down there anyway. If they saw a chance, even a remote chance, for that scheme to get by they'd do it. They'd fall for it. You're on! Oh, a pippin!"

A smile grew upon Jim Warren's face—a hard, unpleasant smile.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" he said. "Twenty-five thousand for me, ten for you, and the rest—split it up as you like."

"It would take months to do it, but it's worth it." Tyson's little soul fairly shriveled with envy of this gaunt, red-headed man who rigged schemes like that out of the ambient air. "I'm with you!"

"Well, it's going to take some work—get on the job," Jim Warren directed curtly. "You know the ropes; I don't. You see, Tyson, this thing of holding up people for five hundred here, and a thousand there, and two thousand yonder, is a piker's game. I'll play the big game or not at all."

Tyson's exuberance fled as another thought came to him; he grew grave.

"By the way," he queried, "do you happen to know that Franques would be the man we would have to deal with in Q. & X.? He did them some favor at some time; and after you passed him up they took him in."

"Well?" Jim Warren demanded belligerently. "Didn't I make a monkey of Franques once? I can do it again."

"I'm Ready to Go!"

THIS woman doesn't tire herself out running up and down stairs or from room to room. She telephones. She can call a servant, coachman or chauffeur, and communicate her instructions instantly. Her home is equipped with

Western-Electric Inter-phones

one of the greatest home conveniences ever made. Simply pressing the proper button automatically makes the connection and rings the person you wish to talk with. No central operator is required.

Inter-phones are made only by the Western Electric Company. They can be installed complete, including labor and all material, at a cost ranging from $6 to $30 per station, depending upon the type of equipment selected.

"SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT" — WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY — "TELEPHONE OUR NEAREST HOUSE"

If you own a home, or ever intend to, by all means learn more about Inter-phones. Just write our nearest house for Booklet No. 8266. It gives complete information on the different Inter-phone systems.

The Western Electric Company Furnishes Equipment for Every Electrical Need.

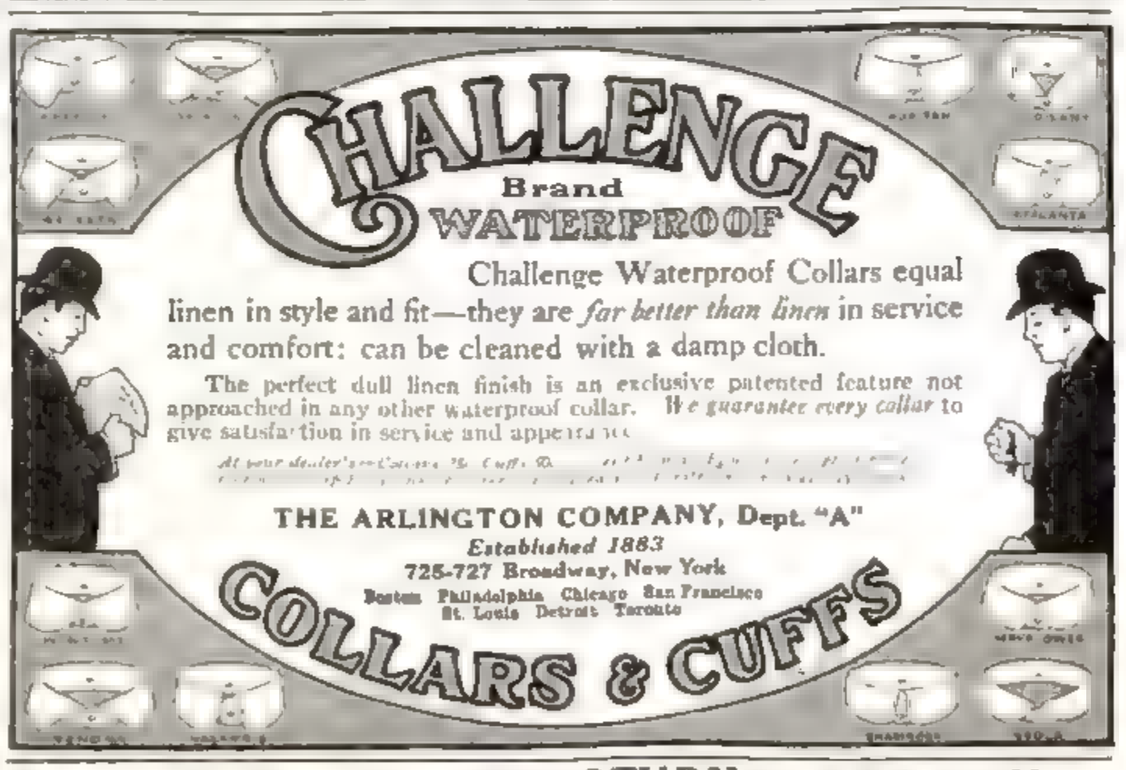
EVERY SET, TELEPHONE OR SWITCHBOARD, BEARS THE MONOGRAM OF THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg, Atlanta, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Montreal, Toronto, Berlin, Paris

Manufacturers of the 5,000,000 "Bell" Telephones

Winnipeg, Vancouver, Johannesburg, Sydney, Antwerp, Tokyo, Saint Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Dallas, Oakland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Salt Lake City, Lausanne



CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF

Challenge Waterproof Collars equal linen in style and fit—they are *far better than linen* in service and comfort: can be cleaned with a damp cloth.

The perfect dull linen finish is an exclusive patented feature not approached in any other waterproof collar. *We guarantee every collar* to give satisfaction in service and appearance.

At your dealer's or Canvas "A" Cuffs ... [illegible]

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, Dept. "A"

Established 1883

725-727 Broadway, New York

Boston Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco St. Louis Detroit Toronto

COLLARS & CUFFS

Roosevelt's Own Book "African Game Trails"

"The Book of the Year." N. Y. Tribune.

Agents wanted in every community to sell the sole account of Theodore Roosevelt's adventures, by his own hand. Strongest co-operation; large commission, monopoly of territory. For prospectus, write

Charles Scribner's Sons, 151 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

STUDY LAW at Home

Become a Lawyer — *LEGAL DIPLOMA*

We make your home a university. Leading Correspondence Law Course [illegible] We Guarantee to coach free any graduate failing to pass bar examination. Special Business Law Course. "Legally trained men always succeed." Over 4,000 students enrolled. Easy terms. Catalog and Particulars Free.

La Salle Extension University, Box 8011, Chicago, Ill.

Dole's Pure Hawaiian Pineapple Juice

A wonderful, new, Healthful all-the-year-round Drink.

Physicians prescribe it in throat, stomach and intestinal troubles. A refreshing drink during fever convalescence.

At Druggists, Grocers and Soda Fountains. Write for Booklet.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PRODUCTS CO., Ltd.

112 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

One dollar will now buy three times as much electric light as formerly because

Mazda Lamps

are nearly three times as luminous as old style electric incandescent bulbs.

Triple light and no increase in your monthly bills for current.

A trial will show you why G-E MAZDA Lamps are replacing other illuminants everywhere.

Begin with the rooms you want brightest during the long winter evenings and compare the brilliant "bottled sunshine" with any other light you ever saw.

Ask the electric light company in your city to show you what the G-E MAZDA actually does.

Do you realize that everyone can now afford electric light?

Write today for a helpful little booklet on "The Dawn of a New Era in Lighting" It tells how, when and where these lamps can be used to advantage, gives sizes and prices of lamps and reflectors, lighting plans and costs and much valuable information on modern illumination.

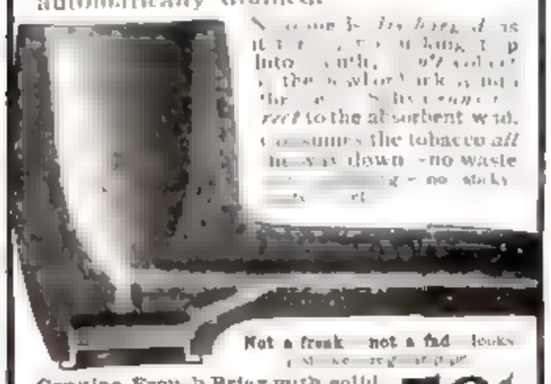
General Electric Company

Dept. 33 G, Schenectady, N.Y.

Dribole The real self-cleaning pipe

Simple, practical, perfect

Always dry, clean and sweet because automatically drained.



Not a freak—not a fad—looks

Genuine French Briar with solid rubber bit. Two styles—straight and curve . . . . **50¢**

At your dealer or by mail.

SHAW & LEOPOLD, 516 Montgomery Ave., Philadelphia

THE "CIRCLING WAVE"

is the latest invention and the Catchiest Amusement Riding Device in use. For price and catalogue write

Armitage & Guinn

23 Mill Street, Springville, Erie Co., N. Y., U. S. A.

During the next four days Jim Warren's bank account grew some forty-five hundred dollars. Tyson's conjecture that the railroads and a few big contractors would drop a few crumbs in Jim Warren's hands just for the sake of making a friend of him proved correct. . . . On the fifth day a messenger brought a note to Jim Warren's suite. He glanced at the superscription and it startled him; he opened the envelope with feverish fingers.

"*My dear Mr. Warren:* At last I have come to see what you meant. I owe you a thousand apologies. Will you call tomorrow afternoon at four and allow me to make them in person?

"Sincerely,

"EDNA TILLINGHAST."

Jim Warren was dazed a little; the words were jumbled together meaninglessly. After a long time the note fluttered to the floor, Jim Warren's eyes closed as though he were in pain and he dropped back limply into a chair, his face in his hands.

"What have I done!" he said.

XXIII

WHITE and haggard and gaunt, Jim Warren stalked back and forth across the drawing room as Edna talked. His hands were clenched savagely, his teeth crushed together. From time to time he turned flatly and looked down upon this woman with the misty eyes. She was apologizing to him; he owed the apologies, not she! Occasionally there was a little catch in her voice, a half sob, as she talked; then she recovered herself and went on bravely.

"There were days and days when I merely hated you for what you had said," she was saying in a low, tense voice. "I thought your innuendos were cowardly; I told you they were cowardly—and all the time you were merely trying to make me understand. I couldn't bring myself to believe that this man to whom I had given so much was anything but what I had pictured him in my own foolish dreams. When finally I did come to understand who he was and what he was"—she raised her moist eyes pleadingly—"you can imagine what it meant to me. Every shred of affection I had ever cherished for him died in that instant—the hate that I had directed toward you was turned upon him." She shuddered a little. "He had not only deceived me, lied to me, but he was a thief, a traitor, a criminal!"

Jim Warren strode toward her impetuously; she extended her hands defensively.

"Never mind all this," he said harshly. "It doesn't ——"

"Please hear me to the end," she begged. "I suppose you knew that I was betrothed to this man; and yet"—she spoke very softly—"it was hardly love, the feeling I had for him. It was rather admiration for what the man had done. I had no way of knowing—I didn't even dream of the manner in which he had gained his power. I only knew he had it; and woman is prone to worship the strong. Besides, he was going to make my father governor; he had already made him speaker." She paused suddenly and her limpid eyes reflected her agony and shame. "You understand, don't you?"

"I think I do." Again Jim Warren strode toward her; again she stopped him.

"When finally comprehension came," she continued in a strained, thin voice, "I went to my father and explained that the marriage would be—would be impossible."

A great gladness pulsed in Jim Warren's heart, softened the harshness of his face, melted the steeliness of his sky-blue eyes.

"The rest of it is ugly—ugly!" she said faintly.

"Please stop," Jim Warren urged.

"You know the ambition my father has? He wants to be governor and after that United States senator. If I should break my pledge to Mr.—Mr.—him—it would mean that all his power would be directed against my father to defeat him. My father saw it instantly and pointed it out to me. He too—my own father—had deceived me; but what could I do?" She stopped. Jim Warren started to say something. She went on hastily: "If my betrothal were allowed to stand it would hold his support to my father." Her face flamed suddenly. "You see I'm goods—I'm chattels—they're bargaining with me!"

Jim Warren's fingers closed and unclosed spasmodically. He would have given something at that instant to have

Accurate Work from Start to Finish

More than 40 Models for Special Requirements

That's the kind you do on a WALES Visible Adding and Listing Machine. Machine itself is infallibly accurate. The operator's accuracy is increased by every feature of WALES construction.

WALES Visible Adding and Listing Machine

WORK can be accurately checked as items are listed, for both printing and total are in plain sight. If operator carelessly touches wrong key he can instantly correct it by touching the right one. There is never danger of confusing sub-totals with totals. The "clear" signal, automatically printed opposite first item after total, insures accuracy from the start. The WALES Visible is the only adding machine that does print the "clear" signal automatically.

5-Year Guarantee

No other adding machine on the market has a 5-year guarantee. We give such a guarantee on the WALES Visible to show our unbounded belief in its superiority.

This guarantee is positive assurance of honest materials, honest workmanship and durability.

Free Trial Offer

Let us send a WALES Visible to your office. Test it alone or in competition with any or every other adding machine on the market. If you are not convinced then of its superiority we will remove the machine immediately. Isn't that a fair offer? Coupon brings particulars.

If you don't care to cut your magazine, write us, giving name of magazine and date of issue. We will know then exactly what kind of information to send you.

Pin Coupon to your Letterhead

Send [illegible] Visible [illegible] WALES Visible

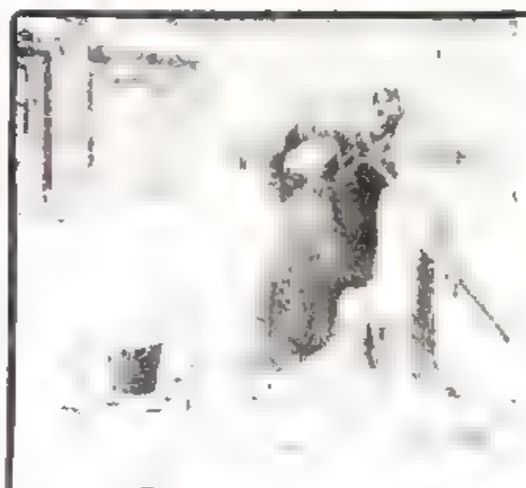
Name

Address

Business

THE ADDER MACHINE CO., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Agents in all Leading Cities



Why not have clean, fresh, Running Water Indoors?

Use running water—always ready—always convenient—in the house, in the barn, on the lawn. An unfailing supply of clean running water can be at your service day and night, winter and summer, no matter how far you are from city water works. No frozen pump or blistered hands, no bucket carrying, no bursting tank—when you have a

Leader Water System

In country or town—in the mountains, by lake or seashore, whatever the size of your house or the requirements of your farm or country place, the *Leader Water System* is made in a size to suit your needs. Both ***hard*** and ***soft*** running water, ***hot*** or ***cold***, always at your command.

The *Leader* is mechanically perfect, and operated simply with any power you use or wish to install, or by hand. It uses compressed air—most powerful force known to science—to purify well, cistern, spring or lake water, and to force it with steady flow to kitchen, bathroom, laundry, barn or dairy—water that's cool in summer, never freezing in winter, clean and palatable always. Constantly under high pressure, furnishing dependable **fire protection.**

Before installing a water system, read "*The Question of Water.*" This book tells you everything you want to know about Water Systems. It will be ***sent you free*** if you will send us the coupon below

Leader Iron Works

Decatur, Ill., and Owego, N. Y.

New York Office, 15 William St. Chicago Office, Monadnock Block

Cut out and mail this coupon

Leader Iron Works, 2009 Jasper Street, Decatur, Ill.

Without cost or obligation, mail me your book "*The Question of Water,*" with full particulars about Leader Water Systems.

Name _____

R F D or Box _____

Town _____ *State* _____

had them about the fat neck of the honorable speaker

"Finally I agreed to my father's wishes - I could do nothing else," Edna resumed. "The betrothal is to stand for the present, but I am going away—going away tomorrow, to be gone for months. I couldn't bear to remain here and live the lie that I should have to live. . . . I felt that I must make you understand before I went. I wanted you to know that I know who and what this man is. I want to apologize to you and I want to thank you." She sighed wearily. "That is all. You understand now?"

How trivial, how pitifully inconsequential it all was compared to the confession he—Jim Warren—had to make! She had believed in the man whom she was to marry. It was just and right that she should believe in him. But he, Jim Warren —— He drew a chair up opposite to her and sat down looking straight into her eyes.

"I want you to listen to me and I want you to understand every word I say," he commanded. He spoke rapidly, feverishly. "I want you to understand that it is I, and not you, who should make apologies."

She drew back a little, vaguely alarmed at the earnestness in his manner, at the directness of his gaze. He seemed not to notice.

"I went into this political game, or blundered into it, with a definite idea," he ran on monotonously. "That idea came before anything else, before it had ever occurred to me that it would be practicable to put it to the test. It was based on the exact knowledge that the political game, generally speaking, is played with marked cards. Why should not a clever man who was honest—that was the first requisite, honesty!—why should not a clever man who was honest step into the game, mark his cards to suit himself and play it out with them? In other words, bring himself down to their level, match them trick for trick, and go them one better! In the end it would all be, of course, for the sake of decency and honesty and the public good. There was a bare chance that such a thing could be done; and if it could be done it would purge the state capitol as no other thing in all the world would.

"Lewis was the big boss in my end of the state. I went to see him in my effort to break in. I didn't see him, but I did see Franques, his henchman, and made a deal with him that fitted in perfectly with the big idea. Briefly, he was to betray Lewis to me—and he did. Then, to clinch the big idea, I deposited a sealed packet in a certain bank here in Sandringham. I was elected. I used Franques as long as he was useful to me, then dropped him. In political parlance, I double-crossed him. That act of ingratitude - and it was that, nothing else—was the first step toward the carrying out of the big idea. It was necessary and—and ugly, as you say."

He stopped and his voice dropped a little.

"Meanwhile our paths in life—yours and mine—crossed and recrossed; and for political reasons it was necessary for Lewis to be decent to me in spite of the fact that I had smashed his power in his own district. . . . Then I learned you were betrothed to him. . . . Why, I don't know—but I wanted to make you understand what manner of man he was; I didn't believe you knew. That was the day I offended you so grievously. During the days following that, when you were hating me, you were constantly in my thoughts. I was trying to decide for myself whether you knew or did not know what Lewis was. I couldn't reconcile your attitude with the bald fact that the newspapers had been full of Lewis' exposure. . . . It was a long time before I reached a conclusion."

"And that conclusion—was ——" she queried softly.

"Forgive me," said Jim Warren. "That conclusion was that you did know, that you must know, who and what Lewis was; and the arrogance of wealth and power had made you callous to it. In other words, you knew and didn't care. Your attitude left me nothing else," he pleaded desperately in self-extenuation.

"Please go on," she said coldly.

"You see you owed me no apology—I owed every apology to you. I'm glad you've given me the opportunity of making them."

"Your conclusion was inevitable," she remarked, "just as mine had been. I understand."

Jim Warren arose and again he stalked back and forth across the room. Would he go on? Would he tell her all of it? After a moment he dropped down in front of her again.

"I knew you belonged to another man," he began bluntly; "and when I asked myself why I had taken the trouble to try to make you understand what manner of man he was, there was no answer. After all, it was none of my business. I tried to make myself think that; I couldn't. Then one day—the day you waved your handkerchief to me from the gallery—one day I knew. You were necessary to me; you were ——"

"Please don't!" she cried despairingly.

She extended her hands; he crumpled them in his own, like roseleaves. Suddenly he let them go and arose.

"Whatever you were, honest or dishonest, I wanted you," he went on violently. "I was poor and without position. It was necessary to have both to win you. In that instant I think I must have gone mad. I forgot honor and honesty; I forgot my pledges to the boys in Warburton; I forgot the big idea; I forgot all else in the world but you. It would be easy to get money with the temptations about me; I could force myself into a position in the game I was playing; I ——"

"You don't know what you are saying!" There was a sob in her voice. "You must not! You must not!"

"It was easy to get money," he continued relentlessly. "I started to get it. I got it. Here, there, everywhere, it was to be had for the stretching out of a hand." His voice suddenly softened. "I was going to win you from Lewis as Lewis had won you in the first place—by selling myself to the highest bidder, by crookedness, by thieving, by treason."

Edna sank forward, with her head in her hands. She was moaning.

"I have no defense save that I loved you and wanted you," Jim Warren went on very quietly. "Now, I've taken the step. I'm a crook like the rest of them I have taken bribes. I'm all that I've ever said of any man." He stopped, waiting for her to speak. "It seemed odd to me that the purest, sweetest thing of my life was to be won only by dishonesty; but I didn't hesitate."

For a long time there was silence, broken only by the girl's sobs. Jim Warren stood motionless, looking down upon the glory of her hair with drawn, white face. At last she struggled to her feet and faced him, her eyes swimming.

"You must," and she laid a slender hand on his arm—"You must return all that has come to you dishonestly—you must play the game as you intended to play it."

"You care, then?"

"Whether I care or not is of no consequence. Unwittingly I have caused you to become—become dishonest; now, for my sake, that you understand I am honest, you must be honest."

Jim Warren passed one hand across his brow. "Play the game as you intended to play it!" she had said. Through the shame of it all he saw a way. The big idea! His path lay straight as the arrow flies! The sealed packet in the vault! As it all came to him—the way to save himself—his face cleared, and for a scant instant there was a suggestion of that haunting grin on his lips. "Play the game as he intended to play it!" Hang it, he would; he was playing it that way!

"And understand, please," she was pleading in a small, weak voice, "that I am beyond your reach. I am still betrothed to another man. You must do all this yourself."

His blood flamed and swiftly his sinewy arms enfolded the shrinking figure. She struggled to free herself.

"I'll be honest," he said harshly. "I'll play the game as I intended to play it, but you must believe in me—come what will, happen what may, you must believe in me. Say you will! Say you will!"

"I will," she promised.

For an instant she lay there quiescent, overcome by the violence of this man, and a thrill of peace and content passed over her.

Jim Warren, going down the front steps, met Lewis coming up.

"Hello!" Jim Warren greeted bruskly.

Lewis nodded and stood motionless on the steps until the sturdy figure of the maker of plows vanished around a corner. Then he rang the bell.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Stevens-Duryea

After naming certain features, which are taken as a matter of course, true merit in a motor car lies in smooth action, power and endurance qualities wherein the 1911 Stevens-Duryea Six expresses twenty years of development. Send for our literature. It tells a story of interest and value.

STEVENS-DURYEA COMPANY, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

Licensed under Selden Patent

"Write Me a Letter, Old Man"

When your friend asks you to write, he wants you to concentrate on *him* for a few minutes and send him a message.

Old Hampshire Bond Stationery

means that your letter was not "scratched off" between a request for quotations and a kick for a discount. It means that you talk to your friends on

"The Stationery of a Gentleman"

Send for a Sample Box.

It is suggestive of a personal writing desk and personal thoughts and personality.

Send four cents postage, costs us five cents to mail. Address

Hampshire Paper Company
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE is unquestionably the finest boys' publication in the world. Special ... Walter Camp ... 25c ... The Boys Magazine ... newsstands at 10c a copy
THE SCOTT F. REDFIELD CO., 650 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

PRINT FOR YOURSELF

Cards, circulars, ... newspaper Presses $5 ... $18 ... factory for press ... TYPE ... cards, paper
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut

"RANGER" BICYCLES

... Coaster Brakes, Puncture Proof Tires, highest grade equipment and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels at or near our prices.

FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable ... $10 to $25

10 Days' Free Trial We ship on approval, freight prepaid, anywhere in U. S. ... DO NOT BUY a ... special prices and ... A postal brings ... Write ...

TIRES Coaster Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts and sundries ... Rider Agents everywhere are ... selling our bicycles, ... conditions. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. H-55 CHICAGO

TYPEWRITERS FACTORY REBUILT

Save $25 to $50 on any make of Typewriter ... Factory Rebuilt Typewriters ... in any way. Have the ... factory in the world with branch stores in leading cities. We guarantee for one year against defect in workmanship and material. Write for catalogue and address nearest branch office

American Writing Machine Co
345 Broadway, New York

Are You a Mason?

... GOLD, FREE, to one of ... No 3013 ... Genuine Pigskin or Genuine Seal, $2.25. Add 25c for ... and 25c extra for lady's name and ... Money back if not as represented ... Address
U. S. LEATHER GOODS CO. 2 4-6 S. Clark Street, CHICAGO

PATENTS: ... facts about Prize and Reward Offers and for books of Great Interest and Value to Inventors, send 5c postage to Pubs. Patent Sense, Dept. 35, Washington, D. C.

FINISHING 12 POSTCARDS, 35c

Developing rolls, 6 ex., 10c. Best cameras and photo supplies at money-saving prices. Write for our new Photo Book.

LAFLIN CO., Dept. K, Bush Temple, Chicago, Ill.

Hartford Tires

"The Tire that Lasts"

The Only Non-Skid Tire That Effectively Prevents Skidding and Retains Resiliency and Easy Riding Qualities

The Hartford Wire Grip Non-Skid Tire

(Midgley Tread)

The Hartford Wire Grip Non-Skid Tire is the *only* true non-skid that is resilient.
The *only* non-skid that does not rack and ruin the car.
The *only* true non-skid that does not mar the easy riding qualities of the car.
The *only* non-skid that you carry right with you in the tread of the tire itself.
In other words, it is a pneumatic tire and a non-skid combined.

We have taken a regular Hartford Tire, with all its superior Hartford Tire quality, and incorporated right into the tire itself four heavy coils specially made, specially treated steel wire. These steel coils coming into contact with the road's surface, the rounded coils wear through, becoming thousands of little spikes that grip the ground like cats' claws, although they do not detract materially from the resiliency and fastness. It doesn't take much stretch of the imagination to see that on a heavy limousine, touring or other car, these thousands of little metal spikes coming into contact with the road will obviate the dangerous side-slip or skid, does it?

Best of all, these tires are not new—not an experiment. They are time-tried, staunch and true. We have been manufacturing them for six years, and they give general and complete satisfaction.

Insure your car, its passengers and the public by putting them on your car *now*.

This tire is made in standard sizes. Dunlop, Quick Detachable Clincher and Clincher; also in millimetre sizes.

We sell Continental Demountable Rims

The Hartford Rubber Works Co., Hartford, Conn.

The Hartford Quick Detachable Clincher

BRANCH HOUSES:

NEW YORK, 57th St and Broadway
CHICAGO 12th St and Michigan Ave.
BOSTON 563 Boylston St
PHILADELPHIA PA 1334 Arch St.
DETROIT 256 Jefferson Ave.
BUFFALO 725 Main St
CLEVELAND 1831 Euclid Ave.
DENVER, 1064 Broadway
ATLANTA, GA 19 Houston St
MINNEAPOLIS, 622 3rd Ave
KANSAS CITY, MO., 710 E 18th St
DALLAS, TEXAS, 2029 Commerce St
ST LOUIS MO 19th and Locust Sts.

AGENCIES:

CHANSLOR & LYON MOTOR SUPPLY CO., San Francisco, Cal.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Fresno, Cal.; Seattle, Wash.; Spokane, Wash.
F P KEENAN CO., Portland, Ore.
JOS. WOODWELL CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.
MERCANTILE LUMBER & SUPPLY CO., Kansas City, Mo.

Hartford Tires — THE TIRE THAT LASTS

Elmore This $1,750 Elmore Produces Some Results That a $6,000 Car Cannot Give

It Has Double the Power Impulses of the Ordinary Car—Irrespective of Price

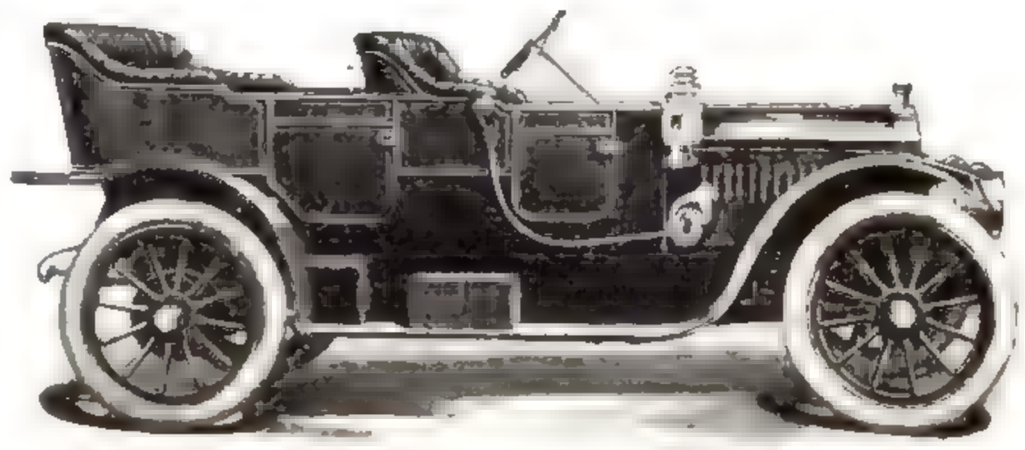
Isn't that rather a distressful thought to the man who owns a car of the highest cost?

Isn't it rather comforting to the man who has imagined that moderate cost means lesser efficiency?

You'll want a reason in your own mind why drivers of other cars are continually changing machines.

You'll want to know why Elmore owners buy more Elmores—why they talk Elmores on every opportunity—why they never cease advising the purchase of Elmore Cars.

Here's the dead wall of facts you will come squarely up against:



Five Passenger Touring Model 36-B, 50 H. P., $1,750

The Valveless High Duty Motor in Model 36-B gives the same power as the Elmore model sold last season at $2,500.

(With this excess of power at this season's price the distinctive Elmore ease of control is retained with all the special advantages of the new motor)

The gas distributor of the High Duty Motor admits gas early or late, as desired, producing at will a high or low powered car.

(Understand clearly this tremendous advantage for the Elmore driver, which cannot be obtained in any other car made.)

The Elmore, on high gear, can be driven at a lower speed than any other car, because of the unequalled frequency of its power impulses.

(To appreciate this tremendous advantage, compare the Elmore with an ordinary four cylinder car—or better yet, with the highest type of "six.")

With every revolution of the Elmore crank-shaft you have twice the power impulses possible per crank-shaft revolution of a valved motor.

(Six valved cylinders are much better than four, yet they are as far behind the Valveless Elmore as the four cylinder valved motor is behind the six)

The Valveless four cylinder Elmore has the same number of power impulses that would be created by an eight cylinder valved motor.

(Six valved cylinders add 50% to the number of outer parts demanded by four. Eight valved cylinders, by reason of doubling that complexity, are impracticable.)

Turning power—torque—must be proved satisfactorily by perfect control at low speeds without change of gear.

(Every engine shows great turning power at its maximum speed. The Elmore's sustained power and constant torque at low speeds put it in a special class.)

The Elmore has no small outer parts to keep in tune, no valves to regrind, no worry-makers of any sort.

(The only sure thing about a valve is that it should be repaired, reground or replaced at frequent intervals, to maintain the original efficiency of its cylinder.)

The efficiency of a valved motor depends absolutely upon the exact timing of its valves, and their actuation by means of twenty or more small outer parts on each cylinder.

(A valve which is not timed to the 1-200 of a second loses at least one-fifth of its efficiency.)

To sum the whole thing up, turning power—torque—depends upon sustained impulse.

(This one point goes right to the heart of the automobile proposition as regards any car ever made.)

You cannot get the turning power from a motor with valves that is produced by an equal number of Elmore cylinders, or by six cylinders against the Elmore's four.

(When all is said and done, turning power is the chief thing for which you exchange your dollars in buying any car.)

Therefore—you absolutely must measure the efficiency of every other car's motor by that of the Elmore

Roadster Model 25, 30 H.P., $1,200 **Touring Model 25, 30 H.P., $1,250** **Demi-Tonneau (Detachable) Model 36-B, $1,750**

ELMORE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 704 Amanda St., Clyde, Ohio

Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers Licensed Under Selden Patent No. 549160

THE "BEST" LIGHT

Gives 500 candle power. Casts no shadow. Costs 2 cents per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. No dirt. No odor. No grease. Agents wanted. Write for catalog, now

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th Street, Canton, O

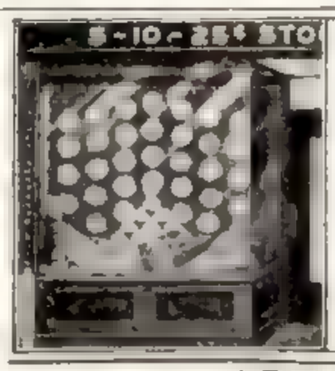
ARITHMETIC
SELF-TAUGHT

A plain, easily-understood volume for all who have not had the opportunity of learning the subject thoroughly or who have forgotten what they once learned. 237 Pages. Requires no teacher. This great little book sent postpaid for 50 cents. Stamps accepted, leather binding $1

GEO. A. ZELLER BOOK CO.
Est. 1870. 4470 W. Bells Pl. St. Louis, Mo.

Mount Beautiful Birds

We can teach you by mail to mount and stuff Birds, Animals, Game Heads, Fishes, Tan Skins, etc. Just what every sportsman and hunter needs. Quickly learned by our simple method. Success guaranteed. Free Book explaining our System and Taxidermy Magazine. Write today. Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 4011 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.



An Opening for a Retail Store

If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States. On my list are many places where a new store can start with a small capital and pay a profit from the beginning, with possibilities of growth into chains by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

EDW. B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?

People have saved thousands by obstruction gotten greater rental returns more comfort, ABSOLUTE SAFETY FROM FIRE and every dollar a wise expenditure. Whether [illegible] drawing your plans or beginning to build anything, be a big or small building, hotel, church, theater, school, etc., or the wisest home, have you started their plans or their plans?

F. W. FITZPATRICK, Consulting-Architect, "Station F," Washington, D. C.

Others have merely insisted that their architects have their plans revised and approved by that expert and without additional cost to the owners. Either way the fee is utterly insignificant considering the advantages to both owner and architect.

Mr. Fitzpatrick is recognized as one of the most [illegible] in design, many architects [illegible] compliments [illegible] the Fine Arts Commission [illegible] the Interstate [illegible]

It is well worth your while to write and find out — without cost to you — just how he can serve you.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c. FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c. Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 30 Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free.
CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4011, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago

Fine Rugs woven from **Old Carpet**
DENWORTH RUG MILL
3045-47-49-51 Boudinot St., Phila.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

FREE Murray Style Book

[illegible] Big Free Book today

Wilbur H. Murray Mfg. Co., 332 E. 9th St., Cincinnati, O.

PREPARE FOR COLLEGE or complete your high school work, at home, by our simplified correspondence methods. Our courses meet all entrance requirements.

"An Hour a Day Will Do"

Written by the heads of the famous [illegible] Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, The Lawrence, Lewis Agassiz, Michigan and other leading universities. The American School [illegible] and endorsed by the faculty. Write today, mention this magazine, and learn how part [illegible] plan of payment.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
3759 Drexel Avenue Chicago, U. S. A.

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES

Continued from Page 15

come. The utility of the pony is just beginning to be appreciated in this country; the amount of service that can be got out of one is remarkable.

"As to the question of what is the best location for a Shetland-pony farm, the answer is that they may be raised anywhere, but that rough and stony pasture land, unsuitable for almost any other kind of animals, with the exception of sheep, will maintain these tough and hardy little creatures in thriving condition. For this reason I should say that steep hilly land is the best location for the starting of a pony business, as the initial investment is much smaller. If I were going to start in the pony business again I should go to New England or some of the North Atlantic states and buy a farm, with all the buildings already on it. Rough hill pasture is what ponies want, and there is plenty of that to be had in the East at a cheap price. Again, a farm in the Eastern states is much nearer to the centers of population than the Middle-Western states. Small cities and country towns and villages are the best pony markets. This, also, is an important consideration. In selecting such a farm the beginner should be careful to get one that has enough meadowland to produce a small amount of hay and enough tillable land to produce the corn for the carrying of his herd through the winter.

"The amount of capital required to make a start in this business is small compared to that required to make a beginning in almost any other line. Good thoroughbred registered Shetlands for breeding purposes may be bought in this country for one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars. Though all the larger breeders make constant importations from the Shetland Islands and from Scotland, this is by no means absolutely necessary, as good stock may now be had in America. The Shetland pony is distinctly a cheap land product and I am surprised that the breeding of them has not become more general in New England and the more southerly of the Atlantic states, where an abundance of cheap hill-pasture land is to be had at surprisingly low cost."

He Backed His Own Game

The farming venture of Mr. Dudley Walker affords a very clear example of how a man may deliberately set out to find the right opportunity to do something on the side and get a start for himself on his own resources.

At the time when Mr. Walker decided to track Opportunity to her lair, he held a railroad position in which the official title was weightier than the weekly pay envelope. Not only did he wish to escape the treadmill of routine office work, but he also had a hunger for independence and was not entirely immune from the common complaint of getting back to the soil. He was a careful man and subjected every pleasing prospect to the most searching scrutiny. Whenever an opening presented itself to him he began to look for leaks and unpleasant surprises. At last, however, he made up his mind that there was money in small dairy farming conducted along somewhat original lines. Before he actually started in upon his enterprise he made a thorough study of the art of picking a good milking cow; and when he felt himself sufficiently fortified on this score he attended an auction sale, five years ago, and bought seven grade Jersey cows at an average cost of fifty dollars each. These animals all had a registered sire and were supposed to be good milking stock.

Meantime he had rented a twenty-five-acre farm in a suburb of Chicago. He was determined to win and for that reason did not stop at any personal pains in order to accomplish his purpose. His first selling transaction was to make a contract with the dining-car department of a certain railroad for his cream at eighty cents a gallon. This cream was required to test eighteen per cent butter-fat. He kept minute and exact accounts of all his expenses and found that from the start, with his seven cows, he was making a regular monthly profit of twenty-five dollars. Before long he found that he could increase his market and consequently he bought three registered cows.

Early each morning he put the milk through a hand separator and sent into the city an eight-gallon can of cream. With the addition to his dairy, his profit soon jumped to sixty dollars a month and later to seventy dollars. This convinced him that he was on the right trail. He decided to back his own game to a finish and consequently looked around for a favorable location. He found a farm of thirty-one acres not an hour's ride from Chicago. Although he could have bought better farming land for half the money elsewhere, the strategic location of this little farm decided the scales in its favor. It adjoined the grounds of one of the largest golf clubs in the West and was within a few rods of a station on an interurban electric line. He also figured that property values were almost certain to increase largely in that locality within a few years. Therefore he bought this comparatively high-priced land and put up a modest house on it.

One of his first moves in his new location was to make a contract to furnish the commissary department of the golf club with its milk and cream. Meantime his business with the railroad had been extended to all the trains of the line and with the addition of the golf-club trade he found that the demand was greater than his supply.

Growing a Crop of Confidence

He soon found himself facing this situation: Though the demand for his product was increasing, it was not entirely uniform. Occasional new customers were coming to him and his old customers frequently demanded increased quantities. Mr. Walker realized that a disappointed customer is a bad asset. He was in the business to build it up and therefore he must always be ready to meet the highest variation of the demand, to fill his maximum orders and not turn a customer away. The natural way of expanding his capacity seemed to be that of enlarging his herd, but there were several obstacles to this. His barn and his hired man were about "up to capacity." Again, there was a certain rigidity about his bank account that did not invite the strain that would have been imposed by building a larger barn and hiring another man.

Mr. Walker was a business man before he became a farmer on the side. This helped him to devise a way out that might not have occurred to the average small farmer. On the other hand, he was not in the game of fancy farming and had no fine notions of building up a special trade on an élite strain of milk, with the brand blown in the bottle. His life had been spent on city pavements and he had been brought up in the practical school of a railroad traffic office, where "business is business" every day in the week. The expedient to which he resorted was as simple as it was effective. Just beyond him, a little farther from the city, lay one of the richest dairying districts in the country, and he made arrangements with a milk shipper so that he was able to buy milk on order, from day to day, and have the cans dropped off at the platform of his station. Each day's order for the milk not produced by his own cows was placed in the evening, by telephone. In this way the troublesome problem of expanding his herd was admirably met.

This arrangement had been in progress but a short time when the greatly increased profits of the rehandled milk became apparent to him. At once he established a local milk route. He supplied his wholesale trade with the milk bought at wholesale from a farmer whose products he knew were good and produced under sanitary conditions, and used the milk from his own dairy for his retail customers.

Before he actually made a start upon his enterprise, and while he was devoting all his spare time to studying up the farming question from the theoretical standpoint, Mr. Walker became a consistent attendant upon stock sales and state fairs. At these gatherings he not only learned how to pick a good cow but he also became impressed with the fact that show swine almost invariably brought high prices. This observation came back to him very forcibly when once he was actually embarked upon his dairying enterprise and solved the problem of what should be done with the important by-product of his skimmed milk.

"Why not buy pigs that can be developed into show hogs," he asked himself, "and get a fancy price for them instead of raising just plain porkers?"

He did not take up this side line of his business without first carefully investigating

Serve the Unexpected Visitor

with Nabisco Wafers.

They add a new delight to light refreshment and turn your "little treat" into a feast of deliciousness.

The blending of delicately rich pastry and sweet centers captivates the taste of everybody.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—all the enthralling goodness of NABISCO—and covered with rich chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

UTICA PLIERS

"A Handier Tool Than the Hammer"

They give even the lady of the house "fingers of steel" to do a thousand and one things no other tool will do. A wonderful tool made new by superior design, material and workmanship.

Sold at Hardware and Electrical Supply Stores at such a price that you do not get your money's worth if you buy a substitute.

Pointed Matter on Request

UTICA DROP FORGE & TOOL CO., UTICA, N. Y.

By the Most Advanced Home-Study Method

Two Chautauqua Graduate Nurses

Mrs. Jane B. Marshall, Beverly, Mass
Mrs. Anna B C Potter Montreal, Ont

We have trained thousands of beginners and practical nurses in their own homes, to earn $10 to $25 a week. Send for our 10th 68-page Year Book, explaining method, with stories of actual experience by successful nurses

The Chautauqua School of Nursing

305 Main St., Jamestown, N. Y.

LEARN TO DRAW FROM THOSE WHO KNOW HOW

Illustrating and Cartooning

properly taught by mail. Pleasant and profitable work.

Correspondence and Local Classes

free

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
930 F Street, Washington, D C

Best grade cedar canoe for $20

We sell direct, saving you $20.00 on a canoe. All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make ... sizes, also power canoes. Write for ... prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes ...

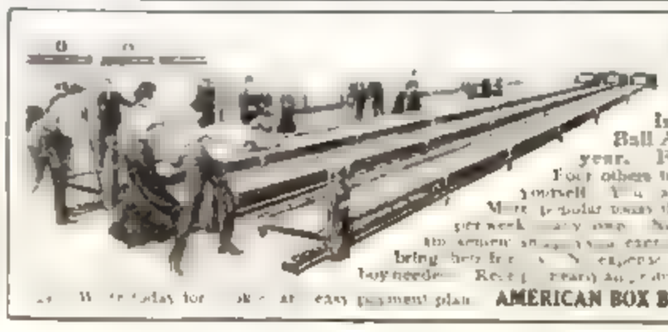
DETROIT BOAT CO., ... Detroit, Mich

Entertainments for the home and Plays for amateur theatricals. Send for free catalog

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING CO., 358 Dearborn St., Chicago

3000 GUMMED LABELS, Size, 1x2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog. $1.00

Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



$513 Clear Profit in 51 Days from an Investment of $150

Is the result from operating one American Box Ball Alley. Two others cleared over $2,000.00 first year. Four others over $1,200.00 in two months. Four others took in $3,200.00 in nine months. Go in this business ... Nearly 2,000 ... Three alleys pay from $... to $... each ... bring ... Write today for ... easy payment plan. AMERICAN BOX BALL CO., 263 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Indiana

Are YOUR Hands Tied?

Do you want [illegible] SPARE TIME earn more money? [illegible] could do [illegible] Don't think your hands are [illegible]

Get [illegible] ordinary *untrained* men—whose [illegible] *no further ahead*—for whom the future has no [illegible]

Put a [illegible] mark the coupon with a cross [illegible] it *to-day*, and let the International Correspondence Schools give you full information on how they can *help you* to succeed as they have thousands of others—to become an EXPERT in your [illegible] Then [illegible] you can [illegible] Mail [illegible] TARIY [illegible] pay due to I. C. S. help 3-3 in November.

Mark the coupon—make *your* beginning NOW!

This Coupon is for YOU

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1171, SCRANTON, PA.

Please [illegible] on my part, how I can [illegible]

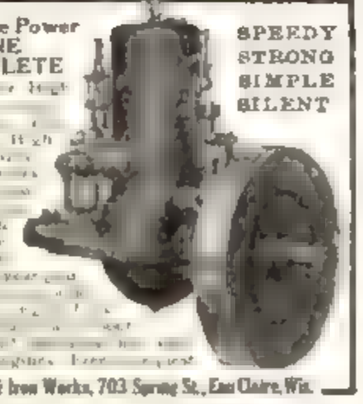
Automobile Running	Civil Service
Mine Superintendent	Architect — Spanish
Mine Foreman	Chemist — French
Plumbing, Steam Fitting	Languages — German
Concrete Construction	Banking — Italian
Civil Engineer	Building Contractor
Textile Manufacturing	Architectural Draftsman
Stationary Engineer	Industrial Designing
Telephone Expert	Commercial Illustrating
Mechanical Engineer	Window Trimming
Mechanical Draftsman	Show Card Writing
Electrical Engineer	Advertising Man
Electric Lighting Supt.	Stenographer
Electric Wireman	Bookkeeper

Name
Present Occupation
Street and No.
City State

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES FOR YOUR MARINE ENGINE

$40 2 Horse Power ENGINE COMPLETE

SPEEDY STRONG SIMPLE SILENT



Northwestern Steel & Iron Works, 703 Spring St., Eau Claire, Wis.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No positions — no "ruled lines" — no "shading" — no "word signs" and "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 10 days of home study. Write for full particulars, free, address, Chicago Correspondence Schools, 928 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

it. However, when he found out that, although many were breeding pedigreed swine and always exhibiting their best individuals, not a single man in the country was making a specialty of picking up little pigs that looked like fancy show specimens, he lost no time in putting his new idea into operation. To find the right kind of pigs from which to develop fancy show hogs has required more time and a wider investigation than would have been necessary in buying ordinary pigs to fatten for the market, but his plan has been almost invariably successful and highly profitable.

Ordinarily he pays fifty to seventy-five dollars for an especially choice thoroughbred pig of six to nine months of age. It is not unusual for Mr. Walker to receive as high as two hundred dollars apiece for the hogs developed from these pigs, and in several instances he has made even better sales than this. One of the show pigs that he raised was sold at public auction for eleven hundred and fifty dollars. He seldom attempts to raise more than five or six of these animals in a year and he realizes a handsome net profit on them of several hundred dollars.

Their main food, aside from the skimmed milk, is the garbage from the kitchen of the golf club, which is always to be had for the taking and which is described by his hired man as "the swellest garbage in the country!"

Finding the rehandling of milk and pigs to be decidedly profitable, Mr. Walker has extended the system to his own dairy, with the result that all of his original cows have been sold at a profit of not less than twenty-five per cent above their original cost.

Improving the Herd

Whenever a cow is sold it is replaced by a registered animal. All of his farm animals are maintained on the soiling system. He sows rye and winter vetch in the fall, feeds part of it in the spring and plows under the balance, sowing oats and Canadian field peas—three or four plantings—and sweet corn in succession. Then the field occupied by oats and field peas during the earlier summer months is sown to millet for fall use. About one-fourth of the acreage of the farm is in corn for ensilage and horse-feed. Mr. Walker admits, however, that the best soiling crop is alfalfa, of which he has six acres. From this system he gets four cuttings a year. His concentrated feeds are bran, oilmeal and cornmeal. For his grain feeds he pays out about two hundred and fifty dollars a year. As to his profits, Mr. Walker makes this statement:

"I cannot deny that my farming venture has gone beyond my expectations. In its early years it made enough money to enable me to give up my position and start in an independent business of my own in the city, one requiring quite a little expenditure of capital. I have not yet had quite six years of farming, but today my average monthly profits are greater by considerable than were my gross sales in the latter months of my third year. Now I feel that the little farm is back of the city business instead of the city business being back of the farm. About the biggest thing that the farm has done for me is to give me confidence that I can make a good living for myself and my family without regard to any man's payroll; and if my city business were not succeeding I should not have that feeling of hopelessness and consternation that I should otherwise be sure to experience.

"When I determined to make a start at small farming on the side my city friends had a generous amount of amusement at my expense. The idea that a man raised from childhood on the pavements of a big city could go out into the country and make a success of a small farm at all—not to say anything of attempting to do that on only a part of his time—struck them as being the height of absurdity. However, I was determined to find an opening; and I had to find one, if at all, right at home. My start had to be made while I could still stick to the payroll and back up the experiment with my salary; so it was impossible for me to go to another state or another climate. In short, I had to fight it out right on home ground; and I have reached the conclusion that a good many opportunities are overlooked at home that are just as good as those that many travel thousands of miles to find."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Forrest Crissey. The second article will appear in an early issue.

Sunshine Biscuit Bonbons

One box Free for the asking

We have some new dainties—the finest examples of the baker's art. If you will send us your address we will mail an assorted box.

Never before has anything like them been made on this side the Atlantic.

We want you to taste them then judge for yourself what they mean to your table.

They will also show you the skill employed in the Sunshine bakeries. These bakeries—built with a thousand windows—are the finest in the world. And we bake all sorts of biscuits here, from soda crackers up.

These biscuit bonbons—baked by us alone—will indicate how much it means to get the Sunshine brands.

Simply send us your address and the name and address of your grocer. A postal will do. The next mail will then bring you an assorted box of the finest of our productions. Then ask your grocer. If he cannot supply you, write us and we will see that you get them. Cut out this reminder so you won't forget. 201

A reminder to write to

Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.
181 Causeway St.
BOSTON, MASS.
for a free box of
SUNSHINE SPECIALTIES

Seeds, Plants, Roses, Bulbs, Vines, Shrubs, etc. Hundreds of carlots of FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES. 1,200 acres, 30 in hardy Roses, none better grown. 44 greenhouses of Palms, Ferns, Ficus, Geraniums and other things too numerous to mention. Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Roses, Small Trees, etc., by mail, postpaid. Safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. Immense stock of SUPERB CANNAS, the queen of bedding plants. Acres of Paeonias and other Perennials. Send for [illegible] cheap in Seeds, Plants, Roses [illegible] Catalog FREE. Send for it today and see what values we give for your money. Direct deal will insure you the best at first cost. 57 years. (12)

The Storrs & Harrison Co., Box 168, Painesville, O

10,000 SEEDS 10c

We want you to try [illegible] Prize Seeds [illegible] have selected 50 best varieties [illegible] 10,000 [illegible] especially to grow Prize Vegetables [illegible] will produce more than $25. worth of Vegetables and 10 bushels [illegible]

500	Seeds	Cabbage	3 Best Varieties	5	pkts.
2,400	"	Lettuce	4 " "	6	"
800	"	Onion	3 " "	3	"
1,000	"	Radish	4 " "	6	"
300	"	Tomato	3 " "	3	"
2,000	"	Turnip	4 " "	6	"
2,500	"	Flowers	50 Grand Flowering Varieties		

In [illegible] 10,000 [illegible] 10c
Credit Check [illegible]
FAIRVIEW SEED FARMS, Box 122 Syracuse N Y

Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices All leading varieties pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls, Eggs, [illegible] "Poultry for Profit." Tells how to raise [illegible] run Incubators successfully. Send 10c for [illegible]
J. W. MILLER CO., Box 12, Freeport, Ill

GALBRAITH "NEW LAND" FRUIT TREES

Free from Disease [illegible] Easier Heavy [illegible] Yearling [illegible] per 100. Great [illegible] Agents Wanted. Save [illegible] per cent. [illegible] Catalog free.
Galbraith Nursery Co., Box 48, Fairbury, Neb.

Government Reports show that **STRAWBERRIES** yield more dollars per acre and give quicker returns [illegible] Our Strawberry [illegible] teaches [illegible] ing, red berries. IT'S FREE

FREE BOOK
R. M. KELLOGG CO.
Box 38 Three Rivers, Mich.

60 Egg Incubator $5
Freight Prepaid
[illegible] today. Order from this advertisement.

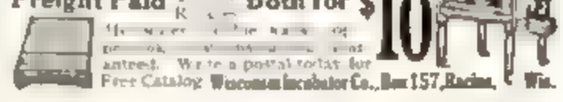
IDEAL 60 Egg Incubator $5.00
60 Chick Brooder $3.00
Both $6.50

Incubator and Brooder ordered at [illegible] Write for [illegible]
J. W. MILLER CO., Box 137, Freeport, Ill.

Fowls and Eggs

BIGGEST MONEY MAKERS
100 pens of pure bred, finest strain [illegible] Write [illegible] and [illegible] kind you [illegible] at right prices [illegible] Catalog FREE
Royal Poultry Farm, Dept 232, Des Moines, Ia.

125-Egg Incubator and Brooder Freight Paid [illegible] Both for $10



[illegible] ordered. Write a postal today for Free Catalog Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 157, Racine, Wis.

A Poultry Chance [illegible] Famous Queen Incubator [illegible] make good [illegible] plan. Long time free trial, [illegible] Hatchers that make [illegible] start you. Write for fine [illegible]
WICKSTRUM, Queen Incubator Man., Box 77, Lincoln, Neb.

Catalog Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co Miamisburg, Ohio

This is the $500.00 Prize Epigram—

"Get Santo-fied and be Satisfied"

To **"Get Santo-fied"** means to thoroughly VACUUM clean your furnishings in the home and elsewhere with the famous, silent-running

Santo Vacuum Cleaner

"Get Santo-fied and be Satisfied" is original and distinctive. It will stick in your memory. It is a positive command to do something and enjoy the great reward—the satisfaction of having your home clean and free from dust, dirt and the germs of disease tracked in from the streets.

Santo Epigram Contest

This was the most successful battle of wits known in many years. More than 200,000 people took part. They talked about it in public and private and held epigram socials in churches, clubs and lodges.

Epigrams were submitted by bankers, manufacturers, merchants, lawyers, statesmen, writers, clerks, and their wives and daughters—in fact, by people in every walk of life. They came from every state and territory—from Canada, Mexico, Panama, England, France, Portugal and China.

The Contest closed December 1, 1910. It required nearly a month to decide who won. Many thousand contestants violated the conditions by sending their epigrams on plain paper or by writing several epigrams on the special blank which provided spaces for not more than six words. Originality was also a condition, but several thousand epigrams consisted of Scriptural quotations or phrases from well-known advertisements. All these were ineligible.

The final selection was made by a special committee composed of Mr. Theodore B. Creamer, late of N. W. Ayer & Son, and author of the advertising of a famous smoking tobacco; Mr. J. C. Chevalier, of the Geo. L. Mitchell Co., our Advertising Agency; and the Manager of our Advertising and Sales.

The originality, advertising value, psychological value, flexibility and the adaptability of each epigram to Santo advertising were carefully considered. Each epigram selected for a prize was subjected to a majority vote of the committee.

Finally the 85 winning epigrams were printed in the form of a ballot and submitted to the Santo agents and dealers for their vote for place. The result of this ballot, giving the choice of 95% of our agents, is as follows:

The Prize Winners

FIRST:—"Get Santo-fied and be Satisfied"—Mrs. A. S. Hickerson, Ferguson, Mo.—$500.00.

SECOND:—"A Clean Sweep for Good Health"—Frederick C. Spitz, Rochester, N. Y.—$250.00.

THIRD:—"Man! Get your Wife a Santo"—by Albert Nyvall, New York City—$150.00.

FOURTH:—2 prizes—each a SANTO Electric Cleaner at $125—Elbert Hubbard, East Aurora, N. Y., and Hugo Heinman, Little Rock, Ark.

FIFTH:—10 prizes—each a SANTO Hand Power Cleaner at $65.00—Mrs. R. E. Wells, Coshocton, Ohio; John J. Kelly, Dorchester, Mass.; Arthur R. Earnshaw, Riverton, N. J.; C. P. Handll, Cambridge, Mass.; F. G. McGuire, Kansas City, Mo.; H. S. Conrad, Philadelphia, Pa.; Clayton C. Phillips, Erie, Pa.; F. E. Turtison, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Rose T. Goodwin, Nashville, Tenn.; T. A. B. Putnam, New York, N. Y.

SIXTH:—30 prizes of $10.00 each—Mrs. Harold S. Ward, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Charlotte Hahne, Oakland, Cal.; A. Shafer, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. John C. Williams, Kansas City, Mo.; Edw. Mende, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thos. A. Patton, Davenport, Iowa; Mrs. Wm. S. Heffernan, Seattle, Wash.; Chas. A. Darlington, Des Moines, Iowa; Warren L. Peck, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Virginia Patterson, San Antonio, Texas; J. H. Reese, Miami, Fla.; James Lenaghan, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Brady, Williamsport, Pa.; Edw. L. Bolce, Cincinnati, Ohio; P. E. McCullough, Los Angeles, Cal.; K. H. Calkins, Joplin, Mo.; Mrs. C. H. Wiley, Anna, Ill.; Mrs. W. J. Lennox, Chino, Cal.; C. S. Milliken, Pasadena, Cal.; Mrs. Jas. Stone, Florence, Mass.; Nellie A. Murphy, Philadelphia, Pa.; E. H. White, Cleveland, Ohio; Edgar G. Bradford, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mary H. Yeamans, Whitehall, N. Y.; Miss Frances Colby, Oakland, Cal.; Mr. Ormon F. Bassett, Wenonah, N. J.; J. C. Hackney, Wortham, Texas; F. G. Stough, Teague, Texas; Franklin Boushee, Vienna, Va. ($3.33); Beside R. Cause, Vancouver, Wash. ($3.33); Roy F. Jackson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. ($3.33); John J. King, Waltham, Mass. ($3.33); Francis Wesely, Savannah, Ill. ($3.33); Mrs. Geo. R. Ansell, Seattle, Wash. ($3.33).

SEVENTH:—40 prizes of $5.00 each—Clarence White, Fort Collins, Colo.; Gordon Dalrymple, New York, N. Y.; O. B. Hammerschmidt, Sycamore, Ill.; A. B. Van Dyke, Minneapolis, Minn.; F. W. Rollin, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Maude Shaw Grant, Merchantville, N. J.; Rudolph Kuehn, Milwaukee, Wisc.; J. G. Stone, Houghton, Mich.; A. Wall, Milwaukee, Wisc.; Carrie Raley, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. S. H. Barspoole, Sultan, Wash.; Mrs. J. A. Weidrum, Vernon, B. C.; J. T. Stern, Logan, Iowa; Mrs. Jas. A. Sloan, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. J. H. Hill, Smith Center, Kans.; Leroy F. Hodges, Denver, Colo.; A. C. Swann, Denver, Colo.; G. F. Pease, Denver, Colo.; J. T. Norton, Denver, Colo.; Dr. R. A. Tate, Coffeyville, Kans.; M. B. Dean, Chicago, Ill.; R. C. Shepherd, Sacramento, Cal.; Loring Underwood, Boston, Mass.; Marie Patterson, Salt Lake City, Utah; Wm. Bloomer Pollock, Belleville, N. J.; Josephine V. Hoskins, Brazil, Ind.; Henry B. Mitchell, Athens, Ga.; Albert Bader, New Orleans, La.; Miss Eliza D. Williams, Tompkins Cove, N. Y.; Perce L. Ingraham, Philadelphia, Pa.; Chas. Sutley, Franklin, Pa.; Miss I. D. Amster, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. F. Peters, Victoria, B. C.; May Merchant, Camden, N. J.; A. Buechlaum, St. Louis, Mo.; Herbert Cressen, St. Louis, Mo.; L. C. Sturgeon, Seattle, Wash.; Miss Sarah Chauncey, Clarksburg, W. Va.; Mrs. J. Carlisle Lord, New York, N. Y.; Emory J. Levy, Chicago, Ill. ($2.50); Mrs. Mabel Osborne, Benton Harbor, Mich. ($2.50).

In the $10.00 list of winners there were triplicates of two of the epigrams, and in the $5.00 list the last two winners submitted the same epigram. In these cases the prizes were divided.

We have published a complete history of this fascinating Contest and its results. The winning epigrams are given in full. It will be sent to contestants by Santo agents and dealers, or it may be obtained by writing direct to us.

This Contest proved conclusively that the SANTO is the best known and most widely advertised portable Vacuum Cleaner in existence. You cannot do real vacuum cleaning without a real *vacuum* cleaner. The SANTO never fails to give you what you want. It is only a question of time until you will own a SANTO—Get it now—for cash or on convenient payments.

"Get Santo-fied and be Satisfied"

The SANTO is guaranteed for life and furnished with tools for 20 uses. Our "Dustless Home" booklet tells all about it. Your name on a postal brings a copy by return mail.

KELLER MFG. CO., Dept. P 3, Philadelphia

$2618 Profit Per Acre

On a patch of ground containing 840 square feet, C. C. Woodruff, of Illinois, raised produce that netted him $51.34—or at the rate of $2618 per acre. He probably could not have made that much on a full acre, but his figures go to show how many ways there are to make and save money in the ordinary small garden. There is money in back yards.

If Your Garden Isn't Producing Good Profit
It's Not the Garden's Fault

There is a gold mine in your garden if you know how to find it. You don't have to seek far or work hard to locate it. You simply have to *know* a few things, either by experience or from some one who is an expert garden-miner. One of the latter now offers to owners of small gardens the new booklet

"GARDEN GOLD"

written to show you how to get produce and profits out of your garden. Hundreds and thousands of people have done it—men like Chas. C. Woodruff, of Illinois, who raised fifty-five dollars' worth of produce on 840 square feet of ground—at the rate of $2,805 worth per acre a season; or H. S. Weber, a Pennsylvania gardener, who figured his year's receipts on a patch of seven acres at $1700.

Read these subject headings that occur here and there in this great little book, and then read how you can get it at a bargain:

"Locating the Garden Mine," "Small Areas Most Profitable," "The Secret of Drawing Fertility from the Air," "Planting Pointers," "Methods of Keeping Moisture in Soils," "Storing for High Winter Prices," "$500 Annually per Acre" (from Celery), "Sweet Potatoes, a Paying Specialty," "How to Market Vegetables," etc., etc.

Reduce the Cost of Living

If you raise no garden vegetables for market, you can still raise them for your own table; it is amazing how even a tiny back yard can cut down huckster bills. All it needs is intelligent care and a handbook that is especially adapted for **money-making in small patches** of ground—in other words "Garden Gold."

There is only one way to get this new and valuable work, and that is with Farm Journal.

Farm Journal comes once a month, and each copy is a kind of little brother to "Garden Gold." It is an intimate, friendly, neighborly sort of paper with well written departments that will appeal to every member of your family. Every page is full of the soundest, most practical reading, the most helpful information on gardening, poultry, horses, berries, fruit, the dairy, and all the multitude of farm interests. A splendid new series of articles called "Back to the Soil," by city people who have actually gone to the country, and who give the most absorbing accounts of their successes or failures. Farm Journal is the standard agricultural paper of the world. Has 750,000 subscribers already, and insists on a full million. Regardless of what you may think *now*, it is the paper for you if you have a back yard, a berry patch, a fruit tree, a few hens, or any patch of ground as large as a napkin. Unlike any other paper.

You get Farm Journal for four years with "GardenGold," postpaid, for only . . . . . $1.

Book and Paper may go to different addresses if necessary

"Garden Gold" and Farm Journal will make money for any garden owner who will read them. Just cut out and mail the coupon.

Farm Journal, 158 Clifton St., Philadelphia

If you order within TEN DAYS, we will also INCLUDE FREE "Poor Richard Revived," splendid 48-page almanac for 1911, full of wit and wisdom.

FARM JOURNAL
158 Clifton St., Philadelphia

Gentlemen—I enclose $1.00, for which send "Garden Gold" (postpaid) and Farm Journal for four full years, to

Name_____

P.O._____

R. F. D. or St._____ State_____

Include the Almanac FREE if this order is received in time.

Typewriter Secrets Brought Into Daylight

To the man who is content to pay the full price for a standard typewriter, without question, we have nothing to say.

But to the man who realizes that the full price is due to the keen competition of high-salaried sales forces and expensive salesrooms, we offer food for thought.

Our new selling plan makes it possible for you to buy a typewriter of standard name and fame, at *one-half* the market price and on *very small payments*.

These typewriters represent the climax of countless superforities found only in the best makes, besides many exclusive features not contained in any other.

This selling plan is not founded on theory—not on guesswork—but on actual, provable economy, which obtains for you the exact value you pay for it.

Send for free information giving you the inside facts—the secrets. Learn how you can save one-half the full price and about the easy payments without interest—how you can obtain a standard visible writer in your home or office on five days' free trial—*no deposit*.

We will not send a salesman or agent—we won't try persuasion.

It costs you nothing to investigate—we will gladly tell you all about it and then leave it *all* to you—*WRITE*.

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
822-57 State St., Chicago

Out of a Job?

You may be "out of a job" and weakly waiting for a new one at the same old work, when by a simple test of your mental abilities you might show yourself a giant in earning power.

Make more than merely "a good" salary. Just by common sense and intelligent industry you can make more than, or at least as much as, you ever made in the past. You can do this by taking charge of the subscription work of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Every old and new order pays a large commission. Definite salaries are also paid. We train, advise and stand by you. Try it while "out of a job" and you will find that it will be the only one you want.

Agency Division

The Curtis Publishing Company
PHILADELPHIA

3 Salesmen Wanted at Once to sell an advertised, all year round line of special footwear to trade. Big demand, liberal proposition. Address
YIPSI INDIAN SHOE CO., Ypsilanti, Mich.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for FREE SEARCH
Books, Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions Wanted **FREE**
WATSON E. COLEMAN, *Patent Lawyer*, **Washington, D. C.**

48 BREEDS Fine pure bred chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Northern raised, hardy and very beautiful. Fowls, eggs and incubators at low prices. America's greatest poultry farm. Send 4c. for fine 100-page **17th Annual Poultry Book.**
R. F. Neubert, Box 786, Mankato, Minn.

WORK for YOURSELF

The PECK Patented PENCIL SLOT MACHINE
Price $15.00

Is the very thing for the man with a small amount of capital who wants to establish a profitable business.

The Peck Patented Pencil Slot Machine is the only machine of its kind in the world. Its construction is superior to that of any other slot machine. Sells an article that is used by *everyone every day*. Sold *outright—no royalties.*

Machine sells lead pencils of any standard size or make. Can sell 25 to 50 pencils a minute. Each pencil yields at least 100% profit. Can be set up in stores of all kinds, newsstands, cafés, railroad stations, near schools, or other public places.

A few sales per day quickly pay for the machine.

Machine built of green and gold enameled steel—12" high, 12" wide, 6½" deep—weighs 18 lbs.—holds 144 pencils in plain sight of buyer—guaranteed slug and thief proof.

Order 1, 2 or 3 machines as a trial. Send money with order. We prepay express charges to all points. Orders filled on day received—no delays.

If machines don't make good, return them at our expense. We will refund purchase price.

Exclusive city or county rights considered where machines are bought in large quantities.

E. W. PECK CO.
1123 Broadway
New York

PARIS GARTERS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

NO METAL can touch you

A. STEIN & Co. Makers
Congress St. and Center Ave. Chicago

Artistic MISSION LAMP

$1.98

This lamp is made of Oak, Mission finish. 19 inches high, with handsome 4-panel Art glass shade of amber or green and white, 12 inches square. Fully guaranteed. Sent C. O. D. on approval, complete for gas or electricity as ordered, and subject to examination. Price $1.98. Bead fringe 75c extra. Send for new catalog in colors showing designs of

Chandeliers, Portables and Domes

made of Oak, Mahogany, Maple, etc., finished to match any interior. Very beautiful and artistic. Never tarnish.

For Gas or Electricity
Other designs for oil

MARION MISSION FIXTURE CO., Dept. B 1, Marion, Indiana

KEITH'S No. 1279
New Building in Indiana

My latest books of plans, giving views, sizes, costs, etc., are:					
100 Small Cot. and Bung.	.50	226 Cstg.	$2000 to $2500	$1.00
93 Cstg.	$800 to $1200	.50	191 "	$2500 to $3000	$1.00
138 "	$1200 to $1600	$1.00	207 "	$3000 to $4000	$1.00
202 "	$1600 to $2000	$1.00	172 "	$4000 and up'd	$1.00

W. J. KEITH, Arch., 1628 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

$1 English Knock-about Hat

A stylish, serviceable hat for dress or business. Genuine English Felt. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Broad outside band. Would sell for $2.00 in most hat stores. Colors: Black, Gray Mixture, Brown Mixture, and White. Weight 4 oz. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. State size and color wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed. Genuine Panama Hats $1 and up.

Panama Hat Co., Dept. A, 330 Broadway, New York City

WHAT WAR IS

(Concluded from Page 13)

judge to infamy. No nation should do so. The man who sits in judgment in his own cause violates the first principle of natural justice and is dishonored. So should nations be that insist upon doing so. As for honor, no man ever dishonored another; no nation ever dishonored another. It is impossible—all honor wounds are self-inflicted.

"War," said Carnegie, drawing his chair back from the heat of the log fire, "means the slaughter of the innocent. It is the greatest evil of the age and there is less excuse for it than there was for the bludgeon methods of the cavemen. We are enlightened, the cavemen were in darkness.

"Just as wise and conclusive would it be to flip a coin to decide questions of honor as it is to send armies of men to kill other men, none of whom knows why he is engaged in the fight.

"The mad preparations for war all over the world are increasing the cost of living. The cost of armies and navies for 1910 was tremendous. To Great Britain the cost was $315,000,000; to Germany, $287,000,000; to Russia, $281,000,000; to the United States, $262,000,000; to France, $227,000,000; to Japan, $95,000,000; to Italy, $84,000,000. And those figures do not include the enormous cost of pensions. In the United States the total expense overtops $400,000,000."

To Senator Root, in all probability, will be intrusted the preliminary work of drawing up a charter for the foundation and the plans for its scope and procedure.

"We have now," said Mr. Root, "a fund sufficient to employ men of large powers and intellect to study the subject of war intelligently, just as disease and social problems have been studied. It is a vast subject and one requiring careful and painstaking investigation. The question of the codification of international law is likely to be taken up as soon as we have completed the first investigation, a minute study of the cause and effect of war.

"The three main causes of war are: first, real differences between countries in which each believes it is right; second, questions of policy, where one nation seeks by aggressions to increase its trade or acquire territory; and third, matters of feeling, where nations are aroused and the people clamor for war.

"Of these three causes, the last is the most dangerous. When the people become indignant over some insult or injury they become aroused beyond themselves. They are hard to restrain, and war may be precipitated without recourse to careful consideration of the reasons therefor.

"I do not think that the present difficulty in the way of peace is an unwillingness to arbitrate, but rather a fear that nations cannot get from any tribunal an impartial decision. The great differences in the way nations look at the same question, the vagueness of international law, and the differences in custom, make the temporary tribunal an uncertain body.

"The next step in the achievement of international peace is the substitution of real courts for the present arbitration boards—permanent courts where judges will pass upon the rights of nations as they do upon the rights of individuals.

"Let these judges be men whose life-work is to be the decisions between nations. They will soon become familiar with the ways of all peoples and their various ways of thinking. Precedents will be established and the code of international law will become as firmly established as the Constitution of the United States is today."

"The commercial exchanges," said Mr. Carnegie in the portion of his plea that will make the greatest appeal in these days of commerce, "annually exceed twenty-five thousand millions of dollars in value and are constantly increasing. The nations are partners in this enormous traffic. Why should any two of these be permitted to go to war and thus disturb this world commerce in which we are all interested? Every nation has a stake in the world's peace, and as partner has a right to insist that should disputes arise these must be amicably settled."

Mr. Carnegie is so strongly convinced that war will become obsolete that he has provided for the future uses to be made of the interest on the trust bonds. The money, he says, is to be used to abolish the next greatest evil.

This
Kelly Motor Truck

is delivering three times the service obtainable with horse-drawn trucks and saving its owners 25 cents a ton, doing it.

Read what the users of this truck write to a prospective motor truck buyer

THE DALZELL BROTHERS COMPANY, Youngstown, Ohio.

Gentlemen.—Our truck is a three-ton truck and while we do not always load it to capacity, we often load it as high as four tons.

Our plant is about 6½ miles from the heart of Kansas City, and we are able to make three trips to the city and back, with ease, whereas we were only able to make one trip a day with teams.

Kansas City is very hilly, but we have never found a place that we could not reach with the truck.

Taking into consideration all cost in connection with the truck, including repairs, and liberal depreciation, we are able to deliver our goods 25 cents a ton cheaper than we could with teams.

KANSAS CITY STRUCTURAL STEEL COMPANY.
(Signed) NEIL G. LILLEY, *Secretary and Auditor.*

This is a single instance, from a representative industry, of the character of letters we receive every day from users of Kelly Motor Trucks in almost *every* industry.

There are Kelly Motor Trucks in service today that have been in continuous service for five years.

The per ton mile operating cost of Kelly Motor Trucks is lower than that of any other trucks made in America or Europe—as was substantially proven, three times running, in the great motor truck contests at Philadelphia, Boston and New York.

Write us today for full particulars of Kelly Motor Trucks as related to your particular line of business. Ask us also to put you in touch with the nearest Kelly Motor Truck agent.

The Kelly Motor Truck Company, 200 Burt St., Springfield, Ohio

Buffalo Bill Outshoots Himself With It

"IN reply to your inquiry: A friend gave me a 10-shot Savage Automatic for Christmas. It is the first automatic I ever owned or fired. I had turned them down without trial, and stuck to my old army revolver. Today I took the old revolver and the Savage Automatic out and fired each fifty times, making, to my surprise, a much better score with the Savage than I could with my old pet gun." Yours very truly, W. F. CODY (Buffalo Bill).

DO you realize what an event in the history of firearms was this quiet little test of Col. Cody's out on his ranch in Wyoming?

It is an event which proves that the Savage Automatic *does* make novices able to shoot expertly. For, unless the Savage Automatic does aim as easily as pointing your forefinger, Col. Cody, with hand trained to the cramping revolver grip, could never have picked it up with careless abandon and beat his "old pet gun." It is an event which proves beyond argument that the Savage Automatic *has* revolutionized all aim in firearms.

GET "BAT" MASTERSON'S GUN FIGHTER BOOK

"The Tenderfoot's Turn," written by the famous ex-Sheriff of Dodge City—another gun expert. Free for your dealer's name. If you'll examine the Savage Automatic at your dealer's today you'll banish burglar fear from your home tonight—by getting one. A sure way to forget to get one is to put it off.

THE NEW SAVAGE RIFLE BOOK goes to any asker, free, and convinces him that no rifle has yet matched up with the great Savage 303 and other calibres. Savage Arms Company, 71 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

A Glove for Every Man at Work and Play

HANSEN'S GLOVES

If You Drive a Motor Car

You'll have the pick of a dozen Hansen Auto Gauntlets—all fingers free or one or two fingers free or the "Unclumsy" mitten. Some lined, some not. Ask for them by name: Hansen's Six Cylinder, Hansen's "Adjusto-Wrist," Hansen's Trophy, and others. Prices from $5.00 down to $2.50.

If You Drive a Locomotive

Only a Hansen can give you perfect ease of movement with complete comfort and long service. Not a seam to hurt the hand. Water, steam and heat proof. Different styles, each branded Hansen's Glad-Hand Gauntlet. Prices, $1.75 and $1.50. Hansen's Leader, $1.25.

If You Fire a Locomotive

You will find perfect hand protection, comfort and wearing quality only in a Hansen. Heat, steam and water proof, and seamless inside. Different weights and colors. Ask for Hansen's Protector Gauntlets. Every pair stamped. Prices, $1.75 and $1.50. Hansen's Leader, $1.25.

If You Are a Switchman

Nothing but a pair of Hansen's Mittens will do you when you know them by experience. Soft and pliable—cannot stiffen, shrink, crack or peel—and they last. Ask for the Switchman's Special. Prices, Reindeer and Drab Horsehide, $1.25. Yellow Horsehide, $1.00.

If You Are a Lineman

You want comfort and thorough protection without unwieldiness. That's Hansen's. Our special for linemen meets the exacting requirements necessary in this work. Made in different leathers. Plainly stamped Hansen's Special Linemen's Gauntlets. Prices, $2.00 down to $1.50.

If You Are a Bridgeworker

You are in need of gloves that will stand the hardest wear and tear. You need Hansen's. Several makes especially for bridgework. Let the dealer show you. All plainly stamped Hansen's Special Bridgemen's Gauntlet. Prices, $1.75 and $1.50.

"Made to Order"

If you wear gloves at your work—whatever that work may be—Hansen has made a glove to *your order*. Not until you get that particular Hansen glove will you know what it is to work freely and in thorough comfort in the coldest or wettest weather. The same is true if you motor, drive, ride, fish or hunt.

made in hundreds of styles and grades—each style designed and constructed for a particular class of workers or sportsmen.

They are made from leather—mostly horse-hide, of the special Hansen tannage, guaranteed never to harden, shrivel, crack or peel. They fit like kid and wear like raw-hide.

Never bulky nor clumsy—perfect protection without sacrifice in nimbleness of movement. When soiled wash in gasoline. They dry out as soft, pliable, fresh and shapely as new.

Find *your* glove at either side. Pick your grade and price by name. If not at your dealer's, write us, giving dealer's name. We will see that you are supplied. *There is no substitute for the Hansen you want.*

"Built Like a Hand"

Write for the booklet that illustrates and describes the glove or mitten Hansen has made to fit *your* hand and *your* work or sport. Hansen's gloves are *made* in all different sizes—not merely *marked* differently. Send us the coupon—checking style in which you are interested.

O. C. HANSEN MFG. CO.

100 Detroit Street *Milwaukee, U.S.A.*

Hansen's "Unclumsy"

Auto Mitten for cold weather driving. Lined with imported lamb's wool, wool side towards hand. Soft and pliable as kid. Wetting does not harden or injure the leather. The longer it is worn the softer it gets. Cannot shrivel, shrink, crack or peel. Perfect snugness, comfort and fit. If your dealer cannot supply you mail the money (with diagram of hand and size of kid glove), and we will send mittens prepaid—money back if they don't suit. Write for booklet. Price, $5.00.

If You Ride or Drive a Horse

wear Hansen's Special Driving Gloves or Gauntlets. Different colors. Cannot get stiff or hard, no matter how often they get wet. Never shrivel, shrink, crack or peel. Look for woven label Hansen's Dan Patch, or the gauntlet stamped Cavalry Special. Prices, $2.00 down to $1.50 per pair.

If You Hunt or Shoot

You know the need of a warm mitten and a free finger for prompt action. Possible only in a Hansen. Hunting will hold added pleasure if you wear Hansen's Hunting Mittens. The longer you wear them the softer they get—cannot crack, peel or shrink, will wear many seasons. $1.75 per pair.

If You Are a Farmer

—or a thresherman—a pair of Hansen's gloves or gauntlets will mean maximum comfort with ease of work and longest wear—the most for the money. See the long snug gauntlet for threshing work to keep out chaff. Ask for Hansen's Protector and Hansen's Glad-Hand. Prices, $1.75 and $1.50.

If You Are a Lumberman

You know where the ordinary glove is weak, uncomfortable, inadequate to your needs. See the Hansen made for you and note the difference. Ask for Hansen's Protector gauntlet, and if a wrist glove is desired Hansen's Vantage glove. Prices, $2.00 down to $1.25.

Tear Out Coupon to Remind You

O. C. Hansen Mfg. Co., 100 Detroit Street, Milwaukee, U.S.A.

I have put a cross in square following style of glove (or mitten) which interests me. Send complete information about this style in all grades and colors. Autoist ☐. Engineer ☐. Fireman ☐. Switchman ☐. Lineman ☐. Driving ☐. Hunter ☐. Farmer ☐. or Thresherman ☐. Lumberman ☐. Bridgeworker ☐. Miner ☐.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Eventually

Why Not Now?

COPYRIGHT 1910 WASHBURN-CROSBY CO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Washburn-Crosby Co., Largest Millers in the World, General Offices Minneapolis, Minn.